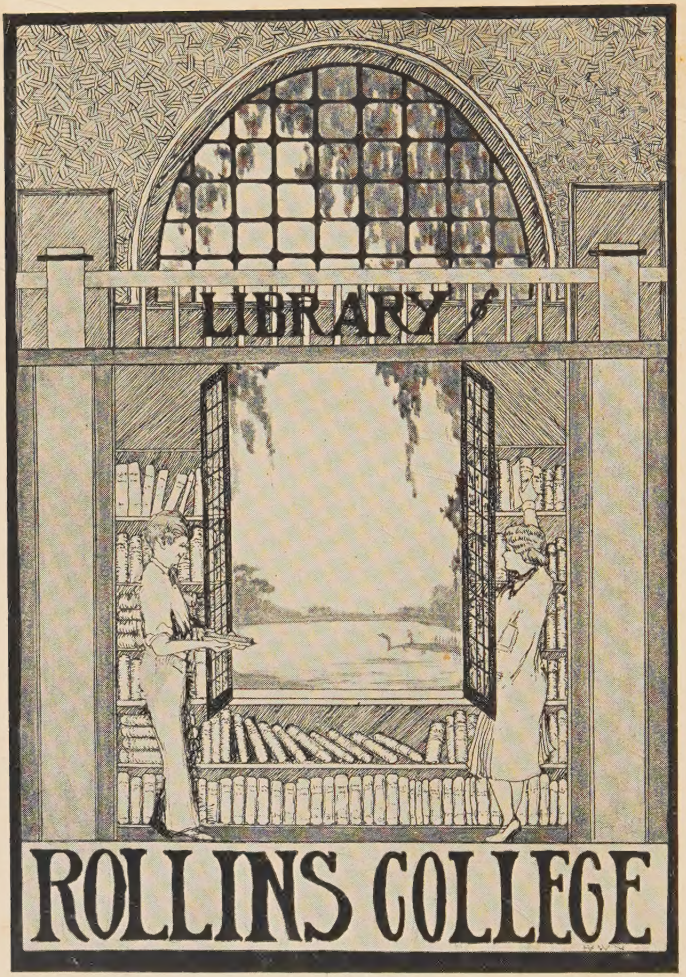
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Offices of

MYSTICAL RELIGION

Offices of
MYSTICAL RELIGION

Projecting congregationally the inner *disciplines* of the *Life toward God.* In occasional use at *St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, Manhattan*

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

WILLIAM NORMAN GUTHRIE

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INTRODUCTION

There are many more experiments in progress throughout all the churches in the matter of ritual and ceremonial in connection with Christian worship than one is apt to realize. The opposing fact, of stupid adherence in many cases to meaningless convention or tradition, is what more commonly obtrudes. A striking single example in recent years of originality and reality in a great act of Christian worship was the Consecration Service at Liverpool Cathedral. Here there were combined an exhaustive study of ancient material with a startling—one might say gripping—note of modernity.

For many years now Dr. Guthrie has maintained an experiment station at St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie. It is his belief that in every great center of population there should be a station of this nature. He shows a notable humility of spirit as to the universal value of what he has thoughtfully and patiently wrought out. Better results may be reached at other stations, or better at least for the conditions which may there obtain. But at St. Mark's, Dr. Guthrie has developed with serious thought and a Catholic-minded grasp, results that are not only interesting but important. There is a pioneer quality in his at-

tainment and, as always happens with pioneers, he is dismissed as daring and impractical. But pioneers have a way of laying foundations.

There are many wise conclusions reached by Dr. Guthrie and unfolded in his brief exposition. There is none wiser than this, namely, that no expression in worship, even in the simplest prayer, can have its value assessed from the printed page. It must be "done," it must be "prayed," before it can be known whether it is or is not in reality a form of worship. It must be tested by the congregation.

In this book Dr. Guthrie is setting forth some tested forms. There is promise of others to follow, when the process of their testing is more complete.

These forms, together with the introduction, wherein the author gives a careful statement of the principles and motives which have guided him, are a most welcome publication. Too long has the work of this experiment station at St. Mark's been estimated, by even supposedly thoughtful people, upon the basis of misleading and sensational headlines. We now have an authoritative statement. There need no longer be misunderstanding. There may be criticism of the principles or of their application. Dr. Guthrie would be the first to welcome such criticism, and glad to profit by it, if sound and constructive. But no one ought to fail to discover the devout spirit which prompts this endeavor, or the Christian idealism which animates it, or the consecrated purpose to bring Christian worship back to the reality

which has been too often obscured by conventional accretions, and to urge it forward to an ever greater reality and effectiveness.

Formal revision and enrichment on the part of the Church, looking toward changes in the Prayer Book, is necessarily a slow and difficult process. Prejudices hostile to any change have to be overcome. Differences as between varying schools of thought have to be adjusted and harmonized. Intricate legislative procedure has to be followed. The final result in a formal revision is apt to be meager. The vision of those who would welcome a thoroughgoing revision and an enrichment which would include new and creative work far outruns the actual accomplishment. That is why independent and extra-formal work and experimentation must be welcomed and encouraged. These efforts help towards reality in the worship of the present and give promise of new expressions of value in the future. Such independent work on the part of the group in England responsible for the "Grey Book" has wrought notable results. It is just such experimentation that the work at St. Mark's supplies and this publication of some of its most striking results will find an understanding and sympathetic response.

JOHN W. SUTER

May 22, 1927

A WORD TO THE READER

An account of a living work is extraordinarily difficult, if it is to be real, especially by the one engaged in it. Its processes are instinctive, its directions intuitive. The conscious representation of ideals must continually change in the interest of realization. Right opportunism is of the very essence of continuity. Only the doctrinaire knows exactly what he is about—and he can't arrive at it, only at a statement of it.

Yet it would seem that after sixteen seasons of activity and no inconsiderable success, one should be able to give some intelligent account of one's self. So I shall not despair of conveying at least a hint to the intelligent who are aware of the predicament in which institutional religion finds itself at present.

I

To begin with the beginning—Religion is an art. It attempts to satisfy wants. Primitive man at the margin of existence is keenly aware of them. He ignores complicated processes and misconceives sources of supply but he visualizes with an appalling directness the objects that will satisfy his wants.

He is himself his only tool. He is incapable of protracted attention unless he is keyed up by the group. He is incapable of continuous strain. What we moderns call orderly work is outside the range of his mental capacity. He must then key himself up to such a pitch of conscious desire, so that he can direct an adequate stream of energy for the realization of his purpose. He must make the requisite mood obsessive, as a substitute for a stabilized will, that can be made possible only through ages of discipline.

Primitive man, therefore, with himself as his only tool and his prime material to key himself up, to obsess himself, to tap his subconscious energies, must *be* what he wants—must enact his part of the process for its realization, and as he conceives the sources of his desired supply, he must not only enact the demand but the response thereto, and the quasi-personal rejoinder, or God. It is really quite simple, but difficult to state intelligibly. We get water from a faucet, fire from a match-box, cream from a milk-wagon; for us a cow has four wheels. We know little of our own life in a vivid, imaginative way. We are white ants, and the black ants would seem to be in the process of extinction, so we have devised machines to take their place. If we are not Robots, we have caught the contagion of their mechanical minds. And yet we wonder why our dogmatic and sophisticated religion is moribund!

Religion, as we know it, seems to have lost the

power of gripping the creative elements of civilization. The leading men, geniuses, talents, executives, and true workers, would instantaneously recognize their needed help in religion, supposing, of course, that religion were evidently itself, namely the art of getting what we must have and can't get out of ourselves by mere thinking or willing. The trouble is that religion as we get to see it, in action or repose, is a mass of obsolete apparatus. We are in the predicament of a man who tries to furnish a dinner with a kitchen and no store-room, cookery-book in hand. The materials are lacking, and so all the directions become meaningless. To change the figure: I want to sew. I am offered a museum of precious exhibits from the bone-needle of the caveman to the Singer machine. But I'm furnished no thread. No wonder I run amuck and destroy the Museum!

What has really happened? Means have been long mistaken for ends; and then in time the use of those means having ceased to be effective, means have been made coercive by social custom and law. Early drill has accustomed us to those traditional uses. Only if we suddenly ask ourselves, "Why do it? to what end? and with what hope of effect?" do we stand, not exactly skeptical, but far worse—paralyzed, and perhaps aghast.

Primitive man does his vital business better. What he wants he enacts, so that he shall conceive it obsessively. The process incumbent upon him, he

also enacts. He puts his bodily energy with rhythm so much into the imaginative representation of the process, that the process is psychologically guaranteed. In other words, he dances what he wants, he dances the getting of it, he dances the giving that responds to his getting. Music, rhythm, the dialogue arise to sustain the dance. Costume and properties develop to convince the vicarious participators, the auditor-spectators. To perpetuate his enaction, since he cannot dance for ever, primitive man paints and sculpts on cave wall, on tools and weapons, on fetish and temple. He fashions clay figures, and chisels his rock to suggestive likenesses; and finally, with greater subtlety yet, inscribes the sacred names that summon, reducing his work while increasing magical power. He has in the end, made him a holy place, to which all his gods are perpetually coerced to resort, for worship, and where his prayers must, therefore, inevitably be heard.

At first, making plant-goods, animal-goods into Plant-gods, Animal-gods, Super-mothers, Super-fathers, and ultimately despots, myth is wholly helpful to religion. But myth with increasing dramatic rigidity and the ethical progress of the group, becomes immoral by no inherent fault. Zeus, for instance, and Jahweh are alike in such deterioration. Zeus is and must be the father of every hero, and therefore cannot but become a hopeless lecher. Jahweh commands the disemboweling of mothers and sundry other little indelicacies, merely with the

righteous view of keeping his tribes distinct in blood, and tight in loyalty to him.

Now really Zeus and Jahweh were not guilty of the crimes charged against them. Man just moralized too fast, while his mythology hardened into personal drama, and then became sacrosanct theology, and could not be plastically fashioned to match the new purity and mildness of custom and taste. So, having become immoral, the sacred myth became incredible. Then, in the very interest of religion, the pious were usually commanded to wear blinders, and colored spectacles, or better yet, to put out their eyes, and destroy the reason that wrought blasphemy by discovering it in originally quite innocent situations, due to difference in rhythm and velocity!

The Art of Religion—the greatest art for the extraordinary enrichment of life—has come to be at hopeless odds with the ordinary needs of life, and obviously with ordinary people the ordinary must prevail over the extraordinary. An effort must then be made to save religion before this critical extreme is reached. Doctrines petrify intuitions and pious imagination; dogmas change them into awful duties, irrational and immoral, till "credo quia impossibile est" becomes the highest glory; blind, loyal obedience to the one virtue; even to symbolic cannibalism; contradictories are reconciled when both are institutionally convenient as mystic antimonies; and when not desired, either or both are outlawed and denied as sacrilege.

We move in a realm of pseudo-science. Thought is prostituted. We lie piously for God. Lastly, we attempt to become automata; mere mannikins of creed and canon; until religion appears to the alive and aware, slavish weak-mindedness and a human disgrace. Now this is about where we find ourselves to-day in Christendom, and only less so in Islam, because of the non-penetration yet in its domain of industrialism and mechanistic science. Buddhism, Taoism, Parseeism, Shintoism are all, at various rates, moribund. Missionaries have helped furiously. Contacts of two absolutes are bound to be mutually fatal. Two religions, each 'the only one,' cannot even fuse or supersede each other. Both must ail, wail and perish. Hence an awful mental confusion among the well intentioned, particularly in our wide-awake Occident. Truth seems to us what science means by it. But in our religion it continues to mean something wholly different. This, to be sure, we don't quite realize, so we think, or even say without much reflection—Religion is false. "I am the Truth"? Does that mean pattern? instance? or specimen? For, of course, no one can be the Truth. "And the Truth shall set us free"? Well, if so, from what? From religion? Who knows?

Modern scientific thought has not really done away with the possibility of—much less with the need of—active religion. It demands the death and burial only of some defunct obstructive form of re-

ligion. It demands the rebegetting and rebearing of its spirit for higher power. Science validates the psychology of religion but denies and ridicules its magic. Yet its psychology is only a greater magic, functioning more effectively when the religious are finally delivered from their obsessive obsolete pseudoscience. For back of every dogma was obviously a religious experience once creative, and, therefore even now biologically and sociologically capable of dynamic service. The dogma was a description of some process, a metaphor taken literally, "transmogrified" into a then acceptable science or philosophy. These in time have perished, that is, lost their use for the human mind, while the "transmogrification" of religious experience remains and excites an atavistic worship—though to the clear, contemporary intellect it appear a mere absurdity, or an ethical horror.

What shall be done? Shall we translate the dogma back into terms of life, and have confusion worse confounded? or shall we go back of the dogma to the prior religious experience?—that is, get it reexperienced? Get that creative, religious work enthusiastically done as poetry! Could we achieve the invocation, evocation, convocation of ideals imaginatively, procure that they be obsessively energized with the help of all the arts—dance, music, acting, sculpture, painting, architecture, etc., etc.? What miracles might not then spontaneously happen in expectant assemblies? I can see for once

that divine somewhat revealed, and lo what charity outpours in a flood of surprise, and wonder. The passionate love, the adoring demand becomes a faith, and the faith becomes a hope! Human nature is, as of old, recreated unawares, and carried beyond its hithertos, and illusory realization of its ultimates, if such indeed there be, to the progress of human nature. Illusory, you say? But if the ennoblement of us be no illusion? Is not imagination, beautifying fiction, better than an obsolete, artificial, official, so-called "truth," bearing on its face the smirk of unreality?

But why attack a dogma, or deny it? Why attempt to reform, or relax it? Why defend, affirm, or enforce it? Clearly, the only hope is to ignore it—strategically! It was once an honest precipitate of a spontaneous process. It became obsolete, unintelligible, inoperative, and for that very reason was made a valid surrogate for a fresh experience—an *ersatz*—Religion! Let us now ignore the dogma as respectfully as possible, and get for ourselves and our children the experience that lay back of it, again alive, and in fairer, at least more congenial, form, and in wholesomer purity! Invoke, induce, affirm it unto what possible present and future realization we are prepared for even now, through our conscious and unconscious individual and social susceptibilities and potentialities. That seems to be the only sane and safe procedure for us who need religion:—the only noble course open to modern man

with his intellectual conscience, his inveterate schooled sense for facts.

II

But why should we in our quest for modern religion go back to the "primitive" asks some benign advocate of exclusively Twentieth Century progress. Only because, I would reply, our present humanity, our human nature, is the product of all our racial past. The primitive survives in us, under what we think we are and do. It conditions, and can alone explain the sophisticated overlay. So the authentic "primitive" exhibits to a critical eye the whole psychological process of our curious arrival whither we presume to stand so safely now, as civilized humans. Of course, modern man cannot actually with sincerity and æsthetic satisfaction engage in the caveman's sacred ceremonies; but he can from the caveman's ceremonies, imaginatively reënacted for him, recover the complete understanding of his own long conventionalized and therefore else hopelessly mystifying religious processes, and thereby provide the better for their helpful and seemly formal expression.

Let us restate the matter. Primitive religion gives the substance of the inherited human experience involved in all civilized systems to which religious geniuses gave special form in divers parts of the world and at divers times, filtering it so to say,

through their personal temperament, their ethical, ethnic, and political tastes and prejudices. Age, race and climate, and the creative character and genius of the great leader soon become, however, incredibly difficult of clear and definite recaptured understanding. Interpreters, apologists, institution builders, rationalizers, reformers, down the centuries, have made and unmade the authoritative systems of thought and practice. The sure way back to the great genius is blocked then by generations of—to us now—unsympathetic almost incomprehensible, efforts at explanation and apology for genius, making them safe and sane—and spiritually useless. How shall we get back to the genius then for inspiration? How fray a way for a clear vista through intervening conventions and dead stupidity? Why not go back to the common primitive and then go forward to recover the psychological realities and the ethnic special emphasis which the creative genius once brought so hopefully into history as a saving enthusiasm and wisdom!

Let us advance an illustrative instance. I have the mysteries of the Christian religion to interpret, if I am to express them intelligibly, and without offense, for would-be devout people to-day. So I go back to Eleusis. I go further back to Mithras; the sunlike man-god who emerged from the Persian myths before Zarathustra's time. I strive to understand Adonis, Lord of the Phœnician-Greek world. Orpheus carries me from Hellas to Egypt, where I study

Osiris, his great Queen Isis, and his son avenger-Horus. Well and good. But the results of all this study are extremely difficult to bring together into one contemporaneous context. My information is all along but scrappy. The actual liturgies have perished. The ritual acts, I manage to recover, are mere implications of disinterred art, and of possibly misunderstood allusions occurring in later composite literature.

All of a sudden I discover [1] The Hako! An American ritual of the soul's re-birth! Here I have in its integrity all the ceremony, text, and musical notation of songs, rubrics, and, what is better yet, a full, explanatory, living comment by the old priest Tahirussawichi addressed to me making the import of every detail unmistakable. Surely, as an investigating Religionist, I am in great luck. There is happily, besides, no historical connection between this American ritual, and that of Isis or of Dionysus. The theme is the same. The purpose is the same that is—the performance of essentially the same magical service to human nature. The exploitation of the identical hopes and fears constitutes the Dromenon, or Ritual Drama. Furthermore, to our good fortune, the Hako is almost preconceptional in its thought, and premythical in its religious imagery. All about it is plastic, nothing conventionally is yet hardened and set. So, with its aid I can slip into the

[1] 22nd Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, 2nd part.

inmost subconscious workshop of the race. From it I can sally forth again with a reasonable human sympathy, an awakened instinct for imaginative recreation.

My personal debt to The Hako has been very great indeed. It was a secret door to me, opening into the temple of bygone mystery religions, through which I could walk erect, and stay to worship without fear of self stultification. Hako induced me to reëxperience imaginatively what the old historic mysteries signified and effected for their faithful initiates in the times before the Christ.

Obviously our Christianity, a mystery religion, subsuming Egyptian, Persian, Greek ideas and practices, conveying itself through symbols, ceremonial terms, apocalyptic fancies, borrowed from Hebrew folk-lore and Jewish literature, becomes to me now far more comprehensible and attractive. It makes very little difference indeed whether we presume that Christianity was actually a syncretic Gentile mystery religion, cast into the mold of Hebrew ethnic thought, rite and custom; or that Christianity was, on the contrary, a kind of extravagant, and therefore revolutionary Judaism, which got itself cast out by its own people, and developed, in the Greco-Roman world, assuming, as it went along, the familiar form of a syncretic mystery cult. That is merely an historical, and an academic problem.

The spiritual fact remains in either case:—

Christianity was a Hebrew Mystery religion; even as early as its first emergence in the intriguing documents that constitute our New Testament Scriptures. So it must be clear that the loving student of Christianity can get help from The Hako as a would-be reëxperiencer of its original hot core. The Hako offers secret keys, and subjects to preparatory disciplines. All the more unerring is its guidance, because the symbols it employs are ethnically American, and can rest under no suspicion whatever of having been secretly imported from the Mediterranean basin, where flourished the Old World culture, out of which our historic Christianity sprang. The Hako is, after all, the common universal humanity discoursing to me in simple child-like speech about that eternally receding ideal—our divinity.

Clearly then our going back to the primitive is merely a going back for a longer jump forward—for a rush and a run to an else unattainable goal. By going way back we have acquired velocity and direction for our modern religion, with a view to its penetration out of present day conditions into the imminent future. A spiritual pilgrimage to Les Eyzies for the reverent study of thirty thousand year old scratch drawings on glistening cave walls, is more profitable far than a pilgrimage to Lourdes. And this, you understand, for the ardent projector of Christian tradition, into the unknown, beyond our

present ken. If we are to be inspired futurists we must be disciples first of a resurrected earliest human past.

III

What then have we done at St. Mark's in-the-Bouwerie as a free experiment station? Let us be picturesque for brevity's sake. We inherited a Colonial edifice, chocolate-painted because of the whilom brownstone mania, squatting like a dusty, melting caramel, glutted inside with golden oak and brass; outside, a deserted yard, piebald with sour patches of wire-grass, and melancholy with sickly condemned trees. We cleared our edifice of offense, and restored to it useful and symbolic objects of colonial and atmospheric charm. We procured for the edifice complete control of light and darkness and color. We equipped it with an organ for modern work, preserving all the precious old stops. As for the churchyards for the dead—we endeavored to make them Paradises for the living. With the help of the Queen of Holland, of Solon Borglum, and of Attilio Piccirilli, we got sculpture a-plenty. We obtained fountain and bird bath, pigeons and peacock. We got landscaping and planting placed now in the charge of one who swears he can fight carbon-monoxide gas successfully in spite of belching auto-trucks! We put the symbol of our Eden innocence

into a so-called fresco really painted with cement by Olson, in the pediment. For all this we only incurred such gentle mirth as "Nudes in Churchyard," with potent hints at the "obscene," and "the identification of our 'modernists' heaven with three goldfish, two gazelles, and possibly some ducks"—a journalistic kind of sublimated zoo! None of this however, hurt. We had redeemed a historic spot that must be preserved henceforth for all time or so, at least, we fondly hope. We had the *mise-en-scène* and the atmosphere at last.

After the edifice and its garths we must edit an American Church Calendar. We are Christians, and what is more, Anglicans. Very well, let us start with the Prayer Book, and the Scriptures. Let us select materials out of them and shape them to new forms for offices that can realize each time some special grace, some function of the Holy Spirit in and through Christ Jesus. His paradoxes, His parables, significant episodes of His Gospel offer rich opportunities. Realize them as evocative, provocative, convocative! Let us bathe in atmosphere! be drunk with one mood at a time, and so in the course of the season subject ourselves to all—until we really can be supposed Catholic in the only sense of inclusive, whole minded and whole hearted.

How exceedingly simple! One just begins with centos focused to one holy interest. One picks little

anthologies, fragrant bouquets of spell and charm. Every Sunday is made a special Sunday—getting its constructive hint in the morning from the Church Calendar; in the afternoon from the birthday of geniuses; at night from the "elements" as sacramental means for recuperation and rest. We must create a cycle of offices corresponding to those occasions—Christmas and Easter being, of course, the two focal magnetic centers of our seasonal ellipse. And what more inevitable, obviously, than the introduction of first the dance, that is the selfless oblation of the whole body to God—that Mother of all the arts? Then we call for her children: the first daughter, Music—instrumental, vocal: next the Mime and the evocative Ode or Dithyramb; combining in the Mystery, that is the Dromenon,—a symbolic ritual that compels the potent presence of the god by an enaction of his myth. To perennialize them sculpture and decoration should be obtained, if possible, but all prayers and hymns mounting to ecstasy, surmounting mountains of offense and dull-witted mass resistance!

Our prescription for religious boredom is almost infantile in simplicity of conception. It is just once more the case of Columbus' egg. Besides, there is really no difficulty whatever about it, except, just doing the thing, and being allowed to do it, and wanting then to do it enough not to mind being illegally disallowed because of misrepresentation in headlines. For what we are doing by divers means,

is but to make Jesus—our hero-god—so far as we can a vivid reality to us, by some teaching, some example, some aspect, and therewith confirming in ourselves a faith that what was in Him real, is in us at least remotely, potential. This faith freshly originates in our own spontaneous response to the vivid, sincere, imaginative presentation of Him. The very love warrants the faith—at all events makes contagious a great hope. Therefore, an adventure is at least reasonable. It becomes at least probable, that what was supremely potent in him, may be latent, germinally resident, in us his lesser brethren. If he was Very God of Very God, must we not be, can we not be revealed to ourselves as more or less rudimentarily Godlike? If he was supreme, may we not get from our reverent, wilful obsession with him an anticipatory "peace that passeth understanding"? At all events a craving patience?—a genial magnanimity through adoration of his imperfectly visualized sublime?

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty." Behold it is beautiful, adore it! And the divine in us will make it in its own time true!

The eighty odd rituals that have developed during the sixteen seasons at St. Mark's in-the-Bouwerie fall naturally into five different groups, of which this volume, the only one as yet in book form contains the third. For the reader's better understanding the titles of the five volumes constituting the whole are printed here.

THE CYCLE OF FEASTS AND FASTS AND DAYS OF NOBLE REMEMBRANCE

A Body of Ritual Offices in Use at St. Mark's in-the-Bouwerie.

Vol. I Anglican Prayer Book and New Testament Offices being Compilations, Centos, and Developments of Ancient Uses.

Vol. II Liturgical Presentation of Comparative Religion: The Wider Preparation for the Gospel in rites and ceremonies.

Vol. III Offices of Mystical Religion and Mysteries: Projecting the Inner disciplines of the Life toward God.

Vol. IV Noble Remembrance of Culture Heroes, National Leaders, and Epochal American Events.

Vol. V Pageants, Oratories, Mimes, Mysteries, Rhythmic Rituals for the Imaginative Realization Through Symbols of Inner Life.

Obviously, the first volume might be of practical use to a congregation, and might interest technical students.

The second volume is not, in the compiler's judgment sufficiently complete. Besides, there was issued in 1900, twenty-seven years ago, a little Book of Common Worship edited by Dr. R. Heber New-

ton with the scholarly assistance of Rabbi Gottheil, and the Emersonian enthusiast Dr. Thomas R. Slicer. So far as we know only Dr. Grant's Forum ever used this little book, and yet how innocent and churchy! While our work has naturally endeavored to present in each office the spiritual flowers of one particular Non-Christian religion, we fancy that few churches are prepared yet for their practical use, and on the whole they make somewhat difficult reading in private. This volume can afford to await a later publication.

The fourth volume, while very practical no doubt, is not so interesting to the reader. The Moffat, Yard & Company's "Our American Holidays," a series of eight anthologies brings together much of the material which clergy would require to compile offices of their own for most patriotic occasions. St. George's Day, Jeanne d'Arc's Day and the rest are not yet urgent needs in our present day know-nothingness.

The fifth volume of Pageants and Oratories would not give so useful an understanding of the general purpose of our liturgical endeavors, just because these works are more ambitious and exceptional.

Thus by a process of elimination we decided to publish Volume Three as likely to be on the whole, the most interesting, and to prepare the way for the others, in due course of time.

Dr. Stanton Coit's large work entitled "Social

Worship" has been before the public for some years. Just, however, because I greatly admire his "The Message of Man," I felt it safer not to examine this book, lest it might work confusion in my mind or creative instinct. My own liturgical constructive principles have been derived chiefly from a lifelong practice in the best use of the Book of Common Prayer and, in the second place, from that extraordinary book of devotion, which underwent a life-long editing by the devout poet James Montgomery, for the use of the English-speaking Moravian Churches in England and America.

The Moravians in the home country of Huss had developed their religious services originally out of alternate scripture reading and hymn singing. So they hit somehow upon the liturgically thrilling principle of "interruption." A lesson was divided into parts. First a bit of reading, then a stanza of an appropriate hymn, then another bit of reading, followed by a stanza of another or of the same hymn, and so forth, creating a sort of spiritual dialogue. This, their principle, I have depended upon, not only to give relief and variety, but for the indication of the several interfering levels of spiritual experience, or to interlock thought and emotional reaction. It was very easy to add then to the reader and the congregation, various solo interruptions, that should serve as commentaries, memories, hopes, ecstatic overtones. So at once we are equipped with

all the necessaries for inaugurating a liturgical drama or oratorio.

From the Jewish synagogue I accepted the suggestion of the Cantor, to carry the voice of the officiating minister or priest (who in the East can, and in the West can't, sing) into the region of Song, whenever the emotion becomes too intense for speech. At other times, the Cantor can interpret the emotion of the congregation for them in a collective dramatic fashion—be their mirror or focusing lens.

The introduction of the Dance and of the Mime, as said above, followed logically on the acceptance of the Cantor, but required many years of practical experiments to make possible their liturgical naturalization. Obviously, the problem was mainly not one of essential theoretic seemliness or reverence, but rather one of discovering the impersonal, dedicated talent, and conquering the problem of light and color, so that the religious Dance and Mime should remain in the realm of vision, and not intrude as unassimilated, realistic performances. They must express meditation, prayer and praise so naturally, as never to appear a mere irrelevant luxury of illustration, consequently break up the continuity of worship, or lower its tone of exaltation and exultation.

The study of all the liturgies in present Christian use that have come to hand have added little else, beyond what has been here indicated, to the estab-

lished precedents of the Book of Common Prayer, of the Moravian [1] Liturgy and of the Jewish use of a Cantor, or the Byzantine sung colloquy of priest or deacon!

The publisher has asked that a note be placed before each service, so the Introduction may close here with just a word of warning to the reader. Only if you vitally visualize as in the drama, can you read a Liturgy. One is often surprised to find the effect in actual religious production entirely different from what one would otherwise surmise after a simple perusal of the printed page. And, doubtless, the services composed as they have been for a specific edifice would require alteration for adequate rendering in an architecturally and acoustically different church.

After all, what is offered in this volume is but a sample of one man's endeavor to solve the problem of free, perpetually fresh forms of worship. The land is full of priests and prophets, full of poets and musical composers, actors and scenic artists. When the need for a living liturgical language is widely felt, the experts in the imaginative expression of congregational worship will appear, and the Church will acquire a thrilling new interest. May that day be dawning even now so that here and there in our big cities, at present dying churches can be set apart for experimental use even as St. Mark's in-the-Bouwerie in the Borough of Manhattan.

[1] Published by the Moravian Bookshop, Bethlehem, Pa.

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LYRICAL OFFICE OF ASPIRATION

THE SYKLARK AS SYMBOL

The aim of this Office is to use the skylark as a symbol of our spontaneous aspiration in happier moments for things unutterable. The keynote in the initial meditation is built up from various English poets with the ideal of the skylark. Shelley gives us the unbodied joy, the joy a spirit might experience free of the body;—George Meredith, the embodied joy, feeling the body a true expression of spiritual rapture achieved through utter unselfishness. Watson expresses the distress incident to modern rationalism and is partly victorious over it. The skylark in Surrey attempts to realize imaginatively the spiritual life of the human being who should become a skylark, and with Ralph Waldo Emerson's "Skyborn Music," and George Meredith's fleckless gem "Song in the Songless," we touch the mystical chords suggesting ineffable yearnings and a sublime faith. Victor Hugo may be said to sentimentalize upon the theme romantically. We are called back in the Intercession and in the closing part of the Office to our great modern need of innocent youth, of spontaneous spirit, freedom of aspiration and faith in things beyond our present power of realization, ending so with a note of pathos and confidence.

LYRICAL OFFICE OF ASPIRATION

HYMN: Hark! Hark my soul.

VERSICLES FOR INITIAL MEDITATION (*Reading to musical accompaniment. People seated*):

And now the herald lark
Left his ground-nest, high towering to descry
The morn's approach, and greet her with his song . . .

(*Milton*)

Come, thou sky-climbing bird, wakener of morn,
Who springest like a thought unto the sun. . . .

(*B. W. Proctor*)

The shrill lark carols from her aërial tower. . . .

(*James Beattie*)

To hear the lark begin his flight
And singing startle the dull night . . .

(*Milton*)

The merry lark his matins sings aloft. . . .

(*Spenser*)

Hark! Hark! The lark at heaven's gate sings!
(*Shakespeare*)

Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.
(*James Hogg*)

A skylark wounded in the wing?
A cherubim does cease to sing.
(*Blake*)

Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
For thy song, Lark, is strong;
Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
Singing, singing,
With clouds and sky about thee ringing, . . .
Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind!
(*Wordsworth*)

Devotion of the Transcendent Ideal

THE CELESTIAL SINGER

Reader:

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert—
That from Heaven or near it
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest

Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

CANTOR:

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of Heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight—

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and Heaven is overflow'd.

THE SONG CELESTIAL

READER:

From rainbow clouds there flow not
What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody:—

CHOIR VOICES:

Like a Poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not;

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view;

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd thieves;

READER:

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awaken'd flowers—
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

HIS SUPERHUMAN JOY

READER:

Teach us, Sprite or Bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Match'd with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? What ignorance
of pain?

CANTOR:

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal
stream?

HOW MAN MIGHT ATTAIN THERETO

CHORUS:

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter

With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

READER:

Yet, if we could scorn
Hate and pride and fear,
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

CANTOR:

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground.

READER:

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know;
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

(*Ode to a Skylark.* Percy Bysshe Shelley.)

LECTION OR MELOLOGUE—DEVOTION OF THE INCARNATE IDEAL:

THE RAPTUROUS MIRACLE OF THE ASCENDING SONG OF EARTH

CANTOR:

He rises and begins to round,—
He drops the silver chain of sound
Of many links without a break,
In chirrup, whistle, slur and shake,—
All intervolved and spreading wide,
Like water-dimples down a tide
Where ripple ripple overcurls
And eddy into eddy whirls;
A press of hurried notes that run
So fleet they scarce are more than one,
Yet changingly the trills repeat
And linger ringing while they fleet,—
Sweet to the quick o' the ear, and dear
To Her beyond the handmaid ear,
Who sits beside our inner springs,
Too often dry for this he brings,—
Which seems the very jet of earth
At sight of sun, Her music's mirth,
As up he wings the spiral stair,
(A song of light) and pierces air
With fountain ardour, fountain play,
To reach the shining tops of day,

And drink in everything discerned—
An ecstasy to music turned,
Impelled by what his happy bill
Disperses; drinking, showering still,
Unthinking—save that he may give
His voice the outlet, there to live
Renewed in endless notes of glee,
(So thirsty of his voice is he,)
For all to hear and all to know
That He is joy, awake, aglow;
The tumult of the heart to hear
Through pureness filtered crystal-clear,—
And know the pleasure sprinkled bright
By simple singing of delight,
Shrill, irreflective, unrestrained,
Rapt, ringing on the jet sustained
Without a break, without a fall,
Sweet-silvery, sheer lyrical,
Perennial, quavering up the chord
(Like myriad dews of sunny sward
That trembling into fullness shine,
And sparkle dropping argentine);
Such wooing as the ear receives
From zephyr caught in choric leaves
Of aspens when their chattering net
Is flushed to white with shivers wet;
And such—the water-spirit's chime
On mountain heights in morning's prime.
Too freshly sweet to seem excess,
Too animate to need a stress;

But wider over many heads
The starry Voice ascending spreads;
Awakening (as it waxes thin)
The Best in us to Him akin;
And every face to watch him raised,
Puts on the light of children praised,—
So rich our human pleasure ripes
When sweetness on sincereness pipes,—
Though nought be promised from the seas,
But only a soft ruffling breeze
Sweep glittering on a still content,
Serenity in ravishment.

UNCOVETOUS LOVE OF EARTH THE FOUNT THEREOF

For singing till his heaven fills,
'Tis love of earth that he instils,
And ever winging up and up,
Our valley is his golden cup,
And he the wine which overflows
To lift us with him as he goes:
The woods and brooks, the sheep and kine,
He is, the hills, the human line,
The meadows green, the fallows brown,
The dreams of labour in the town;
He sings the sap, the quickened veins;
The wedding song of sun and rains
He is, the dance of children, thanks
Of sowers, shout of primrose-banks,

And eye of violets while they breathe;
All these the circling song will wreathe,
And you shall hear the herb and tree,
The better heart of men shall see,
Shall feel celestially,—as long
As you crave nothing save the song.

ITS SELFLESS AND HENCE ALL-INCLUSIVE CHARACTER

Was never voice of ours could say
Our inmost in the sweetest way,
Like yonder voice aloft, and link
All hearers in the song they drink.
Our wisdom speaks from failing blood,
Our passion is too full in flood,
We want the key of his wild note
Of truthful in a tuneful throat;
The song seraphically free
Of taint of personality,
So pure that it salutes the suns
The voice of one for millions,
In whom the millions rejoice
For giving their one spirit voice.

THE SONS OF EARTH WHO ENFLESH THAT SPIRIT

Yet men have we, whom we revere,
Now names, and men still housing here,

Whose lives, by many a battle-dint
Defaced, and grinding wheels on flint,
Yield substance, though they sing not, sweet
For song our highest heaven to greet:
Whom heavenly singing gives us new,
Enspheres them brilliant in our blue,
From firmest base to farthest leap
Because their love of Earth is deep,
And they are warriors in accord
With life—to serve, and pass reward,
So touching purest, and so heard
In the brain's reflex of yon bird:

SELF-IDENTIFICATION WITH THEIR SPIRIT

Wherefore, their soul in me (or mine,
Through self-forgetfulness divine,
In them) that song aloft maintains,—
To fill the sky and thrill the plains
With showerings drawn from human stores,
As he to silence nearer soars,
Extends the world at wings and dome,
More spacious, making more our home,—
Till lost on his aërial rings
In light, and then—the fancy sings.

(*Ode to the Lark Ascending.* George Meredith.)

RESPONSIVE READING—DEVOTION OF TWO MERGING WORLDS (*People Standing*):

TWO WORLDS, AND ONE ONLY

Two worlds hast thou to dwell in, Sweet,—
  The virginal, untroubled sky,
And this vext region at my feet,—
    Alas, but one have I!

To all my songs there clings the shade,
  The dulling shade, of mundane care.
They amid mortal mists are made,—
    Thine, in immortal air.

My heart is dashed with griefs and fears;
  My song comes fluttering, and is gone.
O high above the home of tears,
    Eternal Joy, sing on!

MAN'S PRISTINE EXPERIENCE

Somewhat as thou, Man once could sing,
  In porches of the lucent morn,
Ere he had felt his lack of wing,
    Or cursed his iron bourn.

The springtime bubbled in his throat,
  The sweet sky seemed not far above,

And young and lovesome came the note;—
Ah, thine is Youth and Love!

Thou sing'st of what he knew of old,
And dreamlike from afar recalls;
In flashes of forgotten gold
An orient glory falls.

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT

And as he listens, one by one
Life's utmost splendors blaze more nigh;
Less inaccessible the sun,
Less alien grows the sky.

For thou art native to the spheres,
And of the courts of heaven art free,
And carriest to his temporal ears
News from eternity;

And lead'st him to the dizzy verge,
And lur'st him o'er the dazzling line,
There mortal and immortal merge,
And human dies divine.

(*Ode to the First Skylark of Spring.*
William Watson.)

ANTHEM FOR MEDITATION (*People seated*):

SONG OF THE SKYLARK IN SURREY

Out of the nest—
Hid with my mate

Brooding our young—
    I start;
Over the wheat,
Bowing in waves
Silvery green,
    I dart;

Widening still,
Spiraling high,
Winging and singing
    My flight,
Breathless to breathe
Sunnier air,
Rarer delight
    In light.

Who is so glad,
Who is so proud,
Who is so light
    And free,
Up to the blue
Piercing the cloud,
Singing and winging
    For glee?

Telling the sky:
Meadow and field,—
Blessing it late
    And soon,—
Dance in the wind,

Gleam at the sun,
Thrill with the stars
And moon?

Lonely I soar
Crying for joy—
Praying no ear
To hear;
Steering my course,
Veering in void,
Fearing no foe—
I peer

Up to the far
Into the fair—
Into the free
Above,
Where there is nought
Other than Light,
Welcoming glee
And love!

'Coolness and warmth,
Stillness and stir,
Silence and song—"
My news!
O Shiver at dawn,
Quiver at noon,
Giver of Dusk
And dews,—

Therefore I hang
High in Thy heart,
Winging and singing
My mirth,
Ending my flight
Where it began:—
Safe by my nest—
On Earth!

PRAYER (*People Kneeling*):

Let me go where'er I will
I hear a sky-born music still:
It sounds from all things old,
It sounds from all things young,
From all that's fair, from all that's foul,
Peals out a cheerful song.

It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of woman heard,

But in the darkest, meanest things
There alway, alway Something sings.

'Tis not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that smiles in showers,
But in the mud and scum of things

There alway, alway Something sings.

(*Skyborn Music.* Ralph Waldo Emerson.)

BENEDICTION:

They have no song, the sedges dry,
  And still they sing.
It is within my breast they sing,
  As I pass by.

Within my breast they touch a string,
  They wake a sigh,
There is but sound of sedges dry;
  In me they sing.

(*Song in the Songless.* George Meredith.)

OFFERTORY:

Vie! o bonheur! Bois profonds,
  Nous vivons;
L'essor sans fin nous réclame;
Planons sur l'air et les eaux!
  Les oiseaux
Sont de la poussière d'âme.

Accourez, planez! volons
  Aux vallons,
A l'antre, à l'ombre, à l'asile!
Perdons-nous dans cette mer
  De l'éther
Ou la nuée est une île!

Du fond des rocs et des joncs,
  Des donjons,
Des monts que le jour embrase,
Volons, et, frémissants, fous,
  Plongeons-nous
Dans l'inexprimable extase!

Oiseaux, volez aux clochers,
  Aux rochers,
Au précipice, à la cime,
Aux glaciers, aux lacs, aux prés;
  Savourez
La liberté de l'abîme!

* * * *

Vivons! chantons! Tout est pur
  Dans l'azur,
Tout est beau dans la lumière!
Tout vers son but, jour et nuit,
  Est conduit;
Sans se tromper, le fleuve erre.

* * * *

L'aube et l'éblouissement
  Vont semant
Partout des perles de flamme;
L'oiseau n'est pas orphelin:
  Tout est plein
De la mystérieuse âme!

Quelqu'un que l'on ne voit pas
  Est là-bas

Dans la maison qu'on ignore;
Et cet inconnu bénit
  Notre nid
Et sa fenêtre est l'aurore

* * * *

Il veut les petits contents,
  Le beau temps,
Et l'innocence sauvée;
Il abaisse, calme et doux,
  Comme nous,
Ses ailes sur sa couvée.

* * * *

Il voulut que tout fût un;
  Le parfum
Eut pour soeur l'aurore pure;
Et les choses, se touchant
  Dans un chant,
Furent la sainte nature.

* * * *

Vie est le mot souverain,
  Et serein,
Sans fin, sans forme, sans nombre,
Tendre, inépuisable, ardent,
  Debordant
De toute la terre sombre

* * * *

Volons, volons et volons!
  Les sillons

Sont rayés, et l'onde est verte.
La vie est là sous nos yeux,
  Dans les cieux,
Claire et toute grande ouverte.

* * * *

Hirondelle, fais ton nid.
  Le granit
T'offre son ombre et ses lierres;
Aux palais pur tes amours
  Prends des tours,
Et de la paille aux chaumières.

* * * *

Le nid que l'oiseau bâtit
  Si petit
Est une chose profonde;
L'oeuf oté de la forêt
  Manquerait
A l'équilibre du monde.
  (*Chanson des Oiseaux.* Victor Hugo.)

An Intercession (*People kneeling*):

O Lord God, who hast given unto us the gift of all Thy fair and terrible creatures to utter unto our spirits, through our senses, Thy secret thoughts of beauty, goodness and power,—we bless Thee more especially at this time for the little lark that singeth in Thy sky our unutterable happiness and holiest praise.

May the "young lamb's heart" beat ever high

among the full-grown flocks; May the innocence of our pure day-dreams, even as morning dew on flowers, cleave ever to our workaday life.

Bless all our childhood memories and send them forth as living fancies, Thy messengers to the dark places of the earth, bringing joy and peace to want and age, discouragement, affliction, bereavement, solitude and death.

May the gathering swallows, "twittering in the skies," on the eve of their departure to far lands of everlasting summer, assure us of a blessed immortality, with a certainty "too deep for tears."

Grant unto us in hours of weariness and confusion to enjoy the blessed surprise of a consoling Vision: the Master who preached among the glorious lilies of the field, above the Sea of Galilee in full sight of the high city on the hill, and the snowy peaks of Hermon: the convincing intimate good news of a Heavenly Father, who careth even for the sparrows on the housetop,—and how much more then for us, his foolish human children?

Lift us up, day by day, to the heart of heaven, with a cry from our inmost being, "Up with me, up with me, into the sky, for thy song, lark, is strong. Up with me, up with me into the sky, singing, singing, and all the heavens about thee ringing," for are not Thy "holy angels and archangels" about us there to greet and set ecstatic at thy feet the aspiring soul, that calleth mightily on "the spirit of the whole" to fill it full with Thy beauty, goodness and truth, O

Thou God of our never dying aspiration and ultimate peace? AMEN.

LORD'S PRAYER:

(Clause by clause)

COLLECTS:

For Freedom from Anxious Care
For Childlikeness
For Joy in God's Creation
(*Book of Collects by Pater and Filius.* Morehouse Publishing Co., 34, 12, 13)

CONGREGATIONAL BENEDICTION (*Minister and people in unison*)

May our Lord Jesus Christ be near us to defend us,
Within us to refresh us,
Before us to guide us,
Behind us to justify us,
Above us to bless us.
Who liveth and reigneth with the Father and the Holy Ghost,
God for evermore. Amen. (Tenth Century)

HYMN: We march, we march to victory; or, Sing Hallelujah forth; or, Ye Watchers and ye Holy ones.

(For liturgical use the liberty has been taken to

paragraph Meredith's breathless ecstasy; also, between the third and fourth stanzas of Watson's Ode, a noble digression about Shelley, Keats and Goethe has been omitted as irrelevant to the office.)

THE SERVICE OF THE VISIONS OF GOD

AN EPIPHANY DEVOTION ON THE THEOPHANIES
OF THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS

(For use during Epiphany and Advent and at other appropriate times.)

The God idea develops gradually in the religion of the Old Testament and of the New. Selecting the typical visions in their most brilliantly representative expression, we recreate our own idea of God.

THE SERVICE OF THE VISIONS OF GOD

A HYMN

(*The Hymn concluded, the Congregation still standing, the* MINISTER, *standing at the Chancel step, shall rehearse some of the following sentences to the people.*)

Are ye not as children of the Ethiopians unto me, O children of Israel? saith the Lord. Have not I brought up Israel out of the Land of Egypt and the Philistines from Caphtor and the Syrians from Kir? (Amos ix: 7.)

I am the Lord that saith of Cyrus, He is my shepherd and shall perform all my pleasure. . . . Thus saith the Lord unto his Anointed (Messiah), to Cyrus whose right hand I have holden. . . . I will go before thee and make the crooked places straight. (Isaiah xliv: 28; xlv: 1–3.)

God that made the world and all things therein and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth. . . . That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him, though he be not far from every one of us, for in Him we live and move and have our being. . . . We are also his offspring. (Acts xvii: 24–26.)

Then Peter opened his mouth, and said: Of a

truth I perceive that God is no respector of persons; but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him. (Acts x: 34–35.)

And God, which knoweth the hearts, bare them witness, giving them the Holy Ghost, even as he did unto us: and put no difference between us and them, purifying their hearts by faith. (Acts xv: 8–9.)

Is he the God of the Jews only? Is he not also of the Gentiles? Yes, of the Gentiles also. (Romans iii: 29.)

For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him. (Romans x: 12.)

Every one that asketh, receiveth, and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. (Luke xi:10.)

If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him? (Luke xi:13.)

If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him. (John xiv:23.)

MINISTER: The Lord be with you.

CONGREGATION: And with thy spirit.

MINISTER: Let us pray.

(*All Kneel.*)

Here the ORGANIST *shall play softly, music of the*

Hymn which is to be sung, two verses at a time, with interrupting versicles and responses, throughout the devotion.

The people are asked to respond heartily and earnestly in those portions of the devotion so indicated, endeavoring to keep the rhythm of the service in unison).

Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Dew descending from above,
Breath of life, and fire of love;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Source of strength of knowledge clear.
Wisdom, godliness sincere,
Understanding, counsel, fear;
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

MINISTER: Blessed be He that spake "Let there be light" and there was light.

CONGREGATION: In Thy light, O Lord, may we see light.

MINISTER: Blessed be He that set Orion in the winter heaven and Arcturus to shepherd the evening shadows.

CONGREGATION: Lead Thou us as the wise men of the East by the guiding of a star.

MINISTER: Blessed be the Father of all living which fashioned man in His own image and likeness, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, that man became the living soul.

CONGREGATION: Do Thou make us also life-giving spirits to show forth Thy glory.

ADAM AND ENOCH

MINISTER: Blessed be He that walketh with man in the cool of the evening among the fruitful trees in the garden of his innocency.

CONGREGATION: Bid Thou us to put forth our hand and taste of the fruit from the tree of life.

NOAH

MINISTER: Blessed be He that set His bow of promise on high forever, above the waters of the flood of affliction.

CONGREGATION: Cause Thou us to lift up our eyes unto the token of Thy covenant in the cloud of our despair.

ABRAHAM

MINISTER: Blessed be He that showed Himself in the horror of great darkness as a smoking furnace and a burning lamp.

CONGREGATION: So be Thou with us in the night season when our hearts would fail us.

ABRAHAM AND ISAAC

MINISTER: Blessed be He that stayed by his angel the hand of the father sorely tempted, when about to slay his only son for a burnt offering in token of great love.

CONGREGATION: Make us to remember what Thou dost alone require of us; to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with Thee.

Spirit guiding us aright,
Spirit making darkness light,
Spirit of resistless might;
  Hear us, Holy Spirit.

All Thy sevenfold gifts bestow,
Gifts of wisdom God to know,
Gifts of strength to meet the foe;
  Hear us, Holy Spirit.

JACOB

MINISTER: Blessed be He that wrestled until the break of day with the man, that would not let the angel of God's presence go until he knew the Holy Name, wherefore also was he called Israel, Mighty with God.

CONGREGATION: For Thou alone art the strength of our health, and our victory over the world is even our faith.

MOSES IN MIDIAN

MINISTER: Blessed be He that kindled the bush that burneth, yet is not consumed forever, for a token unto the man of God who should lead his brethren out of bondage.

CONGREGATION: Mightier than the winter blasts is the sun in spring-time, that lifteth to heavenward the face of the blossoming earth.

MOSES AND THE MESSIAH

MINISTER: Blessed be the column of smoke by day and the pillar of fire by night to guard and guide God's people in the wilderness.

CONGREGATION: So do Thou go before us and do Thou also follow after, that we may walk securely in the midst of Thy holy angels.

MINISTER: Blessed be the spiritual Rock that followeth Thy chosen, the shadow whereof is coolness for the soul.

CONGREGATION: May we dwell safely in the secret place of the Most High.

MINISTER: Blessed be the Water that gusheth forth freely and refresheth in the heat and drought of the noonday.

CONGREGATION: Let us quench our thirst at Thy well of wisdom which springeth up within us unto everlasting life.

SAMSON

MINISTER: Blessed be He that promised a saviour of strength, even as the sun; and though he brake his vow, when he entreated Him in his distress, forsook him not at the last.

CONGREGATION: Endue us with Thy help from on high in the day of temptation.

JOB

MINISTER: Blessed be He that spake words of admonishment and comfort out of the whirlwind, re-

vealing Himself unto the righteous man, sorely tried in soul.

CONGREGATION: May we not ever be content to have heard of Thee only by the hearing of the ear, who should see Thee, as shall the pure in heart.

All our evil passions kill,
Bend aright our stubborn will,
Though we grieve Thee, patient still;
  Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Come to strengthen all the weak,
Give Thy courage to the meek,
Teach our faltering tongues to speak;
  Hear us, Holy Spirit.

SAMUEL

MINISTER: Blessed be He that made known to the little child the way whereby a man may draw nigh unto the Lord of Hosts.

CONGREGATION: Call us by our name O Lord, and cause us to reply: "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

DAVID

MINISTER: Blessed be He that showed favor unto the ruddy shepherd boy, and chose him before the mighty and the proud, to champion His cause among men.

CONGREGATION: Put into our hearts the love to say: "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O Lord."

ELIJAH ON HOREB

MINISTER: Blessed be He that was not in the great strong wind, which rent the mountains, nor in the earthquake, nor in the terrible fire.

CONGREGATION: For Thou art He that will beautify the meek with salvation.

ELIJAH AND THE NEW REVELATION

MINISTER: Blessed be He who dwelt in the still small voice like to the breathing of a little child, yet carried the man of God as a chariot of fire in a whirlwind unto heaven.

CONGREGATION: In quietness and confidence shall be our strength, O Thou that abidest in our hearts.

ISAIAH

MINISTER: Blessed be He who filled the courts of His praise with the throne of His glory, that the great door-pillars shook and the temple was filled with smoke, amid seraphims shouting "Holy."

CONGREGATION: Cleanse Thou our lips also with a living coal from off Thine altar, that we may purely sing Thy praise.

EZEKIEL

MINISTER: Blessed be He that shone as a living flame of lightning above the sapphire throne and the terrible crystal fire, betwixt the whirling wheels of the storm and the four wing'd cherubim,

CONGREGATION: About thine exceeding glory, do Thou set forever Thy bow of hope, in sight like unto the green pastures by the clear waters, whither the good shepherd doth lead His flock.

DANIEL

MINISTER: Blessed be He, the Ancient of days, that cometh down to visit us as the Son of Man in the clouds of Heaven, and to establish his Holy Kingdom on the earth forevermore.

CONGREGATION: Yea, Lord, for the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.

Come to aid the souls who yearn
More of truth divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn;
  Hear us, Holy Spirit.

Holy, loving, as Thou art,
Come, and live within our heart:
Nevermore from us depart;
  Hear us, Holy Spirit.

(*The* CONGREGATION *still kneeling, the* MINISTER *shall ascend to the Altar, and turning to the* CONGREGATION, *solemnly declare to them the message of the advent of the incarnate God, in these words selected from the Scriptures.*)

"And lo, verily, in the fullness of time hath come He for whom a body was afore prepared, and men have beheld Him, that was ere the beginning, yea, and handled him with their hands: for He was in all things like unto them, albeit there dwelleth in Him, and is made manifest with glory, the Word by whom all things were made, the Son of Man, meek and lowly of heart, which on earth setteth up the Kingdom of Heaven."

(*Descending to the Sanctuary rail, the* MINISTER *may say*):

Have not we verily brought unto you good tidings of great joy? (Luke ii: 10.)

Wherefore, Beloved, when Saul of Tarsus going up to Damascus was astonished, suddenly beholding in the way a great light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about him, and them which journeyed with him, the Voice did speak:

"Rise, and stand upon thy feet, for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will yet appear unto thee." (Acts xxvi: 16.)

(*And the* MINISTER *may then read all or part of the following declarations from Scripture*):

Now, the same Holy One bare witness unto His disciples saying: "No man hath seen God at any

time. The only begotton Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him" unto all mankind. (John i: 18.)

Wherefore, on the eve of His blessed Passion as He spake yet privily with them that called him Master, Philip saith unto Him: "Lord, show us the Father and it sufficeth us." But Jesus saith to him: "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known Me, Philip? He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father."

After His triumphant Resurrection, the Master was lifted up, and parted in the cloud upon the Mount from them that companied with Him, and they returned from Olivet unto the holy city. And they gathered themselves together; and when they were come in, they went into an upper room where they continued with one accord in prayer and supplication.

Then was indeed fulfilled the blessed promise which the Master made to them ere He went to the Father: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them" (Matthew xviii: 20) "and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." (Matthew xxviii: 20.)

And descending to the chancel step, the MINISTER *may read the following:*

Now hearken O my brethren, deem ye peradventure that we who would fain see the Holy Jesus

our Saviour in these latter days, be utterly parted from Him, and can behold His face no more? Howbeit, St. Paul is very bold (His apostle born out of due time), when he sayeth: "Henceforth know we no man after the flesh: yea, though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we Him so no more."

For assuredly "it is the Spirit that quickeneth and the flesh profiteth nothing."

Let us now, therefore (confidently believing that our blessed Lord is with us even here, to visit us in very deed with power and wisdom, and health and joy from on high), lift up together our spirits unto His Father and our Father, His God and our God, humbly kneeling, and fervently repeating the very petitions that we have learned of Him:

(*Then, ascending to the Altar, outstretching his arms crosswise, as was oftentimes the wont in early Christian public worship, the* MINISTER *shall begin*):

THE LORD'S PRAYER

(*Said clause by clause, after the* MINISTER)

Our Father, who art in heaven,
Hallowed be thy Name,
Thy Kingdom come,
Thy Will be done,
On earth as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread,
Forgive us our trespasses,
As we forgive those who trespass against us,
Lead us not into temptation,
But deliver us from evil:

For thine is the Kingdom,
and the Power,
and the Glory,
For ever and ever. Amen.

Here may follow appropriate collects as those for 5th and 6th Sundays after the Epiphany and for the Feast of the Transfiguration, at the discretion of the MINISTER*; closing with some suitable Benediction, like the following:*

May our Lord Jesus Christ be
near to defend us,
around us to preserve us,
before us to guide us,
behind us to justify us,
above us to bless us,
Who liveth and reigneth,
With the Father and the Holy Ghost,
God for evermore.

CONGREGATION: Amen.
ANNOUNCEMENTS
A HYMN: *406–629*
THE ADDRESS

THE OFFERTORY
THE DOXOLOGY
BENEDICTION
A HYMN: *480–261*

ORDER OF DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

FOR THE USE ON THE SUNDAY NEAREST AMERICAN INDIAN DAY (MAY ELEVENTH) AND ON THE SUNDAY BEFORE OR AFTER THANKSGIVING DAY

This service belongs strictly to Volume II, but as it is mystical in tone, it can be included in the present selection and it seemed expedient to do so. Drawn from the best sources and cast into the forms recommended by frequent experiments it constitutes an anthology of the Red Man's exquisite spiritual utterances which are also within the range of the immediate apprehension of the White Man. These have been grouped into an infolding composition of self-evident consistency. Let the reader deal with it as poetry, and not as dogma; cultivate the child-like mood; and abandon himself to the continuous stream of primitive emotion.

NOTE—Chief Refrains in the Service translated:

BÍDE HOZHÓNI ..... {Beauty or Happiness} Everywhere
DÁLTSO HOZHÓNI .....All is beautiful
SÁ-Á NARÁI.....Living forever, or life everlasting
NÁWA ÁTIUS.....O Father, Hail! and come hither
NÁWA ATÍRA .....O Mother, Hail! and come hither
Wo-ho, ho, ho, ho. . . . So be it. Amen.

ORDER OF DEVOTIONAL SERVICE

AMERICAN INDIAN DAY

ANNOUNCEMENT—Nature and Purpose of the Service

(*Explain:—"Hako," A. R., Bureau of Ethnology, Vol. XXII, Part 2, 1900, and the Holy Rite of the Corn Maidens, Leaves of the Greater Bible, Vol. II, issue I, and A. R., Bureau of Ethnology, XIII, Hamilton Cushing, Zunic Myths, should an out-door ceremony follow for the planting of corn.*)

OPENING CHANT

The Holy, O behold,
In the place where the sun rises,
The Holy, behold the Holy.

The Holy, O behold,
In the place where the sun passes us on his course,
The Holy, behold the Holy.
O goodness behold,
At the turning back on his tracks of the sun,
Goodness, goodness behold.
The Holy, the Holy.

(Sioux Sun Dance—Frances Dinsmore)

VOLUNTARY—Indian Lament (Violin) Dvorak
(or) Sunrise Call.....Troyer

SENTENCES—(*By* MINISTER):

We pass on, we pass on,
Yet, ah! the landscape endureth forever!
(Ghost Religion)

The spirit host is approaching,
The whole world is moving ("on the move").
Lo, everybody standeth, and keepeth watch.
O, pray we, pray we all! (Path on the Rainbow, p. 67)

For that I am very poor
Therefore, it is I pray—
Yea, pray for every living creature!
Pray with me! Pray with me! (p. 68)

You, my gods,
I am singing to you!
Wo-ho, ho, ho, ho!

We are all going—we are all going up together . . .
We are all going—we are all going up together . . .
To the Great Village—To be
With our Father above—where He dwelleth on High

With our Mother—our Mother—where she dwelleth . . . Home! Home! (p. 69)

Ye gods, take part,
Invisible though ye be among us!
Wo-ho, ho, ho, ho!

EXHORTATION—(Brethren: The Exhortation of Tahirussawichi).

"Ha, it is an hard thing, truly, very hard for us,"
(Saith the wise man, the old man who knew our fathers),
"But we must all agree on whatsoever thing ye would,
If we will have our prayer.
All our spirits, O my people, must become One spirit,
United mightily as one only selfsame Spirit.
And if thereto we attain not, the fault, ah, it lieth
Nowise in the order of our being, nor in the decree of the Gods.
In us alone it lieth: are we earnest? sincere? are we true? and truly kind?
We have not fixed, O children, our minds with a common, brotherly desire,
We are not one single yearning Heart lifted up in prayer to heaven;
And, therefore, Tirawa Atius, our Heavenly

Father (who dwelleth in the zenith—
Above the holy ring of the piled white clouds,
Where sit the Gods in council),
May not, woe is me, bless us His children as
He is so fain to bless." (Cento from
Hako.)

HYMN:

(CONGREGATION *to join at the third and sixth stanzas*)

QUARTET:

Holy Visions, hither come!
Ye who dwell in rainbow skies
Hidden from your mortal eyes
By the lights of Paradise—
Holy Visions, hither come!
Hither come, O hither come!

SOLO:

Holy Visions, hither come!
If we wake or if we dream,
Where your flashing pinions gleam,
There doth Heav'n upon us beam:
Holy Visions, come, O come!
Hither, hither, hither come!

CHOIR AND CONGREGATION:

Holy Visions, hither come!
Gift of joy your presence brings,

When the music of your wings
To the gladdened spirit sings:
Hither come, O hither come!
Hither, hither, hither come!

QUARTET:

Holy Visions, hither come!
Glorified the spirit blooms
Where the splendor of your plumes
Like a sun the night consumes:
Holy Visions, hither come!
Hither come, O hither come!

SOLO:

Holy Visions, hither come!
With the lightning of your glance
Make the heart of man to dance
In celestial radiänce:
Holy Visions, hither come!
Hither come, O hither come!

CHOIR AND CONGREGATION:

Holy Visions, hither come!
Bearing with you heavenly peace,
Comfort, gladness and release
In your healing mysteries:
Holy Visions, hither come!
Hither, hither, hither come!

(*Invocation to the Holy Visions, from Hako.* Versified by Hartley Burr Alexander.)

RESPONSIVE READING—"The Child is introduced to the Great World at Birth," from an Omaha Ritual.

(CONGREGATION *standing.*)

MINISTER: Ho! Ye Sun, Moon, Stars, all ye that move in the heavens; I invoke you, give ear unto me.

RESPONSE: Into our midst hath come a new life. Consent ye, I implore! Make smooth its path, that it may reach the brow of the FIRST HILL! (Childhood)

MINISTER: Ho, Ye Winds, Clouds, Rain, Mist, all ye that move in the air; I invoke you, give ear unto me.

RESPONSE: Into your midst hath come a new life. Consent ye, I implore! Make smooth its path, that it it may reach the brow of the SECOND HILL! (Youth)

MINISTER: Ho! Ye Hills, Valleys, Rivers, Lakes, Trees, Grasses, all ye of the earth; I invoke you, give ear unto me.

RESPONSE: Into your midst hath come a new life. Consent ye, I implore! Make smooth its path, that it may reach the brow of the THIRD HILL! (Maturity)

MINISTER: Ho! Ye Birds, great and small, that fly in the air;

RESPONSE: Ho! Ye Animals, great and small, that dwell in the forest;

MINISTER: Ho! Ye Insects that creep among the

grasses and burrow in the ground; I invoke you, give ear unto me.

RESPONSE: Into your midst hath come a new life. Consent ye, I implore! Make smooth its path, that it may reach the brow of the FOURTH HILL! (Old Age)

MINISTER: Ho! All ye of the heavens, all ye of the air, all ye of the earth; I invoke you all, give ear unto me.

RESPONSE: Into your midst hath come a new life. Consent ye, consent ye all, I implore! Make smooth its path, then shall it travel on even BEYOND THE FOUR HILLS! (the Life Beyond)

CHOIR ANTHEM:

From the XXth Ritual of the Hako, a Pawnee Ceremony, rendered in the rhythm of the original by Alice Cunningham Fletcher. (Congregation standing, MINISTER *invoking the Spirit)*

Breathe on him!
Breathe on him!
Life Thou alone canst give to him.
Long life, we pray, O Father, give unto him!
Life! Life!

FIRST LECTION (*The* READER *at lectern*). *"The Stars" (Cento from Pawnee sources, Leaves of the Greater Bible, Vol. I, pp. 29–32, or some equivalent selection. Alternate Lection*

from "Indians' Book" (Miss Natalie Curtis), "Wakiash and the First Totem Pole," told by Klalish, pp. 299–303. (Congregation seated.)

CHOIR ANTHEM—"The Song of the Pleiades." (*Congregation standing.*)

They come to us, they rise, behold!
Over the marge of Mother Earth
Into Father Sky, they rise, they rise,
Chakáä the silent brethren!
Ah, 'tis a blessed thing to behold them yonder,
More blessed yet for us to mount with them,
To shine together each in his place as they!
They come to us, they rise,
We come to them, we rise,
We as Chakáä mount on high!
Behold them coming, climbing,
And we as they
Brethren in unity together.

SECOND LECTION—*"The Revelation of Immortal Life," from the Washishka Athin, or the Shell Society (Omaha), Leaves of the Greater Bible, Vol. II, p. 5, Feb. Issue, Rephrased with Miss Fletcher's approval, 276 A. R., Bureau of Ethnology, p. 509, or Alternate Lection from "Indians' Book"—"The Impossible Prayer—to see Maona," Indians' Book, pp. 262–263. (Congregation seated)*

RITUAL READING—DEVOTION OF IMMEDIATE REVELATION (HAKO)

(MINISTER *and* CONGREGATION *in unison, standing,* MINISTER *toward* CONGREGATION)

I know not if the voice of man can reach the sky;
I know not if the Mighty One will hear us pray;
I know not if the gifts I ask will all be granted;
I know not if the word spoken of old hath been received.
I know not what will come to pass in days to be;
I hope that only good will come, my children, unto you.

Silence

(*Pause followed by some ritual expression of a great inner spiritual experience, as a gong ceremony or native American Indian invocation, with tom-tom.*)

(MINISTER *and* CONGREGATION *alternately, line by line*)

Now I know that the voice of man can reach unto heaven;
Now I know that the Mighty One hath heard me when I prayed;
Now I know that the gifts I asked have all been granted us;
Now I know that the word spoken of old—we have truly heard it.
Now I know that Tirawa Atius, Heaven our Father, hearkeneth unto man's prayer;

Now I know that good, and good alone, hath come, my children, unto you.

RITUAL MEDITATION—Let us meditate together and pray (*Congregation seated*):

MYSTIC CONTEMPLATION PRAYER

The wind is carrying me around the sky,
The wind of God is carrying me about the heaven;
Yet, lo, my body is here—still—in the valley,
Though the wind of God, the wind of God is carrying me, carrying me
all about the heaven!

RESPONSE: *Náwa Átius—Come, O Father, Náwa Atíra—Come, O Mother, come.*[1]

Short Silence

SONG OF THE BLUE CORN DANCE

(*All continue seated*)

Beautiful! O the summer clouds!
Beautiful, O summer clouds!
O blossoming clouds in the sky,
Like unto shimmering flowers are ye,
Blossoming clouds of the great heaven!
Onward, see ye come to us—
Hither, hither, hither bound!

[1] Indians' Book, pp. 108–110.

RESPONSE: *All is beautiful—Dáltso, Hozhóni Ká, All is beautiful forever.*[1]

SÁ-Á NARÁI

(MINISTER *standing. Each line is spoken by* MINISTER *and then monotoned by* CHOIR *and* CONGREGATION)

MINISTER:

Count Thou, my son, the lights on the South Star Trail!
What is it . . . riseth to so great height within me? . . .
I stand ashamed before it.

RESPONSE:

"Sá-á Narái."[2]

MINISTER:

O the happy endless trail . . .
Afar the beautiful endless trail.

RESPONSE:

Bound for Beauty!
Bound for Bliss!
"Sá-á Narái."

MINISTER:

A spirit—it flyeth upward . . .
No longer will it tarry.

RESPONSE:

"Sá-á Narái."

(*Silence. Tom-tom.*)

[1] Indians' Book, p. 372.
[2] Indians' Book, p. 372, pp. 552–553.

MINISTER:
Ere long thou, too, must follow
The voice (I hear) within thee . . .
RESPONSE:
"Sá-á Narái."
MINISTER:
We stand abashed before it . . .
RESPONSE:
"Sá-á Narái."
UNISON:
The Tribe moves on—it will not stay . . .
Sá-á Narái,
A little puff . . . and lo, the South Star-way,
Sá-á Narái.

TO GOD OUR ROCK

(Totemistic Prayer from the Omaha Ritual of the Great White Rock. Leaves of the Greater Bible, Vol. I, p. 40.)

(MINISTER *and congregation in unison, kneeling*)

MINISTER:
I invite you to invoke the God of our Rock, of everlasting safety, and Almighty Power:

We cry to Thee, Ancient of Days!
Hearken!

Thy children are in sore distress,
Therefore have they brought Thee into their home:—

"It is my will to dwell with them,
To succor and to teach them!"
Even so, without doubt, hast Thou spoken,
For so have our fathers told us!
  Hearken!

Thy children are in sore distress.
  Hearken!

That in Thee, who belongest to them,
They may seek protection,
Therefore have they brought Thee hither
Where they lodge.
  Hearken! We cry unto Thee!

For that Thy children
Long to stand upright in Thy strength.
Howbeit they have now brought Thee into
  their home.
  Hearken!

Ancient of Days!
  Hearken!

What thing soever they may have done amiss,
Remember it not Thou against them;
They be but simple in heart and mind;
Do Thou judge them therefore
In Thy great fatherly kindness,
Ancient of Days!
  Hearken!

PEOPLE:

Wo-ho, ho, ho, ho!

(*Silence. Tom-tom, very softly.*)

PRAYERS—Prayer to Walk With Rock All Their Days (Intercessory). (Reference, Leaves of the Greater Bible, Vol. I, pp. 42–43.)

(MINISTER *standing—people still kneeling*)

Hearken unto what our Rock shall say unto His children, as we walk with Him:

I cry to Thee, Ancient of Days,
Hearken
I cry to Thee! When the sacred seven
Were gathered together,
Ancient of Days,
Hearken
Thou wast with the seven,
Thou wast the Seventh, so have we heard,
And Thou alone, midmost, hadst knowledge of all things.

VISION OF GOD

Ancient of Days,
Hearken
When longing for protection and guidance,
Hearken
Mankind did seek in thought for a way,
Hearken
Behold Thou sattest, pure, enduring forever,

In the midmost place, where meet all trails.
There sattest Thou—blown on alike of the four winds of life,
Between the noon of day and the noon of night—
Mighty alone of all to receive prayer,
And almighty to succor!

UNLIKENESS TO MAN

Ancient of Days,
Hearken!
Where is a Mouth in Thee, that Thou mightest speak to man?
Where is a Heart, to get knowledge and understanding?
Where be the Feet, that Thou mightest visit us in every place?
Yet Thou art mighty alone of all to receive prayer and almighty likewise to succor!
Hearken!

GOD'S MESSAGE

Hearken, O Children, to the Ancient of Days:
"I have desired, with my little ones, yea, I have greatly desired,
To walk with them ever further forth in the way of life,
Without anguish to them, and without sickness,
Hearken!

Over the second, the third, ay, the fourth hill
. . . and beyond!"
(MINISTER *kneels*)

Ancient of Days, hearken, I do beseech Thee,
Give ear graciously unto my prayer!
PEOPLE:
Ancient of Days, we do beseech Thee, hearken,
MINISTER:
Though my speech be feeble and no skill be mine,
Ancient of Days, to the cry of the children,
Hearken!
Pause. (*Organ or tom-tom throughout following prayers*)

HUNGER PRAYER (Arapahoe 1892)
Father, have pity on us:
We are crying to Thee for thirst,
All is gone, nothing is left to eat . . .
Father, O morning star,
Father, O mornng star,
Look on us!
We have danced all night till daybreak . . .
Look on us!
Have pity, have pity!
Pause.
(MINISTER *and* CONGREGATION *in unison*)

PRAYER FROM HAKO

Father, unto Thee we cry!
Father, Thou, of gods and men,
Father, Thou, of all we hear,
Father, Thou, of all we see—
Father, unto Thee we cry!
(*Tom-tom*)
Father, Thou above, Father of the holy Ones—
They who can come down and touch us—
Do Thou bid them bring us help!
Help, help we need,
O, Father—Hear!

TO THE SUPREME (Iroquois) (Rephrased from "Path of the Rainbow," p. 8, American Anthology, introduced by Mary Austin.)

(MINISTER, *standing, intones*)
Only Maker of All,
Most high over all and holy,
Most nigh, friend to the lowly—
Unto Thee for help we cry,
For Thy favor, Thy people implore.

MINISTER:
Wo-ho, ho, ho, ho!

PEOPLE:
Wo-ho, ho, ho, ho!

CHOIR:
Wo-ho, ho, ho, ho!

MINISTER AND PEOPLE:
Wo-ho, ho, ho, ho!

Silence

These be their words—no more.
Hearken! Hearken!

MINISTER: Let us make wholeheartedly welcome the Holy Visions that have drawn so nigh unto us:

HYMN FROM HAKO

SOLO:

Holy Visions, ye of yore
To our fathers came revealing;
Hither come, O come once more,
To our troubled lives with healing!

UNISON:

Holy Visions, ye who bring
From the starlit Sky her glories—
Hither come on shining wing,
Pause ye where the open door is!

Pause ye at the open gate,
Enter at the silent portal,
Bless the hearts of them who wait
With the grace of light immortal.

With the grace of holy sight
To the dream-life of the dreamer,
Ye have come. O guide aright!
Lo, we know our life's redeemer.

Holy Visions! As of yore
  To our sires ye came revealing,
Come, O come, forevermore,
  With the mystery of healing.
    (Versified by Hartley Burr Alexander)

ANNOUNCEMENTS—*Object of Offertory; explain adjournment into hall or yard (after Recessional Hymn) for American Program or out-of-door ceremony.*

OFFERTORY—*Songs, from Indian Themes by Cadman, rendered by* CHOIR, or

SONG OF THE MOCKING-BIRD

AROWP

The little clouds are spread
Across the blue sky
'Mai ariwa
'riwa

Thin little clouds are spread,
  Oh, I am happy as I sing,
For I sing of the little clouds
  in the sky,
'Mai ariwa
'riwa

So sings the Bird,
The mocking-bird who carols.

I stop to hear,
For he is glad at heart.
Shakwa tza mi na hi. (*or first refrain*)

And I, I listen;
His word is glad,
glad.
Shakwa tza mi na hi. (*or first refrain*)

Then up the hill,
Up the hill
I go.
The straight way,
The right way,
Hunya kwa pai va (*or first refrain*)

The road of good.
Uphill I go,
My road,
The straight way,
The right way,
Hunya kwa hul pa! (*or first refrain*)

The happy road,
The good
Alway.
Thither away
My way.
Hunya kwa pai va, (*or first refrain and*
Hunya kwa hul pa! *Wo-ho, ho, ho, ho*)

Yuma, Indians' Book—Natalie Curtis page 340.)

CORN PLANTING SONGS

(Songs from Indians' Book—Natalie Curtis)

KOROZTA KATZINA SONG

Sikya volimu
Humisi manatu
Yellow butterflies
Over the blossoming, virgin corn,
With pollen-painted faces
Chase one another in brilliant throng.
Shakwa volimu
Moxhisi manatu

Blue butterflies
Over the blossoming virgin beans,
White pollen-painted faces
Chase one another in brilliant streams.
Humisi manatu
Amunawita
Tatangayatu

Over the blossoming corn,
Over the virgin corn,
Wild bees hum.
Over your field of growing corn
All day shall hang
The thunder cloud.

Umah uyi
Amunawita
Yoi-umumutimani

Yoi-hoyoyotimani
Tawanawita

Over your field of growing corn
All day shall come
The rushing rain.
(Hopi. Indians' Book. Page 484)

HE-HEA KATZINA TAWI

Corn-blossom maidens
Here in the fields.

Humisi uyi manatu

Patches of beans in flower,
Fields all abloom.

Mozhisi uyi siquölöva,

Water shining after rain,
Blue clouds looming above.
Bavalalawinai:
Shakwa omawutu—

Hapi me—
Now behold
Through bright clusters of flowers
Yellow butterflies
Chasing at play,
And through the blossoming beans

Blue butterflies
Chasing each other
Flutter and play.

OFFERTORY CHANT: Behold us standing before Thee, uplifting these gifts: behold us, Great Spirit.

BENEDICTION—(Navajo—Washington Matthews)

The Night Chant—A Navajo ceremony, Amer. Mus. Nat'l History Publ., Vol. V, p. 229: rephrased freely, Leaves of Greater Bible, Vol. I, p. 127.

O, God, Thou who revealest Thyself, whose abode is in the white light of heaven:
In beauty may we walk with Thee
(As becometh children of the light.)
With beauty before us, do Thou cause us to go forward,
With beauty behind us, do Thou cause us to go forward,
With beauty beneath us, do Thou cause us to go forward,
With beauty high above us, do Thou cause us to go forward,
With beauty enfolding us all about, do Thou cause us to go forward
(In the path appointed unto us of Thee);
For all things soever that were, are made perfect only of Thee in blessèd beauty,

Whatso now hath His being is perfecting
in beauty,
And all that shall be, will be made perfect
in beauty,
Yea, all things are made perfect of Thee in
Thine own exceeding beauty
(O glorious God of light!)

RECESSIONAL—
(*Tom-tom.*)
HYMN FROM HAKO
(*Sung by* CHOIR *in entry of church with trumpet accompaniment*)

Within the House of Life man entereth,
A little Child with slow and faltering feet;
The breathing Heavën fluttereth in his breath,
The pulse of Earth doth in his swift blood
beat.

Within the House of Life man tarrieth,
As one who for a season taketh rest;
Above, the Blue, below the grassy Earth,
Midmost, an oriole in a wind-swayed nest.

Within the House of Life man offereth
The simple tokens of his daily need;
His prayer for food and drink, in humble faith
That some far gracious Power draw nigh
and heed.

Then from the House of Life he hasteneth;
Ay, as an Eagle in his feathered mail
Battleth a-down the blast with windy Death,
Speed, speed, O Warrior-soul with battle-hail!
(Versified by Hartley Burr Alexander.)

(*Or the* CHIOR *and trumpeters march out, led by Indian singers in native costume, through the church into the yard, in case the office be followed by an out-of-door ceremony.*)

To print the alternate lections here would unfortunately occupy too much space. Any organization proposing to present this office can obtain additional information by addressing questions to the Rector of St. Mark's church.

THE CHRISTIAN OFFICE OF THE CHILDREN OF THE ZODIAC

For the New Year's Tide or the Feast of the Magi.

Christmas is a Zodiacal festival. Astrology is assumed in the gospels by the visit of the three Kings or Magi. There was implicit in astrology, a great spiritual allegory, which may or may not have consciously affected early Christian doctrine. There is little doubt, at all events, that certain fundamental doctrines of our Lord Jesus obtain extraordinary illustration from the ethical consideration of elementary astrology. The office does not assume belief in astrology, but merely its use as an allegory. Let the sceptical reader consult Franz Cumont's "Astrology and the Roman Empire."

THE CHRISTIAN OFFICE OF THE CHILDREN OF THE ZODIAC

I

HYMN: The Spacious Firmament on High
HORTATORY INTRODUCTION:
(MINISTER *at Chancel steps.*)
ROLL CALL (*responsively*):
(*Use Roman pronunciation in Latin words spoken and sung.*)

DEACON: I am Aríes, and I have set my candle upon his candlestick, that it may illumine the dark places of the earth.

ASSISTANT: I am Taúrus, and I have set my candle, etc.

CANTOR: I am Gemini, and I have set my candle, etc.

ALL THREE IN UNSION: *We be the trinity of intellect and will.*

DEACON: I am Cáncer, and I have set my candle upon his candlestick, that it may illumine the dark places of the earth.

ASSISTANT: I am Léo, and I have set my candle, etc.

CANTOR: I am Virgo, and I have set my candle, etc.

ALL THREE IN UNISON: *We be the trinity of passion and imagination.*

DEACON: I am Líbra, and I have set my candle upon his candlestick, that it may illumine the dark places of the earth.

ASSISTANT: I am Scórpio; and I have set my candle, etc.

CANTOR: I am Sagittárius, and I have set my candle, etc.

ALL THREE IN UNISON: *We be the trinity of instinct and intuition.*

DEACON: I am Cápricorn, and I have set my candle upon his candlestick, that it may illumine the dark places of the earth.

ASSISTANT: I am Aquárius, and I have set my candle, etc.

CANTOR: I am Písces, and I have set my candle, etc.

ALL THREE IN UNISON: *We be the trinity of action and service.*

MINISTER (*at Sanctuary step*):

Brethren, we be all assembled in due order;
From head to feet—though in the spirit—
As in the great magic circle are we set,
The glittering constellations of the Zodiac,
Stark upright, as the thronéd gods of Egypt;
Graciously, as at Arthur's table round,
Where none is greater or less,
For that each alike is called to fulfill the Cause of all!

LESSON (*Read by* ASSISTANT *at lectern*):

Hear ye this brief admonition of St. James:
I would not be like unto a man,
Beholding his natural face in a glass:—
For he beholdeth himself,
And goeth his way,
And straightway forgetteth
What manner of man he was!
But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty,
And continueth therein,
He, (being not a forgetful hearer
But a doer (or *poet*) of the work,)
He shall be blessed in his Deed.

James I 23–25

DEACON (*as he kindles incense in bowl on Gospel side—North astrologically—of Altar*):

I have beheld my light shining
And in me verily

Hath God His trysting-place—unique and holy—
Wherefore also I do enkindle the incense of my censer
To His praise and glory that dwelleth peculiarly in me!
And set it in His peculiar and holy place.

CANTOR (*as he kindles incense in bowl on Epistle side—South astrologically—of Altar, repeats the same.*)

ASSISTANT, DEACON AND CANTOR TOGETHER: Lo, God hath duly manifested in each of us severally; for each alike and for all; wherefore blessed forever be God.

MINISTER (*at altar*):

Thou doest well to love thy Self,
And we praise thee and prize thee for that thou
To thine own Self art true;
So canst thou not be false to any man.

Yet behold! Thy neighbors
They do limit and thwart thy freedom
On the right hand of power, and on the left of grace.

Wherefore remember the word of our Master:
"Love thy neighbor as thy Self."
"Deny thy Self," as limiting thy neighbor,

As shutting him from thee, and thee from him
And thereby both from God.

ASSISTANT, DEACON AND CANTOR TOGETHER:
I will love my neighbor
To the right and to the left hand,
And I will thereunto deny my Self,
So help me God.

MINISTER:
Blessed be thou
for so shall there be not a flash only of divine glory at the core of thee;—
But a free Current flowing through thee that passeth to and fro along the
chain of fellowship to refresh thee with youth and courage forever!
Whom seest thou opposite?

ASSISTANT, DEACON AND CANTOR:
Him I know the least
For that he is farthest, ay, and furthest;
He is the most unlike to me,
And most my opposite, and natural opponent.

MINISTER:
Shall he therefore be thine enemy?
Seeing our Master saith:
"Love your enemies?"

ASSISTANT, DEACON AND CANTOR:

Nay, I will endeavor to love him, unfeignedly,
God being my helper.

MINISTER (*pointing to upward ray of thirteen pointed stars set at foot of the cross above the Lotus censer*):

Thou doest well;
for mark how the glory of the Center—
the Lotus of the invisible Thirteenth,
the holy Lord and Master of us all—
casteth for thee His indicating Shadow
that eclipseth with light
(the ideal of thy direst necessity)
directly athwart the countenance of thine enemy!
Therefore holdeth he for thee, that opposite, in his peculiar gift and station,
The craved forgiveness of thy sins.

(DEACON *first, and when he has finished, then* ASSISTANT *and after him* CANTOR, *says*):

I will love mine opposite, my contrary,
(Who *hath,* because he *is,* the secret for me of my perfection), with a love fervid and unfeignèd—
So help me God!

ASSISTANT, DEACON AND CANTOR TOGETHER:

Each hath his singular defect and temptation,

Each his lot of suffering and shame;
Let us take up then our Cross
And bear it manfully.
Let us by a good example
Help one another so to do—
And follow the Christ, our Master,
Up the steep Hill of the Skull!

MINISTER (*descending to the sanctuary step summarizing the principles hitherto expounded*):

Rehearsal of the Holy numbers.

Brethren, we be together,
Two for friendship, *three* for love, father, mother and child;—
Yea, *four* for the Earth, our Mother;
Five for Wisdom; and *six* the embattled choice between good and evil;
Yea, *seven* for the atoning holiness of God;
Eight for the two orders, the higher and the lower world,
And *nine* for the birth by their union of a New Glory;
Ten for the two Wisdoms toward man and toward God,
Eleven for their marshaling in one mystic wisdom
And *twelve* for the perfection of the heavenly hosts,—

If we worship the God in each,
If each denieth the narrowing self of each,
If we love our neighbors to right and to left,
If we cherish and conciliate our contrary,
That holdeth the secret of our forgiveness
for imperfection, by our perfecting;
And lastly if we be one in mind and heart in
one place gathered together in the One
Name of the One Unmanifest,
Then, lo, *IS the Invisible* Thirteenth, *Our Lord and Master, adored and loved,*
Verily present here and now in our hallowed midst!

ASSISTANT, DEACON AND CANTOR TOGETHER: Let all hatred and malice, all strife and suspicion, remain forever without.

II

HYMN—Eternal Ruler of the Ceaseless Round (*first two stanzas*).

INTERPRETATIVE ALLOCUTION

MINISTER (*in the pulpit, or at chancel step*): My brethren, the picture of our Master which we have set forth in the language of the heavens is familiar unto all men. His words are in our ears, but we miss the meaning, because we have not heartily realized the secret revealed to us by the heavenly comment, even now presented unto you:—

Deny thy Self,
Take up thy Cross,
And follow me.

Those be words spoken by our Master before any human anticipation of personal disaster (that is, the resolute hostility in the normal sense-life to what we call "personal good" or interest, by the universal order), and this because He had not yet had occasion to consider (that is, read by intuition, or objective mathematic) the relevancy of His personal plan to the cosmic outlook and opportunity.

The Lord Jesus admitted that the times and seasons were in the Father's hands, and not revealed unto the Son. When He therefore uttered those momentous three phrases—DENY THY SELF, TAKE UP THY CROSS, and FOLLOW ME—He intended to convey a universally valid law, which may be interpreted in the combined two-fold language of horizon appearances and zodiacal science, as follows:

> Biological evolution has produced an individual whose normal perspective innocently, nay beneficently, assumes himself as the cosmic center. Now this was *necessary* and *therefore, true*. But it is no longer true, because with the development of a settled society, it would be destructive. The Self must therefore be denied; that is, the ocular perspective. A flat perspective

or one with a center everywhere, must overlay and contradict it. Affirm thyself therefore, in the new relation as having superseded the old Self.

"Take up thy Cross" could not have denoted to the mind of our Lord's hearers any instrument of torture.[1] It could only have meant, accept the Cross of the heaven; in modern phrase, your longitude and latitude, your true orientation and location, your own horoscopic specialization. Peter presents a different lot and duty from that of John. Jesus answers Peter, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is *that* to *thee*? Follow *thou* me." Each has his specialty; to each his service; therefore, obviously his theory, or God-seeing. Take up then *thy* Cross and not another's. Affirm thy self-hood in it, with thy relative distinction and honor, denying thy self as central and absolute; though admitting thy Self in thy location and orientation, as unique, and in thy peculiar function, glorious.

Now canst "thou follow me" and not before. Mark, thou canst never be the Thirteenth, the sun. Thou art but a planet. Thy path seems erratic to every other planet until reckoned from

[1] Mithra is never crucified, and yet his four altar breads for the Agape, his farewell love feast with the Sun ere his Ascension, were like the "hot cross bun"—marked with the cross sacramentally.

the common sun. "Follow me," must have meant then for *us* to follow, as the planets do the sun, whom we follow as we flee and flee as we follow. For to do as Jesus did, Peter must be Peter and John, John. An imitation or mocking of the Master's person, a makebelieve in His rôle, is of no avail. That relation to the central sun of the universe, which our sun establishes, we must establish for ourselves *through Him.*

Thus have we expounded in the terms of the heavens, the heavenly doctrine of our Lord. The kingdom of heaven shall come on earth, when men on earth behave of their own inner desire in full accord with the law of heaven. Having therefore, pondered these holy doctrines, let us make the gospel, the good news, of our Lord, vitally effective in and through ourselves, as His true disciples.

III

HYMN—ETERNAL RULER OF THE CEASELESS ROUND (*third and fourth stanzas*).
THE RITE

MINISTER (*who has returned to sanctuary and at close of the hymn stands in front of the altar*): Let us reverently express the symbolic knowledge we have unveiled to our moral sense, and earnestly pray

that we be enabled to conform thereto, more and more perfectly, the course of our lives henceforward; and that the ignorance or heedlessness of the world dull our quickened spiritual sense no more, nor deaden our will, nor overcome our faith.

On your behalf, I will cast in the great Censer, that is set in the midst of our brotherly order, upon the hot coals of fire thereof, that is, the fervor of our loyalty and zeal, the holy incense of devout adoration, unto obedience and emulation. (*Suiting action to words, using the Zodiacal censer upon the altar.*)

THE RITUAL:

The cloud ariseth from the Lotus of Sweetness!
Behold O Lord, we would be Thy Body,
the several members thereof,
assembled and knit together,
as Thou badest,
unto the revelation of Thee.

O Lord and Master,
keep Thou faith with us.
Send down upon us thine Holy Ghost,
That we may be healed and purified,
That we may be made wise, mighty and courageous,
That we may impart also unto others thy wisdom and virtue,

That we may, streaming with the light of Thy
Transfiguration,
Glorify Thy Father now in this world, as Thou.

O, all ye of the fellowship, let us pray in
silence:
That God, the Holy Ghost, may unto us,
Brethren dwelling together in perfect unity and
peace,
Manifest none other than *our Lord and Master:*
And that we may henceforward
Fear not to confess ever among mankind
The glory of the unseen:
Amen and Hallelujah Amen!

(MINISTER *kneels at the altar.*)

SILENCE

(*Pause followed by gong. When the* MINISTER *deems best to close the silence, he rises and the* CANTOR *leads in singing*):
Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen!

MINISTER: Let us Sing for the confirmation of our wills, and our good cheer in well-doing,

A HYMN OF THE ZODIACAL RING

Our holy life from hidden sources
  Seeps and mounts through the dim of sleep;
While waking, we float on mysterious forces
  Updrawn from the Fount of the darkest deep.
Yet Lords we be of the stars in their courses
  If, shining as they, our watch we keep.

Never an ill-starr'd doom compelleth
  Save him who aband'neth his craft to drift.
The soul, though in nethermost hell he dwelleth,
  Can the eye of his spirit heavenward lift;
When with lightning our foe Despair God quelleth,
  And the Bow spans Heaven, hope's radiant gift.

Dread we the blasts of cosmic weather
  That swoop upon earth as with fear she moans?
One breath of God will lift like a feather
  The mountains that grind our buried bones;
And one pulse of one life here gathered together,
  For the sin of each and of all atones!

Then cleave to the Ring, unamazed by disaster—

For even as our destiny, so our desire;
Up, consider steadfast the stars; and be master
Together of earth, air, water, and fire;
Till, one Spirit,—ever fairer, mightier, vaster—,
To behold one vision of God,—we conspire!

If Aríes, Táurus, Gémini, Cáncer,
Léo, Vírgo, or Líbra cry—
Scórpio, Sagittárius, Cápricorn answer—
Aquárius and Písces shout their reply—
Each by his house, a various dancer,
Before the Lord of Hosts most high!

So We, earth-brethren, be as many and various
And each must strive in his place alone;
But our victory and virtue in sooth were precarious
Save we knit each the genius of all to his own—
Let our grief, our joys, like Christ's, be vicarious
And His glory will shine as of old it shone!

SERMON, ADDRESS OR NOTICES
OFFERTORY.
ASCRIPTION: All things come of Thee, O Lord, and of Thine Own have we given Thee.
COLLECTS
BENEDICTION

HYMN: Round the Lord in Glory Seated.
Collects (Pater and Filius Morehouse Publishing Co.)
For Light and Life p. 25
For Oneness with God p. 29
For Joy in God p. 29
For Priest p. 37
THE LORD'S PRAYER (*All sitting*)
NEW YEAR'S COLLECT, Presbyterian Prayer Book
SPECIAL BENEDICTION.
CHORAL AMEN.

AN OFFICE OF MEDITATION ON THE NEW BIRTH FROM ABOVE

To every individual, doubtless, there occur faint indications of the great experiences of genius. In moments of dream, day-dream, waking visions in time of convalesence, moments of rapture in the face of sublime beauty and awe, moments of absent-minded presence of mind, etc., everyone has doubtless had some experience however in itself inarticulate, that helps to interpret the supreme revelations of exceptional souls. If this were not so, we should be incapable of understanding God's prophets and poets. By this Office the whole meaning of the New Birth, or the Birth from Above, what is commonly called the Experience of the Twice-born, is naïvely suggested. By the treatment as an allegory of an actual experience common enough in itself, namely the lapse into the unconscious, floating on a summer sea, and the return from an ecstasy, to find the body helpless, and yet tide-drifted to land, the Office endeavors to awaken in the congregation a dawn at least of the consciousness to understand that what our Lord attempted to teach Nicodemus was not merely a dogmatic paradox, but a normal and necessary mystical experience.

AN OFFICE OF MEDITATION ON THE NEW BIRTH FROM ABOVE

PROCESSIONAL HYMN.

MINISTER (*at Altar steps prepares for the Office with the following Address, or some portion thereof at his discretion. People seated*):

Brethren, ye have heard of the new birth from above, by water and the spirit—as Orpheus.

How that ye need to be dead unto sin, to be alive unto the pure Lord of life—as Mithras.

How that his baptism is not with water only, but with fire—as Elijah's.

For that he cometh, his fan in his hand, to purge away throughly on his threshing floor the chaff of the ripe grain—as Osiris.

Of light-giving, dross-consuming fire, then of life-refreshing water of the spirit, or breath of life and wind of God,—
Must we be reborn.

Adam are ye? but Elijah also, and Enoch, Joshua and David.

All things that heroes wrought, and worthies underwent, and martyrs suffered
Are latent in you.

Call forth out of your deeper being,—Samson, to shake his sunny locks, and stride forth against the Philistines,—
Gideon, to lead the forlorn charge against Midian—
Solomon, to bless with wisdom the splendor of palace-temple;—

And all the heroes of saints and worthies of the Gentiles are in you also:—
Pythagoras, Numa, Solon, Epaminondas, Plato, Leonidas, Socrates, Alexander, Regulus, Spartacus, Scipio, Cæsar are in you—

Roland, Arthur, Sigurd, St. Louis, Jeanne d'Arc, mystical kings, adventurers, saints are in you—

Ay, and the mythical heroes—Jason, Heracles, Perseus, Theseus, Achilles and Hector are in you—

So also Helen, Andromache, Penelope, Calypso, Andromeda—ladies of grace and glory,—the Sibyl, the Vestal, the Pytho are in you, wise, pure, truth-speaking—

All the goodly and beauteous Past is in everyone that wotteth thereof,
And wooeth it in memory—to a new life of present dream!

And the life of dream, evoked so, swayeth and shapeth, enfoldeth and penetrateth the creatures we of our blind fellows, are accounted to be.

Only they who love us divine at all what high and holy things are in us, that may be quickened to new life in fellowship with theirs.

So the Lord Jesus who came to the Baptism of John, for the forgiveness of sins at the river Jordan in the wilderness,—

He saw that the soul needed rather to die unto itself, and be born again from above, of living fire, of holy water, of the breath or wind of God.

That we may ponder these things in our heart the better, and weigh them and consider—
Let us unfold our own parable, as though it befell each one of us.

It is an allegory that happened, unto one who left the crowd, seeking God in word rather

than in deed, in thought rather than in passion.

The sunlight danced in the glittering noon of day. He divested himself of all false seeming and stepped down to the lapping waters of an arm of the great sea.

What befell him, what he thought and felt, let us, in imagination, experience; swim with him forth; float until all things earthly are forgotten; be borne in again by the tide, listless of life or death, and begin our life anew.

QUARTETTE:

Noon's sun enthroned on piles
Of cloud, the green earth smiles,
Th' blue bay, for large good will
Glittereth intolerable!

CANTOR:

Down the sheer edge of the world
In sheen my body I hurled,
And farther and freer sped—
God wot if alive or dead.

LECTION—MINISTER *at lectern reads* Second Corinthians xii, 1, 2, 4.

DEACON: The adventurer into the glittering sea seemeth to remember things, before and after, and crieth:—

CANTOR:

For breath too dear, too nigh if—
One pulse divine with life;
Afloat prenatally
In Love's warm secret sea.

QUARTETTE:

Unuttered, without sense,
Bosomed in continence—
Far from remembered bliss,
Heavenly hypostasis!

DEACON: And the adventurer ceased to reach forward and floated contentedly, and the beauty that blossomed in the heaven was so intolerably great and gracious, that he melted into present worship.

CANTOR:

On th' inland lapping blue
Upheld, I worship you,
Ye toppling, luminous skies,
Spacious theophanies!

Through th' glowing whole, methinks,
God's light my spirit drinks,
Joy-drunken reels the soul
One with the pulsing whole!

(*One stroke of gong.*)

EPISTLE: Cento from Revelations xii:1, 2, 3, 7, 8; Exodus xix: 4; Revelations xii: 4, 14, 6.
(*One stroke of gong.*)
GOSPEL: Revelation xx: 1–5.
(*One stroke of gong.*)
COLLECT: Feast of Transfiguration.
CONGREGATIONAL HYMN: "Holy, Holy, Holy" (*or some other cry of joyful praise. People standing*).

DEACON: And behold our adventurer awoke from his visions for mankind of glory to come, and of his own atonement in the holy spirit of him with the Spirit of God.—

And he found that he was alone in the midst of the great sea—even as the prophet Jonah, when he was cast overboard by the sailors in the storm. But the trail of the holy visions was yet about him in fading light and fainting sweet savors, so that he was loath to awaken altogether unto his lonely and helpless bodily self.

CANTOR:

What? need I claim command
Of this lone craft,—unmanned,
Sail-stripped and rudderless
In the cool seas' caress?

What? ask accounting strict,
No longer derelict,

Where neither reason or sense
Interrogate the immense?

What? Part from cherubim
Thro' briny flood to swim?
Recede from splendors bland?
Strike out for th' sundering land?

Soul, sinking to green deeps
Not death's wert thou, but sleep's
Dream child,—safe folded, still,
In the one all-hallowing will!

DEACON: And, behold, the adventurer, unable to summon his strength to save his soul alive, was granted a dream within his dream, in which his salvation was offered him, and he in innocent bewilderment accepted the gift of life once more.

CANTOR:

"Bereft of help and lore,
Tide-drifted to yon sunned shore?
In th' sandy lap of earth
Laid as from holier birth?

"So be it! Even so
Although I may not know
How Father and Mother dear
My orphaned being ensphere!

"Clean-washed of soil, bedewed,
Refreshed in gratitude,
Lo, an artless child I come
Fearless and frolicsome!"

DEACON: How the adventurer found his boding true, and came forth again out of the water to the warm earth, hallowed with unintelligible wonder of light and heat and life.

(*Organ Improvisation.*)

CANTOR:

Then woke I wondering,
And caught my soul a-wing
For some strange vision-world
From out our cloud-skies swirled.

Numbly the body I shove
Shoreward, (neither from love
Nor fear,) and back in shallows warm
Emerge, where glad gnats swarm,

A-marvel why clovers now
Breathe blessing on my brow?
Why 'round me such pure sheen?
Why afar gleam isles of green?

DEACON: The adventurer prayeth, clothed and in his right mind, and finally come unto himself:—

(*Organ improvisation.*)

BARITONE:

Yon glories all forgot,
O soul, thou wottest not
Why thine unprayed reprieve
Save gladlier to believe . . .

Miraculously again
Born back to th' world of men,
Go, in high or low estate,
Thy God's ruth radiate!
(*Pause—faint bells.*)

QUARTETTE:

Ah, is it holy ruth,
New childhood and new youth
Bestow? Or cruelty,
To dare my self to be?

CANTOR:

Of this my soul is sure:
God washed my spirit pure.
No grace may go to waste
And Faith shall make no haste!
(*Deep gong three times.*)

MINISTER (*at Altar*): For Joy in God's Creation, page 13; for Childlikeness, page 12; for Purity, page 36; for Freedom from Anxious Care, page 34; for the Coming of the Kingdom, page 43.

(From a Book of Collects by Pater and Filius, Morehouse Publishing Co.)

O God, who assurest us that in the sacred deeps of our being are stored all the noble thoughts, words and deeds of them that have gone before,

Quicken in us a conscious delight and worship of the virtues of our fathers, and revive the dreams and hopes and aspirations of their best hours.

O make us (who have heard now and pondered an allegory of *the new birth,* by fire and water and spirit, which thou holdest daily in store for us, that we may be refreshed and purified at need, if only we beseech thee daily for this thy grace in us as thy children), make us to claim our whole inheritance, and to perfect our likeness through Christ to Thee, His Father and our Father. Amen.

ADDRESS:

OFFERTORY: Doxology

THE LORD'S PRAYER (*All Sitting*)

RECESSIONAL HYMN

BENEDICTION:

The eternal and ever-blessed Father, source of all light and life, so fill us with his grace and heavenly benediction, that Christ who is the brightness of his glory, may dwell in us, and we in Him, both now and evermore. Amen.

ORATORIO OF THE VANISHED FEAR

There are moments in life when we seem to be aware of other worlds. Miss Wilkinson's Poem, "The Rapids," offers a fascinating allegory, in which every now and then there is heard the voice of the dead. It is not written for a ritual nor was the author perhaps conscious of any such possible use as we have, with her permission, ventured to make of it. What we called "The Azure Chorus," occurring in Santayana's spiritual drama "Lucifer," furnished congregational responses in a litany of praise or rather ecstatic worship. This Office offers an effective example of the Moravian liturgical principle of interruption. The Office as a whole, is intended to purge from the materialistic fear of death. Facing the fear of death, it vanishes, for we reach the assurance that life has communed with us from the other side—or so it seems. Since, as in the allegory, the courageous instinctively rejoices in the extreme hazard of death, death cannot be what in its less exalted moments, the living creature fears.

ORATORIO OF THE VANISHED FEAR

FOR MEMORIAL DAY

HYMN: God of Our Fathers, Whose Almighty Hand.

SENTENCES:

Now I a fourfold vision see,
And a fourfold vision is given to me;
'Tis fourfold in my supreme delight,
And threefold in soft Beulah's night,
And twofold always. May God us keep
From single vision, and Newton's sleep!
(*Poems from Letters,* Blake)

A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man . . .
(*Tintern Abbey,* Wordsworth)

God gave us grace to love
The earth, the sea, the starry air,—

But woe to him whose love remaineth there,
Nor flies to rest above,
In the Eternal Fair

(*Santayana*)

The Blessed Dead
Have removed from death
The curse of dread.
What sundereth
Souls that love?
Hast heard thereof?
Cowardly unfaith?
Nay, if Thou art,
O God,—my heart
Knoweth in Thee
Our Immortality!

(Nash O. Barr.)

HYMN: Guide Me O Thou Great Jehovah. (*First two stanzas.*)

LESSON:

GOD

In the ancient days, when the first quiver of speech came to my lips, I ascended the holy mountain and spoke unto God, saying, "Master, I am Thy slave. Thy hidden will is my law, and I shall obey Thee for evermore."

But God made no answer, and like a mighty tempest passed away.

And after a thousand years, I ascended the holy mountain, and again spoke unto God, saying, "Creator, I am Thy creation. Out of clay hast Thou fashioned me, and to Thee I owe mine all."

And God made no answer, but like a thousand swift wings passed away.

And after a thousand years, I climbed the holy mountain and spoke unto God again, saying, "Father, I am Thy son. In pity and love, Thou hast given me birth; and through love and worship, I shall inherit Thy kingdom."

And God made no answer, and like the mist that veils the distant hills, he passed away.

And after a thousand years, I climbed the sacred mountain, and again spoke unto God, saying, "My God, my aim and my fulfilment: I am Thy yesterday and Thou art my tomorrow. I am Thy root in the earth and Thou art my flower in the sky, and together we grow before the face of the sun."

Then God leaned over me, and in my ears whispered words of sweetness, and even as the sea that enfoldeth a brook that runneth down to her, He enflooded me.

And when I descended to the valleys and the plains, God was there also.

(Kahlil Gibran.)

HYMN: Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

MELOLOGUE:

THE RAPIDS

(*Preluding music, and musical accompaniment.*)

Around the bend music rings and sings, as if the silver wings of the thrice ten thousand silver birds were clashing in the air. There—there—what a chilly sound! What a thrilling, wild and clear, beyond the bend is heard, loud, louder, without beginning, without end! Shall I see a silver pool shadowed by millions hovering, carolling, when my light canoe at last with the shining river turns, sliding past, gliding fast? Shall I see the birds that sing?

Nearer, nearer, is the song, louder now, madly humming like innumerable gigantic bees, angry bees near a hive; or like buzzing echoes of fallen angels in eternity, hovering, quarrelling over time, rasping every silver throat to set the rushing sounds afloat in the air—there—there. My canoe hears the humming. Swiftly now, oh very swiftly, to the bend I am coming.

Never a bird, never a bee can I find, now that I am turning. They have fled away from me. They have gone, but they have left their song. They have cast it into ripples flowing madly, into ripples grown strong. Still the silver music sounds, louder, louder, but around me only water rings and sings, stinging all my listening soul, and I see only blue of water and sky, only white of cloud and rift, echoing each

other's beauty, gentian sky and downy cloud, gentian stream and plumed rift, and never an angel after all to trouble the white and blue, or give the terrible melody as his delirious gift.

My canoe hears the humming and is dancing on the blue. What a chance to know a new glory never known before, bounded by the heavens' floor, measured by the silver light on stream-blue and ripple-white! I must stand that I may see what lies ahead in the curving of the river's bed. I must lay my paddle by and take my pole with the iron point. I must keep control unless I wish to rest with the dead. I wonder if there is silver music for the dead. . . .

THE AZURE CHORUS

(Sung softly by choir)

"Azure Chorus" *Dolce Color d'Oriental Saffire: Purgatorio, Dante* (From George Santayana's "Lucifer." Copyright, 1899, by Herbert S. Stone & Co.

I—the grass blade in the sod—
Turn to heaven from the clod,
Up from nothing mount to God.

On the floating cloud I swim,
Finding in the brightness dim
Him and Him and only Him.

So I stand and see long broken lines; white, jagged lines right and left, rent through by great rocks,

black as murder, wet as tears; long lines in shallow places over beds of shale, short lines and stubborn angles where the current trips suddenly and dips. I see high-flying feathers of foam, where headlong waters fling their music against mighty, slippery granite blocks. My canoe is leaping, rocking. What a watch I must keep! Perhaps there is no vigil for the dead . . . do they sleep?

As a drop within the sea
I am lost and found in Thee,
Thou, my life, exceeding me.

As a little star on fire,
Twinkles in Thy silent choir,
Sings my heart with joy entire.

Keenly I must look ahead where, flowing swiftly and surely between the rifted white lines, this way and that, avoiding the dark hard boulders, is a dark line of deeper-seeming water, dark, dark, blue, a sinuous way through the resounding tumult, through the roaring of waters pouring down and rebounding from impossible barriers, and between jagged edges of sharp ledges of rock looming sinister before me where the plumes of foam are white. This winding way is the channel of my hope in the sloping of the river, and my only way through to the silver music of another day. . . .

The dead did not keep to the deep sinuous cur-

rent . . . they must have missed it . . . perhaps they did not know the way.

As the grain within the ear
Feels the summer of the year,
So I watch and love and fear.

As in quiet space a wind,—
Though embosomed, not confined,
Moves my mind within Thy mind.

With eyes unveiled and steadfast now I must look forward and while the river rolls and tumbles over pebbles, shrilling in frenzied treble from slope to slope, I must keep the deep winding way, the wise channel of my hope. . . . My canoe plunges to her fate, leaps and lunges. There are the rapids—there —there.

Now—now—now—what a terrible bubble and froth! What a hard, hard pounding of my heart against my ribs! What a shudder is under me and above me and around—what a mad, whirling world of sight and sound! In the holding of my breath I feel a tense pressure. Over the bow of my light canoe blows foam. It is the fear of death. . . .

As of leaves the tenderest one,
All my soul is overrun
With warm love, as with the sun.

As the snow-flake in the sky
Willeth with the storm to fly,
Living in Thy life, I die.

I am sure that the dead have no fear . . . But I am not dead. . . . I am now . . . I am here. . . . Time widens to an instant . . . narrows to eternity. . . . Soon I may be lost. . . . It is all vague but the current . . . I am me. . . . My canoe tosses and tumbles . . . an eggshell in chaos. . . . What if I should stumble? I feel the limber floor bend and buckle and I reel. . . . It straightens swiftly. I have crossed a hidden boulder. . . . I am glad that the canoe has no keel—that would have wrecked me. . . . Over the side blows the foam, cold, colder . . . the fear of death . . . I catch my breath between tight lips . . . I am cold with spray and sweat. A shock—I spin—a rock—a broadside of flashing, lashing water . . . Right about with a jab of the pole against the stone—just in time . . . For the dead there is no time . . . I suppose . . . Down, down, down, a perilous edge . . . shivering, hardly dreaming, hardly waking, my soul exultant now, my body aching . . . my canoe tipping, sliding, dipping, gliding,—O, my God, save me from colliding again! Quickly now and down, down . . . to the right, and down . . . would it be hard to drown? Now to the left—another rock . . . straight ahead and down . . . down . . . Over the stern about my body blows the water's breath. . . . Over the stern goes the fear of death. . . .

To Thy wisdom all I leave;
It is Thine to take and give,
Mine to love and to believe.

It may have been long ago that I saw the shining river turn—I am too tired to know. It may have been long ago that I saw the river flowing gently into a blue pool, quiet and cool. I am here. I am now. I cannot tell how. Can the dead tell where a river goes? Who knows? My light canoe, moving gently, came to rest, and I am lying down in the stern, never again to know the fear of death. . . .

Over my head in the gentian sky the sun is still burning. If this be life, if I am still alive, what can the dead learn? for I have found a new glory never known before. In gentian skies I see clouds like white wings at Heaven's door, snowy wings, beautiful and dear. I am now. I am here. How is it that the stream could wind out of chaos into peace in a few moments that seemed like years? And—on my cheek—why are tears?

(*The Great Dream*—Margaret Wilkinson)

As a sword that cleaves the air
Sharp death passed across my prayer:
Nothing of me perished there.

By Thy sacred body fed,
Living by Thy blood, and led
By Thy spirit overspread,—

While I see Thee, I am blest,
While I touch Thee, I can rest,
While I love Thee, all is best.

MINISTER: Now in His prevailing Name and blessed words, let us pray.

COLLECTS (*ending with Lord's Prayer, all sitting, or contemporary poems as prayers.*)

NOTICES

ADDRESS

OFFERTORY:

RAPHAEL

The sun makes music as of old
  Amid the rival spheres of heaven,
On its predestined circle rolled
  With thunder'd speed: the Angels even
Draw strength from gazing on its glance,
  Though none its meaning fathom may:—
The world's unwithered countenance
  Is bright as at Creation's day.

GABRIEL

And swift, and swift, with rapid lightness,
  The adornéd Earth spins silently,
Alternating Elysian brightness
  With deep and dreadful night; the sea
Foams in broad billows from the deep
  Up to the rocks, and rocks and ocean,
Onward, with spheres which never sleep,
  Are hurried in eternal motion.

MICHAEL

And tempests in contention roar
From land to sea, from sea to land;
And, raging, weave a chain of power,
Which girds the earth, as with a band,—
A flashing desolation there,
Flames before the thunder's way;
But all Thy servants, Lord, revere
The gentle changes of Thy day.

CHORUS OF THE THREE

The Angels draw strength from Thy glance,
Though no one comprehend Thee may;—
Thy world's unwithered countenance
Is bright as on Creation's day.

(Archangelic chorus from "Prologue in Heaven" of Faust. Shelley.)

DOXOLOGY

HYMN: O God our help in ages past.

CURTAIN

AN EASTER EVEN DEVOTION

AN EASTER EVEN DEVOTION

(This office is compiled from a Lenten Dithyramb and an Easter Morning Prayer, composed during the darkest hours of the World War. It should conclude, whether used with or without address and offertory, with prayers for the dead, and for the victims of our imperfect civilization.)

HYMN:

"Resting from His work to-day," or "O Thou in whom Thy saints repose."

EASTER EVEN LITANY:

(With clauses of combined Apostles' and Nicene Creeds as Responses.—People kneeling.)

MINISTER: O Jesus, our Lord and Saviour, be Thou unto us, as to Thy brethren and disciples of old, in this our time of desperate need . . .

PEOPLE: We believe in one God, the Father Almighty.

MINISTER: Be thou unto us the very Dawn of the Day, in the tender East—the rainbow glister of the dews, the silver mist, the rosy sheen on the

waters, the flush, the mystic gladness, the unencumbered weightless elation of spirit—as after the long, awful lonely night about a dying camp-fire enringed with sleepless wild-beast eyes in the gloom, and the haunting leap of the invisible terror.

PEOPLE: The Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible.

MINISTER: Be Thou unto us as the secret Coming of Springtime—the mounting of sap, the swelling and bursting of buds, the young green shining leaves, the secret flowers, the clouds of bloom, the quiver, the dance, the fragrance, the breath and caress of the unseen—after the winter of stark, stony death, decay and drenching foulness!

PEOPLE: And we believe in one Lord, Jesus Christ, the only Begotten Son of God.

MINISTER: Be Thou unto us our sweet Food, our manna fallen from heaven, for the faint and starving; and our sweet, cool well-water for parched lips and burning throat; our miraculous draught unto intoxicating vision and infinite sense of power, with opening vistas before us into worlds unexplored and golden ages of delight!

PEOPLE: Begotten of his Father before all worlds; God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God.

MINISTER: Be Thou our human Love, our bridal passion, our ecstasy in the mystical foreknowledge of the unbegotten and unborn that shall yet supersede us: the godly humanity that is to be; be Thou the verification of our faith in beauty, the challenge to die unselfishly; be Thou the advent of an ever diviner sublimation of the hallowed loves of father and mother, of brother and sister, of son and daughter, of friend and fellow!

PEOPLE: Begotten not made; being of one substance with the Father.

MINISTER: Be Thou unto us this World of the senses—grown, ever, alas, more crass and sordid—made now utterly new—for jaded sight and hearing, taste and smell and touch—by the unearned miracle: even as of a vouchsafed return to bodily vigor and health when our souls had emptied already with the flood of Jordan into the salt Dead Sea, and mounted thence to heaven in the quivering heat of a fiery noon!

PEOPLE: By whom all things were made, and who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven.

MINISTER: Be Thou unto us our Healing from every fear and disease: sight to the blind, power to the paralyzed, sane fellowship to the outcast lunatic,

glad life to the impotent dead, unhoped for divine restoration to the damned!

PEOPLE: Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary; was Incarnate and made Man.

MINISTER: Be Thou unto us our Victory over the world—our stamping out of Ashur, our burning of Carthage, our ruin of Rome; be Thou the downfall of all tyrannies and oppressive masterships, before the advent of Thy kingdom here upon earth; yea, be Thou our social transfiguration, our racial resurrection, ascension, and beatific admission to glory for evermore!

PEOPLE: Who was crucified for us also under Pontius Pilate; suffered, was dead, and buried.

MINISTER: Come Thou unto us O King, in the terrible majesty of thine utter loveliness today, even as thou camest of old to Mary in the garden—her Master whom she durst not touch, for that He was not yet ascended unto the Father. Come Thou unto us as thou camest unto thy Mother, fulfilling all those blessed hopes of Thee that she kept hidden in her heart; as unto John, the son of thunder and friend of Thy bosom; Come Thou as unto Peter, the rash drawer of the sword in Thy defense, Thy threefold denier and confessor: Come Thou as unto Thomas, Thy self-forgetting, devoted, yet doubting disciple, who said: "Let us go up to Jerusalem, and

die with Him", yet durst not believe what seemed too good to be true, unless, indeed he saw and heard and handled Thy risen Reality!

PEOPLE: And the third day he rose again from the dead, according to the Scriptures.

MINISTER: Come soon to us O Lord, even unto us this day, in the clouds of glory, as Son of Man, and, therefore, Son of God, to establish the perfect rule of Thy divine humanity, and make us Thine forever!

PEOPLE: And he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty.

MINISTER: For now indeed O Lord, we know that the judgment and ruin of the world impendeth; or else the courageous and complete setting up of the blessed Order, of the holy Hope, of the spiritual Peace, of the perfect Beauty of body and soul for all mankind.

PEOPLE: And thence he shall come again with glory to judge both the quick and the dead; whose kingdom shall have no end.

MINISTER: Let then the awful Judgment of God be rendered now effectually in the Valley of Decision. The day hath come for utter doom on the will to power, as the beast of prey; on cynic disbelief in the

things of the spirit; on wickedly evoked Satanic cunning and hate; on hellish greed and lust, perversely elicited by the malign use of misguided loyalties; on the fiendish destruction of things gracious and lovely, hallowed by venerable wont, and age-long worship.

PEOPLE: And we believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life, who proceedeth from the Father and the Son.

MINISTER: Bestow on us, O Lord Jesus, this Eastertide a comforting assurance that Thou art verily with us, to overrule evil; and to reveal ever fairer, blesseder, holier values; and manifest Thyself therein, as by the breaking, and the blessing of bread at Emmaus.

PEOPLE: Who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified; who spake by the Prophets.

MINISTER: Make us to know that the soul of Thy faithful who perish for Thee—so that freedoms ever larger and deeper and mightier may prevail—yea, and also that the souls of Thine enemies who know Thee not, nor Thy Cause, and fight unwittingly against their good—shall nowise be lost in the Great Beyond: where Thy Father and our Father, can reveal more fully to his children the manifold riches of His beauty in the many mansions of His love.

PEOPLE: And we believe in one Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church; we acknowledge one baptism for the remission of sins.

MINISTER: Hearken, unto us, O Lord Jesus, our dearest Master, the supreme revealer of our God, the author and finisher of our faith; and make us to realize Thy Presence here with us on this great Easter day, as the Day of Thy long expected coming to world-wide Resurrection! Amen, Amen, *Amen.*

PEOPLE: We believe in the communion of saints, and look for the resurrection of the dead, and for life everlasting in the world to come. *Amen.*

VERSICLES.

MINISTER: O Lord open thou our lips.

RESPONSE: And our mouth shall show forth thy praise.

MINISTER: Praise ye the Lord.

RESPONSE: The Lord's name be praised.

DITHYRAMBIC PRAYER: (*Chant and Choral Music composed by Henry Cowell. People Standing.*)
(*Chant melodies are marked in order of first appearance by numbers.*)

1. O God, that sendest thy misty showers to caress my body, the earth, in the daybreak of spring;

2. O God, that peepest in the swelling buds of the hawthorn and lilac;

3. O God that twinklest in the multitudinous spirit-footed grass;

2. O God, that roarest in the bluster of the winds through the bowing forest;

1. O God, that revelest in the runnels of the brook, in the splash and the patter of the fountain;

2. O God, that whisperest in the deep stillness of the blue windless noon;

3. O God, whose pure gladness breaketh forth in dogwood, in redbud, in maple;

1. O God, that spreadest forth the arms, swaying in radiant blossom, of the dancing apple trees;

2. O God, that mountest in the sap of the quivering silvery willow;

3. O God, that holdest thy breath at the fourfold warble of the woodthrush;

1. O God, that leapest for joy at the crash of thy thunder, the glitter of thy lightning, the downpour of thy rains;

2. O God, that floatest softly through the blue as the snowy cirrus, and the spirit-like drifts of cloud;

3. O God, that openest thy secret heart in arbutus and sun-lily;

1. O God, that driftest like snow, up hill, down dale, in innumerable hosts of bluets;

2. O God, that shiverest in the dartling dew, poised on spear, on bud, on leaf;

1. O God, who fillest me secretly with forgiveness and gratitude and tender solicitude and content;

2. O God, that arrayest thyself in the gladness of thy glory within mine inmost being;

1. O God, that replenishest the heaven with cerulean light, that the earth and the sea are overlaid with the bloom of thy holy being;

2. O God, that makest young and old to laugh the laugh of children, carefree as the song of birds;

1. O God, that art ever with us, infinitely nigh, yet awaitest the yearning desire of our heart, the urgent cry of our despair to reveal thy holy Presence;

2. O God, that swirlest forever above us afar, in the silent wheeling heaven:—

CHORAL:

1. Behold, I am Thine, wholly Thine—
And Thou art with me even here!
In this intolerable hell is thy blessed privilege,
rapturous holy of holies![1]

2. Yea, Thy whole Heaven is centered in my heart—
Manifest, therefore, in me unto Thy greater glory—
Make evident that beyond peradventure even in me
Thou art able to reveal Thee in Thy fullness of beauty and power;

3. (*Repeat preceding two lines musically.*)
That even in me Thou art omnipotent to reveal Thee!

[1] Allowing for sincerity, substitute any of the following phrases for "intolerable hell": insolent confusion; intrusive disturbance; reasonless, ruthless come-and-go.

And blessed be Thou forever and forever, AMEN.

ADDRESS.

OFFERTORY HYMN—"God of the living."

PATRIOTIC PRAYERS (*Selected from* "Special Petitions").

PRAYERS (*For the dead and for the victims of our imperfect civilization*).

BENEDICTION.

HYMN—"The grave itself a garden is," or "O Paradise, O Paradise, who doth not crave for rest."

A CEREMONY OF THE TREE OF LIFE

FOR ASH WEDNESDAY AT EVENSONG

The allegory of the Garden of Eden is drawn upon for conveying explanation of our relation to the tragic fact of sin. Ash Wednesday has been taken in a gloomy way, yet Lent means Spring. Are not all our sorrows and disillusionments and repentances like the ashes that fertilize living growth? The development of this allegory in a consoling spirit is the purpose of this office. Its prime suggestion was the somewhat distressing penitential office which the Prayer-Book alone offers for that day. After it, some sort of comfort seemed to be in order.

A CEREMONY OF THE TREE OF LIFE

FOR ASH WEDNESDAY AT EVENSONG

(*This office undertakes to realize the conception of evil as somehow playing a part in the development of good.*

The "Tree of Life," a tall arbor vitæ or red cedar in a suitable tub on an inconspicuous platform is wheeled into position during the first hymn before the Chancel at the head of the center way of the nave.)

HYMN: Forty Days and Forty Nights.

ADDRESS

(*After the Address expressing the sense of "Lent" as a season of spiritual springtide, when the seed of God germinates in the hearts of Christ's children, each at his own station in His enclosed garden, then shall the following Melologue-Lection be read at the Lectern. While the interrupting stanzas are sung, the reader may turn to the Altar, or kneel at the Litany Desk.*)

ORGAN INTERLUDE

LECTIONS

I. And the Lord God planted

A garden eastward in Eden,
The Paradise of Delight.
And out of the ground thereof
Made the Lord God to grow
Every tree that is pleasant to the sight
And good for the food of man.

CHOIR (*Interrupting Elegiac Stanzas*):
1. From childhood's dream we woke,
With whim and fancy broke;
Our treasure gone in smoke;—
Ashes are left us, ashes!

II. And in the midst of the Garden
God planted the Tree of Life . . .
And the Tree of Knowledge also
Of the good and of the evil.

CHOIR:
2. Our dreams and youth's desires,
Our hopes and wanton fires,
We too, even as our sires
All gone to dust and ashes!

III. And a River went out of Eden
To water the whole garden;
And thence it was parted
And become into four heads;
And the name of the first
Is the free-flowing Pison,

And the name of the second
Is the Gihon that bursteth forth;
And the name of the third
Is Hidekel, the swift;
And the name of the fourth
Is Euphrates, the sweet water!

CHOIR:

3. Our lights are wayward flashes;
Passion with passion clashes;
Life's ruin around us crashes:
Full soon shall all be ashes!

IV. And the Lord God took the man
And put Him in the Garden of Eden,
And the Lord God commanded the man:—
"Of every tree of the garden
Thou mayest freely eat,—
But of the tree of knowledge
Of the good and of the evil,
Thou shalt not eat thereof,—
Or thou shalt surely die."

(Genesis ii: 8–17.)

CHOIR:

4. Lo, comely in our eyes
One tree of Paradise,
Whose fruit might make one wise—
It beareth dust and ashes.

V. Lo, when the man had eaten
Of the fruit of the tree of knowledge,
The Lord God said: "Behold,
The man! how that he is become
Even as One of us—
To know the Good and the Evil!"

CHOIR:

5. Around the holier Tree
God's angels gathered be,
And sprinkle graciously
Its Eden soil with ashes!

VI. Now, lest man put forth his hand
And take of the Tree of Life
Disobedient and full of sin,
And eat, and live forever:—
Therefore, the Lord God drave out
The man from the Garden of Eden,
The Paradise of Delight;
And he placed cherubims
At the East of the Garden of Eden,
With a flaming sword which turned every way,
To keep the way of the Tree of Life.
(Genesis iii: 22–24.)

CHOIR:

6. From seed and shell—to root
From stalk to leaf and shoot,
From bud and bloom to fruit—
We feed life's tree with ashes!

(*Then shall the* MINISTER *leave the Lectern and proceeding to the Altar, read from the same*) :—

MINISTER: Lo! into the Paradise of God—

DEACON AND CANTOR:
How the Son of the Most High—
The Captain of our Salvation—

CHOIR OR PEOPLE:
The First-born from the dead—

MINISTER: He bringeth us back, His brethren!

DEACON AND CANTOR:
Even He in whom the Fullness
Of the Godhead dwelleth bodily,

CHOIR OR PEOPLE:
In whose House be many mansions.

MINISTER: And all they who abide therein

DEACON AND CANTOR:
Shall eat and drink at his board,
And live with him forever.

CHOIR OR PEOPLE:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

THE MINISTER (*descending to the lowest Chancel step, or at the Litany Desk standing turned towards the Altar*):

Where is the incense of our prayers?

RESPONSES OF DEACONS:

(1) Ascended is the smoke thereof!
(2) Dispersed on the winds of heaven!

DEACON: Have we cherished them ourselves, our prayers?

DEACON AND CANTOR:

(1) The sacrifices of our hands?
(2) The oblations of our hearts?

CONGREGATION:

The yearnings of our spirits?

MINISTER (*turning to people*):

Rejoice, though forgotten of us,
They are remembered at the Throne
Of the God of Grace, our Father!

DEACON (*standing on Epistle side in Sanctuary at Censer*):

The ashes of our prayers
They lie dead and still in the censer,
On the left hand of the altar!

MINISTER (*standing on Gospel side in Sanctuary at censer*):

The ashes of our praises
They lie dead and still in the censer
On the right hand of the altar.

DEACON (*taking in a black "pilgrim shell" the ashes and offering them at the altar*):

The ashes, the ashes, the ashes,
The ashes of prophecy.

MINISTER (*doing likewise at Gospel side, with a white pilgrim shell*):

The ashes, the ashes, the ashes,
The ashes of holy fulfilment,

Both officiants descend toward the tree during ensuing words.)

CANTOR:

O, let us strew them, strew them
About the thirsty roots
Of the holy Tree of Life.

MINISTER: Gone is their fragrant sweetness

DEACON: Lost on the winds of heaven

CHOIR:

But the ashes, the ashes remain—
The sorrow, the shame, the grief and the pain—
(*Here the ashes are strewn.*)

O, let us strew them, strew them
About the thirsty roots
Of the holy Tree of Life.

THE ELEGY (*the officiants stand on either side of the tree, facing it*).

CANTOR:
What matters it
O fellow-servants
Of the holy Son of God—

DEACON:
If our earthly possessions
Have turnèd all to ashes?

MINISTER AND PEOPLE:
So the spirit in us wax mighty
And flourish unto beauty,
And bear wholesome and sweet fruit
Unto life everlasting?

CANTOR:
What matters it
O fellow-farers
In the footsteps of the Son of Man

DEACON:
If the ideals that had possession
Of our hearts be turnèd all to ashes?

MINISTER AND PEOPLE:
So on His throne of crystal fire
Under the emerald bow of hope
The holy One, our Saviour
Sitteth forevermore in glory?

CANTOR:
What matters it
O followers of the Gleam
Through the mazes of this world

DEACON:
If our dream of beauty, unrealized
On earth, burn all to ashes?

MINISTER AND PEOPLE:
They shall welcome us as blossoms
On the boughs of the Tree of Life
And we as happy bees shall lose us
Deep in their chambered ecstasy!

CANTOR:
What matters it
O kinsmen
If our works done in love and kindness

DEACON:
For our companions' sake, dear friends and children
Be turnèd all to ashes?

MINISTER AND PEOPLE:
We shall see them hang in clusters:
Luscious fruit upon the branches—
Lo! their juices drip like tears of amber
From their crimson hearts of sweetness!

CANTOR:
What matters it
Brothers in tribulation
If our anguish and affliction

DEACON:
If our strivings, our travail and bereavement—
Be turnèd all to ashes?

MINISTER AND PEOPLE:
Shall they not be found sound kernels
As the almond in its hull enclosed—
To fall on Eden's soil and multiply
As Trees of Life in Paradise?

THE LORD'S PRAYER (*Clause by clause, and Collects closing the Sursum Corda.*)

MINISTER:
Up, hearts!

PEOPLE:
To glad and sad alike the altar-cry:
O Lord, we lift them high.

MINISTER:
Up, hearts!

PEOPLE:
Smiling and weeping, these be accidents;
In faith is permanence.

MINISTER:
Up, hearts!

PEOPLE:
Lifting is duty and is privilege;
Denial, sacrilege.

MINISTER:
Up, hearts!

PEOPLE:
The call to praise is clear, imperative—
Be ye affirmative.

MINISTER:
Up, hearts!

PEOPLE:
Mood, place and season may not stay our awed
Worship and laud.

MINISTER:
Up, hearts!
Almighty, everlasting God, our thanks
Rise.—

PEOPLE:
With the flaming ranks

Of angels and archangels: we address
Our praise,

MINISTER:

And we confess
In contrite humbleness
Thy glory

MINISTER AND PEOPLE:

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord
In heaven and earth adored

MINISTER:

In humble blessedness

MINISTER AND PEOPLE:

We lift our hearts.

BENEDICTION.

RECESSIONAL HYMN.

OFFICE OF THE SEVEN HOLY ARCHANGELS

OFFICE OF THE SEVEN HOLY ARCHANGELS

PROCESSIONAL HYMN, "O God our help in ages past" (*omitting last stanza*).

INTRODUCTION (*people seated*).

As in the course of the intelligent development of human society, men came to conceive of their Gods as One, they came to set more and more value upon this unifying of the Godhead which tended, in contemplation and worship, to unify mankind.

The mind of man, however, is so organized that it cannot conceive vividly of the One without establishing its reality by contrast. In Ancient Persia, Ahura Mazda, the All-Knowing-Almighty, is made vivid by the contrast of his brother Ahriman, the Malicious.

Contrast, however, does not suffice to secure vivid, enduring contemplation and worship. The Many must be found enfolded in the One. After all, polytheism had its great truth—that in all things and forces, aspects and ideas, there resides somewhat of the Divine, particularized in them and somehow making possible a special access to the whole, an especial feeling of interest, loyalty, and devotion.

The Persian conception of Ahura Mazda meas-

urably provided for this human need in the Six Amashaspends which [with Ahura Mazda, constituted the One Good God: namely, Vohu Mana, the Breath, the Air, the Kindly Spirit; Asha Vahista, Zeal and Fire; Khshathra Vairya, Steadfastness, the rocks and metals;—Spenta Armaiti, the arable earth; and the receptive feminine in the soul; Haurvatat, the spirit of purity and living water; and lastly, Ameretat, the spirit of trees and all fair vegetation and immortality] [1] are six divisions of human experience in accord with aspects of the outer world. Perhaps this Persian divine scheme (remembered in the twenty holy names of God of the Parsees, and the rosary of the ninety-nine titles of God of the Moslem world), served to fix for the Jewish people SEVEN as the necessary and final number of the Archangels:—Gabriel, Raphael, Uriel, Michael, Salathiel, Phaltiel, Jeremiel.

The evil Ahriman, however, is also conceived under diverse names and aspects: namely, as *Azazel,* the primitive desert God, meaning "My Might is My God," to whom the scapegoat was annually sacrificed in classic times; the savage atavistic element in us; *Helel,* Lucifer, the Light-Bearer, the self-corruption of a proud and sensual civilization; and *Satan,* Diabolos, the Accuser (symbolized as the dragon, Leviathan, a memory of the primitive Babylonian cosmic idea of the chaos), representing to cultivated Jewry the *critical spirit* carried to the

[1] Passage in brackets may be omitted.

destructive *cynical extreme* that makes virtue and worship impossible. These three are the *atavistic* return to savagery, the corrupting *over-delicacy* and subtlety and the spirit of disruptive and destructive *cynicism,* constituting that which must be overcome for the maintenance of the spiritual life of Israel. Beelzebub and Mammon, two Phœnician divinities, representing respectively corruption and wealth; and the ancient Dagon of Philistia, unglutted cruelty, are more or less identified loosely with the three.

The *idea of God* of the Hebrews passed through many phases, and each precipitated its own preferred *divine name:* that is: Might, Eloah, Elohim; Prolific Kinship, Motherhood, El Shaddai; the international Supreme, *El Elyon;* the Feller, the Lightning bolt, the creative Will, *Jahweh;* the heavenly orderer and God of earthly order, as in armies, Sabbaoth, of Hosts; the Husband of the prodigal wife, and Saviour of his people, taking the bride of his youth to his bosom, *Adonai;* and lastly, the one that never completely asserted itself authoritatively until the advent of Christianity: the little Child, the Prince of Peace, that shall lead them to the everlasting Father,—Emmanuel or Jesus.

But the Jewish people were so eager to preserve their monotheism at all costs, that the editors of their scriptures substituted whatever was the prevailing name at their time in the older documents, except where they encountered passages of sacrosanct antiquity, in which unquestionable traces of the once

prevailing names survive for the scholar. To the people, the various stages of development of the God idea had all erroneously merged into one Deity, the same yesterday, to-day and to-morrow.

[For this very reason perhaps] [1] the archangels served not merely a picturesque purpose in apocalyptic literature, such as the Book of Enoch, but were a natural devotional instrument for the saint and the simple alike.

GABRIEL, the Might of God, "dunamis upsistou," overcomes

AZAZEL, the savage arrogance and brutality surviving in us; and the Divine Might arouses in us in contemplation Divine Affright or Awe.

RAPHAEL, the giant, the fearful One, casts AZAZEL in hell—for divine awe will surely destroy egomania.

URIEL, the cosmic Light, causes HELEL, the Shining One (who deems his light his own, akin to the ambivalent Greek Prometheus) to fall; the contemplation of this glorious light of God, URIEL, arouses ecstatic worship, the cry before the only one, the absolute, the incomparable, Who is like our God? to which the answer "No one!" is presumed.

And he is MICHAEL, who standeth ever with one foot upon the dragon's throat, his sword drawn, holding SATAN forever in check.

The war in heaven, as it were (thus symbolized by Gabriel, Raphael, Uriel, Michael embattled

[1] Passage in brackets may be omitted.

against Azazel, Helel and Satan), is carried on eternally on behalf of man; which would signify that the religious experiences of man, vividly realized, overcome for him the moral evil in him,—for him, without effort of his own. But in some, however, of the lists of the archangels, PHANUEL, Repentance (or PENIEL, very near to the PENUEL, face of God), is substituted for Uriel. If the cosmic light be left out of consideration, and we substitute thus repentance for it, the divine world is reduced to "Might and Awe, Repentance and Worship," and comes nearer to the more common conception of Jewish worship.

Yet even so, were we to substitute Phanuel for Uriel, a great gap is fixed between the worlds of God and of men. There must needs be a Jacob's ladder to help us reach God's from ours; and this is supplied by the three archangels:—

SALATHIEL, the divine call to the soul

PHALTIEL, God the helper, that the soul may obey the call and persevere,

And last, JEREMIEL, the will of God—that is, the God who hath ordered all things so that, whether good or evil, they assist the soul in its appointed task. We might be tempted to preserve Phanuel, and, setting him with the latter three, constitute another four, the world of man, as contrasted with the world of God, but the traditional number of seven excludes our conceiving of such an octave, and in the book of Enoch we find no list of more than seven, however the names may vary.

Now there is no reason why we, as Christians, cannot profit by the devout imagination of the Jews. On the contrary, remembering how Gabriel appears in the New Testament and that the Church has everywhere established a worship of Saint Michael, we shall do well on the Feast of All Angels to base our devotion upon this noble, spiritual imagining of the holy archangels;—behind which certainly we moderns can see psychologic reality; and which fancifully to presume as real spirits, governing planets or solar systems, at least serves to make us devoutly realize how there are infinite heights of mind and soul in God's universe, beyond the conceiving of us creatures of earth.

PROCESSIONAL HYMN (*last stanza*)
ADDRESS on the Doctrine of Angels among Persians and Hebrews.
ANTIPHONAL SENTENCES (*all standing*).

MINISTER: Praise the Lord, O my soul: O Lord my God, thou art become exceeding glorious . . . thou art clothed with majesty and honor.

PEOPLE: Thou deckest thyself with light as it were with a garment: and spreadest out the heavens like a curtain.

DEACON: Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters . . . and maketh the clouds his chariot . . . and walketh upon the wings of the wind.

UNISON: (*People, Minister, Deacon*): He maketh his angels spirits . . . and his ministers a flaming fire.

(Psalm 104: 1–4)

MINISTER: Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said, Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?

PEOPLE: Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Declare, if thou hast understanding.

DEACON: Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it?

PEOPLE: Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the cornerstone thereof?

UNISON: When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?

(Job 38: 1, 2, 4–7)

CHOIR: Hallelujah, Amen.

FIRST SCRIPTURE LECTION (Genesis 28: 10–13, 15–19a. *People seated*).

LYRIC, GABRIEL—"*God is Might.*"

CANTOR:

Almighty Gabriel,
Ineffable and pure,

Well inexhaustible
Of sanctity secure,

VOICES:
Waste of the infinite,

SOLO:
Sea of eternity,
Wisdom and inmost wit,
Exalted law, yet free,

QUARTETTE:
Kind wrath of the divine,
Confounding thought and sense,
Spontaneous design,
Flowering beneficence,—

CHOIR AND PEOPLE:
Even at thy feet supine,
O ravish us not hence,—
But deign on me and mine
Thy bounteous grace dispense.

MINISTER:
Raven of claw and tooth
With calm control assuage—

ASSISTANT:
With righteous, manly ruth
The horror of vengeful rage:

MINISTER:

Quell desert blast of drought
With river of silver rain;

ASSISTANT:

Put Azazel to rout
With tossing rows of grain;

CANTOR:

With wondrous seraphim,
From blight of easeful vice,
With thunderous cherubim,
Ward our lost Paradise;

Till love lead man and wife
Back to the maze of bloom,
Where fair the Tree of life
Embowereth all the room,—

CHOIR:

Then God shall visit earth
And sin and sorrow cure;
Bringing to perfect birth
The mighty and the pure.

SECOND SCRIPTURE LECTION (*People seated*). The Annunciation to the Mother of Samson (Judges 13).

LYRIC. RAPHAEL—*"God is Awe."*

CANTOR:

Most awful Raphael,

Shudder of deep and height,
Spell inconceivable,
Staying the panic flight,

Spirit of lonely might,
Heart of thick darkness, sob
Of mystery, affright
Of soul, ecstatic throb,

CHOIR AND PEOPLE:
Abash, apall and thrill
With the sublime, august;
Transfigure and fulfil
Our glutton greed and lust;

Abolish brute self-will,
Dissolve the bonds of pain,
From loss and shame distil
Hope's beatific gain:

VOICES (SOLO):
Till ecstasy bear fruit
In all things fair and fit,
Till littleness transmute
To sweetness infinite!

Our past left desolate,
Our beggarly present made
Master of fear and fate
By thy most ready aid.

CHOIR AND PEOPLE:

Lead souls up from the dark,
Cast out the plague and blight,
Bind Azazel fierce and stark
With awe of gracious might.

(RAPHAEL *against* AZAZEL)

LYRIC. URIEL—*"God is Light"*

CANTOR:

O shining Uriel,
In vaulted glory arrayed,
Raying innumerable
Thy worlds of light and shade,

What myriad vibrant motes
Forgather and disperse
Into the whole that floats,
One luminous universe!

Swift Rhythm upbuilding bliss
From plastic, palpitant void,
Bridging each precipice,
From nought to nought deployed;

Inaudible Rhyme, the notes
Swaying in consonance,
From secret cosmic throats,
For spiral spirit dance:

Uriel, bright Uriel—
Enfolding light, and light

Enfolded—stoop to dwell
In our adoring sight!

MINISTER:
Thou'st won the world alone
From Helel, Lucifer,

ASSISTANT:
Who th' splendor deemed his own
God gave him for others to wear;

Thou piercest throughly the lies
Of arrogant conceit,
With meekness that magnifies,
Perfecting bitter to sweet.

BASS SOLO:
Proud Lucifer fallen low
In the cities of the plain,
Wallowing in waste and woe,
Shall never his throne regain.

Doomed ever the wisdom to miss,
From marvel and innocent zeal
Got only, and selflessness,—

TUTTI:
O Uriel, thy radiance reveal!

(URIEL *against Helel—Lucifer, "Light-bearer"*)

PHANUEL *"Repentance is God" or "God repenteth"*

(CLERGY *kneel at Altar.* CANTOR *kneels at lowest Chancel step.*)

TENOR SOLO (*tender, remote*)

Ah, some, fair Uriel,
Bewildered children of men,
Scarce lift their eyes; (earth's spell
So dulls her denizen,)

That they behold not Thee,
But the Brother in thy stead,
Who walketh shadowily
With wayward, stealthy tread,—

Men's kind companion,
For thy sake, Phanuel,
Wooing them—moon to thy sun—
To forego thy miracle!

(*Pause*)

CHOIR (*soft*):

Not the face of God may they
Behold, who stricken turn
From falsehood and pride away,
And with shame and sorrow burn,—

But under pearl-gray wings
Of Phanuel, they shall hide,
And in gleams and shadowings
Of wonder and peace abide.

MICHAEL—*"Who is like God?"*

(*Blare of trumpets*)

CANTOR:

High, valiant Michael, mute
In worship and delight
Before the Absolute,—
Stand forth, for aye upright!

VOICES (SOLO):

Rancor, revenge, foregone,
On writhing dragon throat,
O sword of lightning drawn,
O steadfast, stalwart foot!

Cry out from sphere to sphere:—
"Who's like our Holy One,
Holder of all in thrall,
By Love's communion?"

CHOIR AND PEOPLE:

And the galaxy, one host
Of twinkling joy, respond
From heavenly coast to coast,
And the uttermost beyond:

Exulting laud and praise,
Jubilant, winnowing wings,
Whirling harmonious maze
Of endless echoings!

THIRD SCRIPTURE LECTION (Joshua 5: 13, 15)

(*Long shudder of great gong or organ pipes.*)

MICHAEL (*Second Part*)

SECOND BASS:

Lo, Satan stalks abroad
To war on souls of the pure,
By cunning subtlety awed,
Snared with a virtuous lure.

TUTTI:

Of treason would he convince
The elect, and slay with despair;
O Michael, gallant prince,
Shatter the Powers of the air!

(*Long shudder of great gong or organ pipes.*)

BARITONE SOLO:

Yea, show forth mercy, serene
Confidence, stilling alarm:—
"None to my God is unclean,
Nought can his children (*the outcast*) harm."

"O wake from nightmare foul,
Sparkle like dews in the sun,—
While in hell shall the Satans howl,
Self-shorn of dominion."

"Blinded by jealous hate,
In gyves of hypocrisy,
They build th' sheer wall of th' fate
That immures them, though free as we."

TENOR:

So, of their clinging shadow aware,
Flee the wicked unpursued!
O'er the Lord's host Captain fair,
We hail thee with gratitude.

QUARTETTE:

Courteous and debonair,
Our hearts with valor swell,
Charmer of cark and care,
Champion of Israël!

FOURTH SCRIPTURE LECTION (Zechariah 3)

HYMN OF THE INTERLUDE: To the Foursquare Splendor, or, The Throne Chariot of God.

CANTOR:

O Gabriel, Raphael,
Uriel, Michael, rise—
Pillars of heaven—from hell,
Before adoring eyes!

Hail, Gabriel, Raphael,
Uriel, Michael,—soft
Wingeth our "all is well,"
When clear ye shine aloft.

CHOIR AND PEOPLE:

Yet how shall men on earth
Reach forth to you above?
How hearth and home give birth
To a holy, heavenly love?

Hail, Gabriel, Raphael,
Uriel, Michael,—great
Foursquare throne-glories, tell
Good news to all who wait;

Who wait, expatriàte,
Their faces bowed to the ground,
Who knock at the outer gate,
And cry to be made sound.

If mercy shall abound
To Israel more and more,
By a Hand must the lost be found,
And lifted your threshold o'er!

MINISTER:

Let us invoke the Lord of Hosts,
To show mercy unto his people,
reaching down the right Hand of
His salvation even unto us.

(MINISTER *standing, arms extended, at Altar, in intercession*):

Prayer for perfect self-consecration of the imperfect likeness.

Shall kindred likeness wax,
And stubborn strangeness wane,—
Fall from on high, great Axe,
Fell, hew against the grain!

If thou wouldst have me (*us*) mount
To Thee-ward, Thou must deign
Come down to earth; what fount
Upspringeth, save Thou be Rain?

For Thy newer world and work
Thyself reveal anew.
The man I am (*men we are*) will shirk,
Weak be my friends (*our folk*) and few.

But call by a new name,
To summon a new man;
Kindle and fan the flame,
That leaps and laughs, "I can."

Then surely, O Lord, my God,
I come,—to serve or rule,—
Fulfil my period,
Thy wiseman, or Thy fool.

Thou 'ast me (*us*) for Thy business sought,
Not a better, nay, nor a (*better folk or*) worse,
Grace-born, and pardon-got,
For Thy blessing, ay, or curse.

So stagger I (*we*) forth to my (*our*) feet,
And whither Thou sendest I (*we*) go,—
In Thy wrath, Thy love to greet,
Thy goodness in hell to foreshow!

SALATHIEL—"The call is God" or "Call of God."

(*Inspiriting calls on organ, and mysterious echoes.*)

CANTOR (*softly*):

Golden Salathiel,
At thy lips thy trumpet; blow
Intimate tones that compel
A soul on her quest to go,—

None heareth else the call
For ear of one only meant—
Archangelic seneschal,
Pour the wine of wonderment.

The soul so quickened knows
She is sent, but no step of her way.
Yet yearly the marvel grows
Of that mystical yesterday.

The dullest morrow unfolds
Some rod of the path to be trod,
As the soul more certainly holds
Her faith in the calling of God.

The craven last fear expel
From the heart, and doubt from the mind;
Blessèd Salathiel,
Come, come to halt and to blind.

PHALTIEL—*"Help is God, or Help of God."*

BARITONE:

Most goodly Phaltiel,
Opener of ways for escape
From subtle serpents (*vipers*) of hell,
And lions that roar and gape—

Of old, inaccessible
Tree to our fathers, and rock-
Hid cave, stout citadel,
Deriding assault and shock—

We dread not the breadth and length
Of embattled foes, nor their plots;
For thy mountain harboreth strength,
With ten thousand chariots!

CHOIR AND PEOPLE:

In thy quietness, death have we faced
And hell, and took no scathe;
In thy confidence made we no haste,
Uplifted of hope and faith.

By thy mercy created afresh,
Comforted, yea, and restored,
Saviour of spirit and flesh,
High helper, invoked and adored!

JEREMIEL—*"God Willeth."*

MINISTER:
Confident Jeremiel,
As bridegroom and bride confide,—

ASSISTANT:
As clashing foemen fell,
Exult in like prowess and pride,—

MINISTER:
As for swallow, alike, and gazelle
There be flight as fleet and wide,—

ASSISTANT:
So souls of thy rearing (*guiding*) compel
Full fealty of time and tide.

MINISTER:
The hemmed in the here-and-now
Find the open of whither and whence;

ASSISTANT:
Rash changes and chances bow
To a bounteous Providence.

MINISTER:
For Thou wottest how all were wise,
Gracious, lovely and true,—

ASSISTANT:
Though it came to pass in the guise

Of our bale, our bane, our rue.

MINISTER:
Thy whispers of weird and doom,
They are winsome, and hallow the will;

ASSISTANT:
For in every life there is room,
Desire to free and fulfil.

MINISTER:
Stay, comforter Jeremiel,
In equal justice, the mind—

ASSISTANT:
For all things are possible
To spirits, of thee resigned.

UNISON:
At last before the throne,
We shall hide in a cleft, and lift
With our hands the fruit foreknown,
We have grown for our godly gift.

OFFERTORY

DOXOLOGY

COLLECTS

ADDRESS or SERMON may be delivered at this point instead of at opening of the office.

BENEDICTION: May the God of Gabriel, Raphael and Uriel and Michael, to whom they sing their everlasting praise, the God of Salathiel and Phaltiel and Jeremiel, who lift the willing spirit of man to the footsteps of the throne: Fill our hearts with awe and wonder, with love and gratitude; Make us humble, gentle, kindly, confident, and strong in trial and hardship; Ever meek and simple; May we in our hearts resist evil, and in our senses abstain from luxury, in our minds from merciless fault-finding; May we, enlightened by thy Holy Archangels, like God himself become too pure to behold iniquity; And among our fellows reflect evermore the glory that we have been given to behold, when lifted, by Jesus our Lord and Master, into the Divine Presence.

SEVENFOLD AMEN

(*Or organ phrase from Parsifal*).

CLOSING HYMN TO THE HOLY SEVEN ARCHANGELS

(*The Supreme Four and the Mediating Three.*)

CANTOR:

Golden Salathiel,
Phaltiel gentle, and
Confident Jeremiel,
Reach us God's saving Hand.

Great Three, most blessèd bond
Of the alien and lost, even us—
Knitting with the beyond
Our lives inglorious—

O Three that work as one,
To raise us, even now,
For rapture and benison,
Out of the pit and slough,—

CHOIR AND PEOPLE:

We bless you and pray the Four—
Ay, Gabriel, Raphael,
Uriel and Michael—pour
Their store on Israel.

Their infinite store of Might,
Of holy and high Affright,
Of Light and blessed Delight,
On us, astray in the night.

BARITONE:

A people scattered afar,
The outcast scorn of the earth—
Make them your morning star,
And jewels of worth and mirth.

For the One whose angels durst
Not proffer with brows unveiled,
To the Only Last and First,
The Fragrance His favor exhaled;

Whose eyes be too pure to behold
Iniquity; yea, and whose ear
Is filled with one anthem rolled
Forever from sphere to sphere.

CHOIR AND PEOPLE:

Archangels, majestic Seven,
Bestow on our lowliness
The mercies sure of Heaven,
And your Beauty of Holiness.

SEVENFOLD AMEN

SILENT RECESSIONAL

OFFICE OF THE INDWELLING OR IMMANENT CHRIST

A NEW TESTAMENT CANTO OR MOSAIC

In the epistles of St. Paul and the Johannine writings, we find an identification between the historic Jesus as the Christ or Messiah, and a spiritual something in the worshipper, that corresponds to Him. It is as though these early devotees attempted to build up, out of their own psyche, a secondary personality which should be identical with their Lord and mediate to their ordinary person the religion of His grace.

The Office is merely an ordering of well-known mystical passages that correspond with this spiritual discipline.

OFFICE OF THE INDWELLING OR IMMANENT CHRIST

PART I

LITANY OF ADOPTION

OPENING HYMN: There is a Wideness in God's Mercy.

EXHORTATION (*at the foot of the Chancel steps*):

DEACON: Do no err, my beloved brethren. Every good gift (*dosis agathe:* brave inheritance) and every perfect gift (*dorema teleion:* effective endowment) is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Lights, with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.

Of His own will begat He us with the Word of Truth. Be ye therefore doers of the Word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.

For if any be a hearer and not a Doer of the Word (*poietes logou*), he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass, for he beholdeth himself and goeth his way and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was.

But whoso looketh into the perfect Law of liberty and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful

hearer, but a Doer of the Work (*poietes ergou*), that man shall be blessed in his Doing of the same (*poiesei hautou*). (St. James, i: 16–25.)

For the God of all grace hath called us unto His eternal glory (I St. Peter, v: 10) in the heavenly places (II Cor., iv: 5), for we are His workmanship (Eph., ii: 10) in Christ Jesus our Lord.

DEACON (*goes to Altar and kneels down*)

Silence (*closed by "Dresden Amen."*)

DEACON (*coming down to Altar rail*): The Mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations now is made manifest unto the saints: unto all them unto whom God would make known the riches of the glory of this Mystery—which is: *"Christ in you—the Hope of Glory."* That we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus. (Col., i: 26–28.)

CHOIR RESPONSE: How Long, How Long, O Lord?
(*Pause*)
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!

DEACON: O, the unsearchable riches of Christ—to make all men see what is the Fellowship of the Mystery! For this cause, I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in Heaven and earth is named, that He would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner Man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts (by faith). (Ephesians, iii: 13–17.)

CHOIR RESPONSE: Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!

DEACON: For the "perfecting of the Saints (*katartismon:* hitching up together), for the work of the Service, for the building up of the Body of Christ—till we all come, even we (in the unity of the faith—and of the complete knowledge of the Son of God), unto a Perfect Man (i. e., a man, true to his goal of evolution), unto the measure of the Stature of the Fullness of Christ. (Ephesians, iv: 1–13.)

CHOIR RESPONSE: Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!

DEACON (*still kneeling*).

(SILENT PRAYER: Melody of "Nearer My God to Thee" on chimes).

ANTIPHONAL DECLARATIONS. The Moving Cause of Our Progress to Glory.

DEACON: Now ye are all the Children of God by faith in Jesus Christ.

PRIEST AND PEOPLE: When the fullness of the time was come God sent forth His Son.

DEACON: Made of a woman, made under the law to redeem them that were under the law:

PEOPLE: That we might receive the adoption of sons.

DEACON: Wherefore, because ye are sons, God hath sent forth into your hearts.

PEOPLE: The Spirit of His Son, crying, "Abba," Father. (Gal., iii: 26, and iv: 4–7.)

CHOIR RESPONSE: Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!

DEACON: For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the Sons of God.

PEOPLE: And we have received the Spirit of Adoption whereby we cry "Abba," Father.

DEACON: Lo, the Spirit itself beareth witness with our Spirit, that we are the Children of God:

PEOPLE: And if Children, then heirs; Heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ. (Romans, viii: 14–7.)

CHOIR RESPONSE: Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!

DEACON: Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.

PEOPLE: For it is God which worketh in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure. (Phil., ii: 13.)

Hearken unto the Word of our Lord Jesus Christ: "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." (St. John, v: 17.)

CHOIR RESPONSE: Glory, Glory, Hallelujah. Amen.

HYMN: O for a heart to Praise My God, or O for a Closer Walk With God.

PART II

MEDITATION ON THE FELLOWSHIP

(PRIEST *at Altar states the Psychological Law unto the realization of the Spiritual Presence.*)

Hearken unto the Law of the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus. (Romans, viii: 2.)

Where two or three . . . are gathered together . . . in my Name . . . there am I . . . in the midst of them. . . . (St. Matt., xviii: 20.)

And lo, . . . I am with you alway . . . even unto the end of the world. . . . (St. Matt., xxviii: 20.)

METHOD OF PROGRESS TO GLORY

(*The people seated. The* PRIEST *kneeling at Gospel-side of Altar, the* DEACON *at Epistle-side, read antiphonally the following*):

PRIEST: Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is Liberty:

DEACON: But we all with open face behold as in a glass the Glory of the Lord.

PRIEST: And are all changed into the same image, from Glory to Glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.

DEACON: And the Lord is that Spirit.

(*Pause*)

PRIEST: We have put off the old man with his deeds,

DEACON: And have put on the new man, which is being evermore renewed in knowledge.

PRIEST: After the image of Him that created him. (Col., ii: 10.)

(*Pause*)

PRIEST: If ye then be risen with Christ seek those things which are above.

CANTOR: Where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.

PRIEST: Set your affection on things above, (not on things of the earth,

CANTOR: For we are dead, and our life is hid with Christ in God.

PRIEST: When Christ, who is our life, shall appear,

CANTOR: Then shall we also appear with Him in glory. (Col., iii: 1–4.)

THE MEDITATION

(DEACON *at lowest Chancel step*): Hearken, my beloved brethren, unto the mystical words our Lord Jesus is reported to have spoken to His disciples: "Where there are two [1] (of you) they are not with-

[1] Where two persons pray together,
Where two are gathered unto righteous Judgment,
Where two meet to study the Law,
Where a man and his wife lead a holy life together,
There ever is present the living glory of God.
—Pirke Abboth III, 8.

out God—and where there is one (of you) I say that I am with him.

"Raise the stone and there thou shalt find ME—cleave the wood, and there am I." (Oxyrhinchus, Logia V.)

And Hearken ye furthermore how the Lord did pray, unto His Father and our Father, in the following words:

"I pray for them also that shall believe on my Name, that they *all* may *be One* (thing or substance): even as Thou Father art in me and I in Thee— That they also may be One (thing or substance) in Us. . . . And the Glory which thou gavest me I have given them, that they may be One (thing or substance) even as We are One:—I in them and Thou in Me—that they may be made perfect into ONE." (Holy Thing or Substance.) (St. John, xvii, 20–27.)

(DEACON *coming down toward people to lowest step of Chancel, shall quietly declare the Message or Prophecy*):

THE EPISTLE

Beloved, now are we the Sons of God! and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: But this we know, that when He shall appear . . . we shall be like Him . . . for we shall see Him as HE IS. (St. John, iii: 2.)

CHOIR: Glory Be to Thee, O Lord!

(*The* PRIEST *mounts the steps to the altar and readeth the following parable of our Lord*):

Hearken unto the Gospel of the Love of God which is Christ Jesus. (Romans, viii: 39.)

THE GOSPEL:

A little while and ye shall not see me, and again a little while and ye shall see ME. Verily, verily I say unto you that ye shall weep and lament, but the world shall rejoice; and ye shall be sorrowful, but *your* SORROW shall be turned into joy! A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because her hour is come: but as soon as she is delivered of the CHILD . . . she remembereth no more the anguish, for Joy that a MAN is born into the world. And ye now, therefore, have Sorrow: but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and *your* JOY no man taketh from you. (St. John, xvi: 21–22.)

CHOIR: Thanks Be To Thee, O Christ!

HYMN: Awake My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve.

PART III

(*A Confessional Summary of the Doctrine of this Office,* A CENTO OR MOSAIC OF TEXTS, *to be chanted or said in unison, all standing:*)

We stand fast in the Liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free.

Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is Liberty.

Now, the Lord is that Spirit, full of Grace and Truth.

Wherefore there are diversities of Gifts; and every brave inheritance, and every effective impartation is from above, and cometh down from the Father of Lights.

And the Lord Jesus saith (Who is the Light of the world): "Ye are the Light of the world. Let your Light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven!"

CHOIR: Glory, Glory, Hallelujah.

Having heard the promise of the Spirit: "Ye shall receive power from on high when the Holy Ghost is come upon you", the Disciples of our Lord were all with one accord in one place in the Holy City, where they went into an upper room, continuing in prayer and supplication. And suddenly there came a sound from Heaven, as of a rushing mighty Wind.

When the Disciples were again assembled, the doors being shut, there came Jesus Himself, and stood in the midst of them.

So likewise we, also remember His blessed prom-

ise from of old: "Where two or three are gathered together into my Name (God is our helper and dwelleth livingly in men)—Lo, there am I in the midst of them."

And we do now call upon His Father and our Father, His God and our God. And, behold! Christ in us, our Hope of Glory, which bringeth many Sons unto Glory. Christ, Who is our life, appeareth unto us, yea, and in us!

CHOIR: Glory, Glory, Hallelujah.

For there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed, nor hid that shall not be known.

The veil is taken away; wherefore we all, with unveiled face, beholding as in a glass the Glory of the Lord— (His face that shines as the sun, His raiment white and glistering as the sun in his strength, the sun that riseth with healing in his wings)—

And, beholding so the Lord, (bless'd of him with diversities of gifts, one star differing from another star in glory, being members one of another)— We are changed into the same image, even the likeness of the Creator, from the Lord the Spirit.

CHOIR: Glory, Glory, Hallelujah.

Now it doth not yet appear, what we, brethren of the Lord, shall be.

But when Christ, who is our Life, appeareth—(The same that worketh in us both to will and to do, of His good pleasure, even unto the perfect man—unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ,—the fullness of God who dwelleth in Man, and filleth all in all);

When the Son of Man cometh in clouds of Heaven, with power and great glory—then shall we also appear with Him in glory,

And we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.

CHOIR: Glory, Glory, Hallelujah.

CONGREGATIONAL OR MUTUAL BENEDICTION:

(*To be said—congregation seated—clause by clause, by the* PRIEST *and then by the* DEACON *and people—the* PRIEST *making a perceptible pause between the congregational repetition and the next sentence.*)

BENEDICTION:

I live by the faith of the Son of God,

Yet not I, but Christ liveth in me. (Gal., ii: 20.)

For me, therefore, to live is Christ. (Phil., i: 23.)

I can do all things through Christ. . . . (Phil., iv: 13.)

Such trust have we through Christ to Godward! (II Cor., iii: 4.)

Wherefore we proclaim (with joy) the unsearchable riches of Christ. (Eph., iii: 8.)

In the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ. (II Cor., iv: 4.)

Christ the power of God, and the Wisdom of God. (I Cor., i: 24.)

RESPONSE OF CHOIR: Amen, Amen, Amen.

CLOSING HYMN: Rise My Soul and Stretch Thy Wings (*one stanza*).

ANNOUNCEMENT
ADDRESS
OFFERTORY
DOXOLOGY
RECESSIONAL HYMN: Jerusalem the golden.

DEVOTION OF DIVINE LOVE

A school of mystics at the height of the early Renaissance were devotees of "perfervid love." Of these, St. Francis and Jacopone da Todi in Italy, Santa Teresa and San Juan in Spain, were the chief. The purpose of this Office is to group together some of their most characteristic spiritual raptures, set in hymns by John Keble and Miss Havergal.

DEVOTION OF DIVINE LOVE

BEING AN ANTHOLOGY FROM THE CATHOLIC MYSTICS

HYMN: "New every morning in the love," *John Keble.*

OPENING SENTENCES (*People standing*):

Who on this world sets his mind
Ne'er will true contentment find.

He who sets on God his stay
Knows not anguish of dismay.

. . . . .

The cross when borne with ready will
Far lighter weighs than many an ill.

. . . . .

Best of discipline is still
Discipline of thy self-will.

(Rhymed Maxims of St. Teresa.)

RESPONSIVE READING: "Of the blessed Joy of the heart, that breaks forth in the voice." Laude—*Jacopone da Todi.* (*People standing.*)

MINISTER:
Thou, Blessed Joy, the heart dost move;
And mak'st us sing for very love.
RESPONSE:
The Blessed Joy in fire awakes,
And straight the man must sing and pray,
MINISTER:
His tone in childish stammering shakes,
Nor knows he what his lips may say;
RESPONSE:
He cannot quench nor hide away
That Sweetness pure and infinite.
MINISTER:
The Blessed Joy in flame is lit,
And straight the man must shout and sing;
RESPONSE:
So close to Love his heart is knit,
He scarce can bear the honeyed sting;
MINISTER:
His clamor and his cries must ring,
And shame forever take to flight.
RESPONSE:
The Blessed Joy enslaves man's heart,
—A love-bewildered prisoner—
MINISTER:
And see! his neighbors stand apart,
And mock the senseless chatterer
RESPONSE:
They deem his speech a foolish blur,
A shadow of his spirit's light.

MINISTER:
Yea, when thou enterest the mind,
O Blessed Joy, thou rapture fair,
RESPONSE:
The heart of man new skill doth find
Love's own disguise to grasp and wear,
MINISTER:
The suffering of Love to bear,
With song and clamor of delight!
RESPONSE:
And thus the uninitiate
Will deem that thou art crazed indeed;
MINISTER:
They see thy strange and fevered state,
But have not wit thy heart to read;
RESPONSE:
Within, deep-pierced, that heart may bleed,
Hidden from curious mortal sight.[1]

HYMN—N. H. 20 (O. H. 11). "Sun of My Soul" (*John Keble*).

LECTION: "The Obscure Night of the Soul" (*San Juan de la Cruz*). (*People seated*).

CANTOR:
Upon an obscure night,
Fevered with love in love's anxiety,
(O hapless-happy plight!)
I went, none seeing me . . .
Forth from my house where all things quiet be.

[1] Drawn from "Jacopone da Todi," by Evelyn Underhill, E. P. Dutton & Co., N. Y.

By night, secure from sight,
And by the secret stair, disguisedly,
(O hapless-happy plight!)
By night, forth privily,
Went from my house where all things quiet be . . .

Blest night of wandering,
In secret, where by none might I be spied,
Nor I see anything;
Without a light or guide,
Save that which in my heart burnt in my side.

That light did lead me on,
More surely than the shining of noontide,
Where well I knew that One
Did for my coming bide;
Where he abode might none but he abide.

O night that leadest thus,
O night more lovely than the dawn of light,
O night that broughtest us,
Lover to lover's sight,
Lover with loved in marriage of delight! [1]

LECTION I

THE SOUL'S DESIRE

I

A Life apart, estrangèd from myself,

[1] "Poems," Vol. I, by Arthur Symons, London, 1902.

Is now my lot because I die of love;
And since our Lord has sought me for His own,
In Him, not in myself, I live and move.
For when my heart to Christ I wholly gave
Therein this epigraph did He engrave—
That I should die because I do not die!

2

No life so bitter, none so sad as mine
While exiled from my Lord my days are spent,
For though to love be sweet, yet hope deferred
Is wearisome: from life's long banishment,
O God, relieve me! from this mournful freight
Which crushes with a more than leaden weight,
So that I die because I do not die.

3

I live, since death must surely come at last;—
Upon that hope alone my trust I build,
For when this mortal life shall die, at length
My longings then will wholly be fulfilled.
Come, Death, come, bring life's certainty to me,
O tarry thou no more!—I wait for thee,
And ever die because I do not die.

4

Behold, how strong to master us is love!
Molest me, Life, no more! wouldst thou attain
Thine end, lose thou thyself, for by that loss
Alone canst thou the life eternal gain!

Come, gentle Death, sweet Death, do thou delay
No moment longer that most welcome day
Whereon I die because I do not die!

5

We do but dream we live in earthly life;
Our sole true life is that of heaven on high,
Nor can existence any true delight
Confer until this mortal life shall die.
O, Death, I pray thee, shun me not in scorn,
For life to me is but a death forlorn
Wherein I die because I do not die!

6

Say, Life, what is there I can do for Him,
My God, Who in my heart His home doth make,
Except supremer joy in Him attain
By forfeiture of thee for His dear sake?
O longed-for Death, that maketh all mine own
Him Whom my heart aspireth for alone,
The while I die because I do not die!

7

This mystic union of love divine,
This bond whereby alone my soul doth live,
Hath made my God my Captive—yet to me
True liberty of heart the while doth give.
And yet my spirit is so sorely pained

When I behold my Lord by me enchained,
That still I die because I do not die.

8

Alas! how wearisome a waste is life!
How hard a fate to bear my exile here
Where locked in iron fetters lies my soul,
A prisoner in earth's mournful dungeon drear!
And yet to muse upon the day relief
Shall come, doth wound with such tormenting grief
That still I die because I do not die.

9

Achieve thy task—forsake me utterly!
O Life, I pray of thee, molest me not!
For when I die, throughout eternity
What but to joy and live will be my lot?
Delay thou not to mitigate my grief,
O Death! but in thy pity bring relief,
Because I die in that I do not die!

Minor Works of Santa Teresa (Benedictines). Benziger Bros., N. Y.

(*Stanza re-ordered.*)

CANTICLE TO THE SUN: *St. Francis of Assisi.*
(*Response reading. People standing.*)

I

INVOCATION:

MINISTER:

Most highest, and almighty and ever-kind Lord,
To thee belong the hallowing song, the splendor, the high fame
And every heart's whole thank and glad acclaim;

RESPONSE:

To thee, alone adored, be they outpoured,
Though no man worthy were to call upon thy name.

II

THE SUN:

MINISTER:

Lauded Be God, O thou omnipotent Lord,
Exalting all thou hast created and made;

RESPONSE:

And most, my master SUN, my brother in radiance arrayed,
Which journeying day by day, illumeth us with his grace,

MINISTER:

Beauteous in sooth, and fraught with exceeding glory,
In the brightness of whose shining we behold Thy very face.

THE MOON:
RESPONSE:
Lauded be my Lord and God—of sister MOON, and every star
Shapen of thee aloft the heaven, where comely and clear they are.

III

THE WIND:
MINISTER:
Lauded by my Lord and God—of my brother WIND, together
With air and welkin rack, fair sky and varying weather,
Wherewith alway he tendereth his little ones nurture and stay.

THE WATER:
RESPONSE:
Lauded be my Lord and God—of my sister the WATER, thy daughter demure
Meetest for man in manifold use, most humble, precious and pure.

IV

THE FIRE:
MINISTER:
Lauded be my Lord and God—of my brother the flame of FIRE,

Wherewith thou dost kindle and set aglow our night of desire,
Beauteous, lusty of thew, still renewing the hue of his joy.

THE EARTH:
RESPONSE:
Lauded be my Lord and God—of our most dear mother, EARTH,
That hath us in keeping to cherish and nourish and curb,
And beareth us divers fruit, and gay-colored flower and herb.

V

BRETHREN OF CHRIST, TO WHOM IS VOUCHSAFED THE SPIRIT OF MEEKNESS:
MINISTER:
Lauded be my Lord and God—of his BRETHREN, in chief,
Which bear no malice, and pardon proffer for sweet love's sake,
And ills without cure, and grief, and tribulations of spirit endure;
RESPONSE:
Yea, blessèd who faint not, in travail making no plaint,
For so of thee, O most Highest, shall each be crownèd thy saint.

THE DEATH OF THE BODY:

MINISTER:

Lauded by my Lord and God—for our sister, bodily DEATH,
Whom no man 'scapeth at th' last, who draweth life's breath;

RESPONSE:

But woe unto him she findeth and bindeth in deadly sin,
And blessèd who walketh still with God in his holy will,
For no second death can befall, and do him hurt at all.

VI

DOXOLOGY:

(MINISTER *and people in unison*):

Laud ye, ascribe all good, give hearty thank and bless,
Yea, be ye right serviceable unto my Lord, with a great humbleness.

HYMN. "Blest are the pure in heart" (*John Keble*). (*People seated.*)

LECTION: "O Flame of Living Love" (*San Juan de la Cruz*). "Our Lord Christ of Order" *St. Francis of Assisi,* or "The Exiled Soul," from

"The Living Flame of Love" *San Juan de la Cruz*

(*People seated.*)

O Flame of Living Love

O flame of living Love,
That dost eternally
Pierce through my soul with so consuming heat,
Since there's no help above,
Make thou an end of me,
And break the bond of this encounter sweet.

O burn that burns to heal!
O more than pleasant wound!
And O soft hand, O touch most delicate,
That dost new life reveal,
That dost in grace abound,—
And, slaying, dost from death to life translate!

O lamps of fire, that shined
With so intense a light,—
That those deep caverns (where the senses live,
Which were obscure and blind,)
Now with strange glories bright,
Both heat and light to his Beloved give!

With how benign intent
Rememberest Thou my breast,

Where thou alone abidest secretly;
And in thy sweet ascent,
With glory and good possessed,
How delicately thou teachest love to me![1]

* * *

From the Cantico dell'Amore Superdente.
Concerning the gift to St. Francis of the stigmata, popularly ascribed to the saint, and by some critics to Jacopone da Todi; translated by John Addington Symonds and Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

The Saint Speaketh

O Love of Charity!
Why didst thou so wound me?
Why breaks my heart through thee,
My heart which burns with Love?
It burns and glows and finds no place to stay;
It cannot fly, for it is bound so tight;
It melts like wax before the flames away;
Living, it dies: swoons, faints, dissolves outright;
Prays for the force to fly some little way;
Find itself in the furnace fiery-white;
Ah me, in this sore plight,
Who, what consumes my breath?
Ah, thus to live is death!
So swell the flames of Love.

* * *

[1] "Poems," Vol. I, by Arthur Symons, London, 1902.

Lost is my heart and all my reason gone,
My will, my liking, and all sentiment;
Beauty is mere vile mud for eyes to shun;
Soft cheer and wealth are naught but detriment.

* * *

Let none rebuke me then, none reprehend,
If love so great to madness driveth me!
What heart from love her fortress shall defend?
So thralled, what heart from love shall hope to flee?
Think, how could any heart not break and rend,
Or bear this furnace-flame's intensity?—
Could I but only be
Blest with some soul that knows,
Pities and feels the woes
Which whelm my heart with Love!

* * *

For thee, O Love, I waste, swooning away!
I wander calling loud with thee to be!
When thou departest, I die day by day;
I groan and weep to have thee close to me:
When thou returnest, my heart swells; I pray
To be transmuted utterly in thee!
Delay not then!—Ah me!
Love deigns to bring me grace!
Binds me in his embrace,
Consumes my heart with Love!

* * *

Love, Love, Love, Jesus, I have scaped the seas!
Love, Love, Love, Jesus, thou hast guided me!
Love, Love, Love, Jesus, give me rest and peace!
Love, Love, Love, Jesus, I'm inflamed by thee!
Love, Love, Love, Jesus! From wild waves release!
Make me Love, dwell forever clasped with Thee!
And be transformed in thee,
In truest charity,
In highest verity,
Of pure transmuted Love!
Love, Love, Love, Love, I'm drawn and rapt to heaven!
Love, Love, I'm ravished by thy beauteousness!
Love, Love, life's naught, for less than nothing given!
Love, Love, the other life is one with this!

* * *

Love, Love, Love, Love, my heart it is so riven!
Love, Love, Love, Love, what wounds I feel, what bliss!

(*Translated by John Addington Symonds.*)

The Lord Jesus Speaketh

Cantor:

(*Chanted or otherwise musically rendered.*)

Set Love in Order, thou that lovest Me
  Never was virtue out of Order found;
And though I fill thy heart desirously,
  By thine own virtue I must keep My ground:
When to My love thou dost bring charity,
  Even she must come with Order girt and gown'd.
    Look how the trees are bound
    To Order, bearing fruit;
    And by one thing compute,
In all things earthly, Order's grace or gain.

All earthly things I had the making of
  Were numbered and were measured then by Me;
And each was ordered to its end by Love,
  Each kept, through Order, clean for ministry.
Charity most of all, when known enough,
  Is of her very nature orderly,
    Lo, now! what heat in thee,
    Soul, can have bred this rout?
    Thou putt'st all order out.
Even this love's heat must be its curb and rein.

(*Translated by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.*)

SEVENFOLD AMEN

HYMN: From Santa Teresa.

If, Lord, thy love for me is strong
As this which binds me unto thee,
What holds me from thee, Lord, so long,
What holds thee, Lord, so long from me?

O soul, what then desirest thou?
—Lord, I would see thee, who thus choose thee.
What fears can yet assail thee now?
—All that I fear is but to lose thee.

Love's whole possession I entreat,
Lord, make my soul thine own abode,
And I will build a nest so sweet
It may not be too poor for God.

A soul in God hidden from sin,
What more desires for thee remain,
Save but to love, and love again,
And, all on flame with love within,

CHORUS:

Love on, and turn to love again?

SENTENCES FOR MEDITATIONS:

Let naught disturb thy peace
Which with this world will cease.

* * *

He who seeks no private gain
Always hath things to his mind.
He who would his comfort find
Still hath reason to complain.

* * *

When for earthly things I sigh,
Then although I live, I die!

(*Rhymed Maxims of St. Teresa.*)

Let naught, Soul, disturb thee;
  Naught frighten thee ever;
Though all things are passing,
  Thy God changeth never.
Patience prevaileth
  If God be thine own;
Thou nothing more lackest,
  He sufficeth alone.

(*Teresa's Bookmark.*)

PRAYER OF ST. TERESA:

O my God! since Thou art charity and love itself, perfect this virtue in me, that its ardour may consume all the dregs of self-love. May I hold Thee as my sole Treasure and my one glory, far dearer than all creatures. Make me love myself in Thee, for Thee, and by Thee, and my neighbour, for Thy sake, in the same manner, bearing his burdens as I wish him to bear mine. Let me care for naught beside Thee, except in so far as it will lead me to Thee. May I rejoice in Thy perfect love for me, and in the eternal love borne for Thee by the angels and saints in

heaven, where the veil is lifted and they see Thee face to face. Grant that I may exult because the just, who know Thee by faith in this life, count Thee as their highest good, the centre and the end of their affections. I long that sinners and the imperfect may do the same, and with the aid of Thy grace I crave to help them.

HOLY RESOLVES RECOMMENDED BY ST. TERESA AT HER EARTHLY END:

Love more and act more uprightly, for "narrow is the way." The doctrine we should study most is the Rule bidding us meditate day and night on the law of the Lord. Purify your souls, for God loves to dwell in pure souls. Strive to practise and acquire the virtues I loved best in my lifetime—namely,

1. The practice of the presence of God.

2. An intention of performing all my actions in unison with Christ.

3. A perseverance in prayer which produces humility and obedience.

4. Self-abasement accompanied with shame at having offended God.

5. Purity of conscience with a determination never to consent to any sin, however small.

6. Zeal for souls and a desire to draw as many as possible to God.

7. A devotion to the most Holy Sacrament of the altar, and preparation for receiving Holy Communion with the greatest possible perfection.

8. Special devotion to the Holy Ghost and the Blessed Virgin.

9. Patience and endurance in suffering and crosses, candour and uprightness of soul combined with prudence and calmness.

10. A truthfulness which neither utters nor consents to any falsehood, genuine love for God and our neighbour, which is the summit of all perfection. . . .

A feeling of love for God, sweetness, or tenderness of soul which produces any rising of sensuality, springs from Satan, not from God, for the Divine Spirit is chaste. . . .

It is important for perfection that the constitution should be kept which bids the nuns give a monthly account of their conscience to the prioress, hiding nothing from her. If this custom should be discontinued the true spirit for which we strive would gradually be lost.

For the impulses I felt during life in my desire for death, strive to substitute impulses to perform the Will of God, and to endeavour to obtain the virtues most pleasing to Him, which are Purity, Humility, Obedience and Love.

(*Minor Works of St. Teresa.*)

Compare with this The Last Words of St. Francis. (*Last Testimonial and Confession of St. Francis.*)

THE EXILED SOUL:

[From "The Living Flame of Love"]
(*San Juan de la Cruz.*)

My God, my Lord, do Thou remember
That I have gazed by faith upon Thy Face
Lacking which vision there is no bliss for me

For since I saw Thee in such sort I live,
That nought is there at all can win for me
Joy of the soul for but a passing hour.

God of my life! Nothing can make me glad
For all my gladness springs from sight of thee,
And faileth me because I have Thee not.

If Thy will, God, it be I'll live forlorn
And take my very ache of hunger and thirst
For Thee, as only comfort in this world.

With me no happiness abideth more
Save through the hope of seeing Thee, my God.
Where I shall never dread to lose Thee more.

When shall there dawn that most delicious day
When O my Glory, I may joy in Thee
Free of this heavy-hearted body of sin?

There will my joy be measureless, entire
Beholding rapt how glorious thou art,
Vision transfiguring my life to bliss!

How will it be when I shall dwell with Thee;
Since suffering now can bring such happiness?
Up-raise me, Lord, even now into Thy heaven.

Yet if my earthly life can serve the glory
Of Thine eternal Being, O my God,
I do not ask that it have ever end.

The unending moment of the bliss of heaven,
In Thine own time will end my pain and anguish,
And I shall then remember them no more.

I went astray for that I served Thee not,
As I have gained by knowing Thee, my God;
Henceforth I crave nought but to love Thee more.

(*Version rephrased.* From translation by David Lewis.)

Grant me, O most loving Lord, to rest in Thee above all creatures, above all health and beauty, above all glory and honor, above all power and dignity, above all knowledge and subtility, above all riches and art, above all fame and praise, above all sweetness and comfort, above all hope and promise, above all gifts and favors that Thou canst give and impart to us, above all jubilee that the mind of man can receive and feel; finally, above angels and archangels, and above all the heavenly host, above all

things visible and invisible, and above all that Thou art not, O my God. It is too small and unsatisfying, whatsoever Thou bestowest on me apart from Thee, or revealest to me, or promisest, whilst Thou art not seen, not fully obtained. For surely my heart cannot truly rest, nor be entirely contented, unless it rest in Thee. Amen.

(*Thomas à Kempis.*)

(Page 14:—Prayers—Ancient and Modern, Little, Brown and Co.)

OFFERTORY HYMN: "Lord, Speak to Me that I May Speak." (*Frances R. Havergal.*)

or

THE DIVINE BEAUTY

1

O Beauty, that doth far transcend
All other beauty! Thou dost deign,
Without a wound, our hearts to pain—
Without a pang, our wills to bend
To hold all love for creatures vain.

2

O mystic love-knot, that dost bind
Two beings of such diverse kind!
How canst Thou, then, e'er severed be?
For bound, such strength we gain from Thee,
We take for joys the griefs we find!

3

Things void of being linked, unite
With that great Beauty Infinite:
Thou fill'st my soul, which hungers still:
Thou lov'st where men can find but ill:
Our naught grows precious by Thy sight!

Minor Works of St. Teresa (*p. 16*)
(*Benedictines*).

DOXOLOGY

COLLECTS: The Transfiguration of Christ. The Sixth Sunday after Trinity. Knight's Collect, adapted, "Beauty."

SELF-SURRENDER

How blessed is the heart with love fast bound
On God, the centre of its every thought!
Renouncing all created things as naught,
In Him its glory, and its joy are found.
Even from self its cares are now set free;
T'wards God alone its aims, its actions tend—
Joyful and swift its journeys to its end
O'er the wild waves of life's tempestuous sea!

Minor Works of St. Teresa (*p. 16*)

BENEDICTION (*Minister and People in unison*):

May our Lord Jesus Christ be near us to defend us,

Within us to refresh us,
Before us to guide us,
Behind us to justify us,
Above us to bless us.

Who liveth and reigneth with the Father and the Holy Ghost, God for evermore. Amen. (*Tenth Century.*)

HYMN—N. H. 183 (O. H. 189), "Lord, in Thy Name Thy Servants Plead." (*John Keble.*)

OFFICE OF CHRIST THE BRIDEGROOM

Through the teaching of Christ runs the parable of the bridegroom, with whom He identifies Himself. But the parable carries with it words of warning. To realize this parable as felt in the primitive Church, using whatever Scriptures will serve and more especially the Hymn of Methodius, the "Banquet of the Ten Virgins," is the object of this service.

Office of
CHRIST THE BRIDEGROOM
or
Office of Mystical Marriage

Hymn: "Rejoice, rejoice believers."

(*All standing*)

Sentences:

(*People still standing*)

Deacon: Watch ye, for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at mid-night, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning; lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping. (Mark 13:35, 36.)

Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem. (Isaiah 52:1.)

Thy seat, O God, endureth for ever: the sceptre of thy Kingdom is a right sceptre. (Psalm 45:7.)

Psalm 45—*First section* (*read responsively, people standing*)

Address to the King:

Deacon: My heart overflows with a goodly matter; I speak the words I have wrought for the King.

People: My tongue is as the pen of a ready writer.

DEACON: Thou art fairer than all the children of men,

PEOPLE: Grace hath been poured upon thy lips, therefore God hath blessed thee for ever.

DEACON: Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O thou most mighty warrior!

PEOPLE: Put on thy glory and thy majesty!

DEACON: All hail, ride forth prosperously, in the cause of truth, meekness and righteousness;

PEOPLE: And let thy hand show thee wonderful deeds.

DEACON: Thine arrows are sharp and pierce home. Yea, into the hearts of the king's enemies,

PEOPLE: And lo, the nations bow them low before thee.

DEACON: Thy throne is the throne of God, wherefore shall it stand for ever and ever.

PEOPLE: Thy kingly sceptre is a just sceptre.

DEACON: Thou lovest righteousness and hatest iniquity;

PEOPLE: Wherefore God, even thy God, hath annointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.

DEACON: All thy garments smell of myrrh, aloes and cassia.

PEOPLE: Out of thy ivory palaces cometh music of stringed instruments, wherewith the players would make thee glad.

DEACON: King's daughters are among thy jewels;

PEOPLE: Upon thy right hand shall stand thy bride, the queen adorned with gold of Ophir.

"Gloria Patri." (*Psalm of Maschil, believed to have been composed for King Ahab's wedding.*)

THE GOSPEL: The Parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins—an interrupted lesson.

DEACON (*at Lectern, people seated*): Hearken unto the parable of our Lord Jesus on the Wise and Foolish Virgins: (Matt. 25: 1–13.)

Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom. And five of them were wise, and five were foolish.

CHOIR AND PEOPLE (*seated*):

"Behold the Bridegroom cometh in the silence of the night,
And blest is he whose loins are girt, whose lamp is burning bright;
But woe to that dull servant whom his Master shall surprise
With lamp untrimmed, unburning, and with slumber in his eyes.

(*Midnight Hymn of the Greek Church, Stanza 1—Cesura is irregular and cannot be broken into 7 and 6.*)

DEACON: They that were foolish took their lamps and took no oil with them: but the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps. While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept.

CHOIR AND PEOPLE (*seated*):

Do thou, my soul, beware, beware lest thou in sleep sink down,
Lest thou be given o'er to death, and lose the golden crown;
But see that thou be sober, with watchful eye, and thus
Cry—Holy, Holy, Holy, have mercy, God, on us!

(*Midnight Hymn, Stanza* 2.)

DEACON: And at midnight there was a cry, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him. Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps. And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out. But the wise answered, saying, Not so; lest there be not enough for us and you: but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves.

CHOIR AND PEOPLE:

That day, the day of fear, shall come; my soul, slack not thy toil,
But light thy lamp, and feed it well, and make it bright with oil;

Who knowest not how soon may sound the cry
at eventide,
Behold, the Bridegroom cometh.
Arise! Go forth to meet the Bride.
(*Midnight Hymn, Stanza* 3.)

DEACON: And while the foolish virgins went to buy, the Bridegroom came: and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut.

CHOIR AND PEOPLE:
Beware my soul; take thou good heed, lest thou
in slumber lie,
And, like the five, remain without, and knock,
and vainly cry;
But watch, and bear thy lamp undimmed, and
Christ shall gird thee on
His own bright Wedding Robe of light—the
Glory of the Son."
(*Midnight Hymn, Stanza* 4).

DEACON. Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us. But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not.

CHOIR AND PEOPLE:
The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the word:
From Heaven He came and sought her

To be His holy Bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died. Amen.
(*First Stanza, "The Church Militant."*)

(*People Standing*)

DEACON. Watch therefore; for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh.

CANTOR:

"Behold, the Bridegroom draweth nigh—"
Hear ye the oft-repeated cry?
Go forth into the midnight dim,
For blest are they whom He shall find
With ready heart and watchful mind;
Go forth, my Soul, to Him.

CHOIR AND PEOPLE:

"Behold, the Bridegroom cometh by—"
The call is echoed from the sky;
Go forth, ye servants, watch and wait:
The slothful cannot join His train,
No careless one may entrance gain;
Awake, my Soul,—'tis late.

BASS SOLO:

O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
We cry to Thee with one accord;
To us Thy pitying mercy shew,
That none may reach the door too late,
When Thou shalt enter at the gate
And to Thy Kingdom go.

CANTOR, CHOIR AND PEOPLE:

"Behold, the Bridegroom draweth near—"
The warning falls on every ear,
The night of dread shall come to all;
Then, O my Soul, renew thy light,
And trim thy lamp that it burn bright;—
Soon shall we hear the call.

(*"Ecce Sponsus"—Robert Maude Moorsom.*)

PSALM 45—Second section. (*Read responsively. People standing.*)

ADDRESSED TO THE QUEEN:

DEACON: Hearken, O daughter, and consider; incline thine ear and forget thine own people;

PEOPLE: Yea, and the house also of thy father.

DEACON: If the king shall greatly desire thy beauty, behold, he is thy lord;

PEOPLE: Worship thou him with joy.

DEACON: The daughter of Damascus bringeth thee gifts, likewise also the daughter of Tyre;

PEOPLE: The rich also among thy people entreat thy favor.

DEACON: Within the palace, the king's daughter is all glorious with needle-work;

PEOPLE: Her clothing is of wrought gold inlaid with pearls.

DEACON: She shall be led unto the king over carpets of many colors,

PEOPLE: Virgins, her fellows, shall bear her company.

DEACON: With mirth and gladness shall she be led, yea, even into the palace of the king,

PEOPLE: That the king may rejoice in her beauty.

DEACON: In your father's stead, ye shall have children, whom ye may make princes in all the earth.

PEOPLE: Lo, I will make thy name to be remembered, for all generations, O king;

ALL TOGETHER: Wherefore shall all peoples bless thee for ever more.

"Gloria Patri."

AN ANTHEM GOSPEL: Jesus the Bridegroom. (*Cento from the New Testament. People seated.*)

JOHN THE FORERUNNER:

MINISTER (*from before the Altar*): And John the Baptist said unto his disciples: He that hath the bride is the bridegroom; but the friend of the bridegroom which standeth by and heareth him, rejoiceth greatly because of the bridegroom's voice. This my joy, therefore, is now fulfilled. (John 3: 29.)

CANTOR: O Lord, Thy Precursor, washing multitudes of men in flowing lustral water, unjustly by a wicked man, on account of his chastity, was led to slaughter; but as he stained the dust with his life-blood, he cried to Thee, O blessed One:

CHOIR AND PEOPLE: I keep myself pure for Thee,

O Bridegroom, and holding a lighted torch, I go to meet Thee.

PEOPLE OF THE MESSIAH:

MINISTER: And straightway all the people when they beheld the Lord were greatly amazed, and running to Him saluted Him. (Mark 9:15.)

When Jesus therefore perceived that they would come and take him by force, to make Him a king, he departed again into a mountain Himself alone. (John 6:15.)

CANTOR: From above, O virgins, the sound of a voice that wakes the dead hath come, bidding us all to meet the Bridegroom in white robes, and with torches towards the east. Arise, before the King enters within the gates.

CHOIR AND PEOPLE RESPONSE: I keep myself pure for Thee, O Bridegroom, and holding a lighted torch, I go to meet Thee.

[CANTOR: Fleeing from the sensual happiness of mortals, and having despised the carnal delights of life and its love, I desire to be protected under Thy lifegiving arms, and to behold Thy beauty for ever, O blessed One.

CHOIR AND PEOPLE RESPONSE: I keep myself pure for Thee, O Bridegroom, and holding a lighted torch, I go to meet Thee.] [1]

SPIRITUAL MARRIAGE:

[1] Passages in brackets may be omitted.

MINISTER: And Jesus said unto them: The children of this world marry and are given in marriage: but they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry nor are given in marriage (Luke 20: 34, 35), but are as the angels of God which are in heaven. (Mark 12: 25.)

[CANTOR: Having escaped, O blessed One, from the innumerable enchanting wiles of the serpent, and, moreover, from the flame of fire, and from the mortal-destroying assaults of wild beasts, I await Thee from Heaven.

CHOIR AND PEOPLE RESPONSE: I keep myself pure for Thee, O Bridegroom, and holding a lighted torch, I go to meet Thee.] [1]

CANTOR: Giver of life art Thou, O Christ. Hail, Light that never sets, receive this praise. The company of virgins call upon Thee, Perfect Flower, Love, Joy, Prudence, Wisdom, Word.

CHOIR AND PEOPLE RESPONSE: I keep myself pure for Thee, O Bridegroom, and holding a lighted torch, I go to meet Thee.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S FELLOWSHIP:

MINISTER: And Jesus said unto them: Can the children of the bride chamber fast while the bridegroom is with them? As long as they have the bridegroom with them, they cannot fast! But the day will come, when the bridegroom shall be taken away

[1] Passages in brackets may be omitted.

from them, and then shall they fast in those days. (Mark 2: 19, 20.)

CANTOR: The virgins standing without the chamber, with bitter tears and deep moans, wail and mournfully lament that their lamps are gone out, having failed to enter in due time the chamber of joy.

CHOIR AND PEOPLE: I keep myself pure for Thee, O Bridegroom, and holding a lighted torch, I go to meet Thee.

CANTOR: For turning from the sacred way of life, unhappy ones, they have neglected to prepare sufficiency of oil for the path of life; bearing lamps whose bright light is dead, they groan from the inward recesses of their mind.

CHOIR AND PEOPLE: I keep myself pure for Thee, O Bridegroom, and holding a lighted torch, I go to meet Thee.

THE MOTHER MEETETH HER LORD IN HER SON:

MINISTER: Verily, verily, I say unto you: That ye shall weep and lament but that the world shall rejoice; and ye shall be sorrowful, but your sorrow shall be turned into joy. A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow because her hour is come: but as soon as she is delivered of the child, she remembereth no more the anguish, for joy that a man is born into the world.

CANTOR: With open gates, O beauteously adorned Queen, admit us within thy chambers. O spotless, gloriously triumphant Bride, breathing

beauty, we stand by Christ, robed as He is, celebrating thy happy nuptials, O youthful maiden.

CHOIR AND PEOPLE: I keep myself pure for Thee, O Bridegroom, and holding a lighted torch, I go to meet Thee.

[CANTOR: Here are cups full of sweet nectar; let us quaff, O virgins, for it is celestial drink which the Bridegroom hath placed for those duly called to the wedding.

CHOIR AND PEOPLE: I keep myself pure for Thee, O Bridegroom, and holding a lighted torch, I go to meet Thee.] [1]

THE HEAVENLY WEDDING SUPPER:

MINISTER: Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to Him: For the marriage of the lamb is come, and His bride hath made herself ready. And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white (the fine linen is the righteousness of saints). Then said He unto me: Write:—Blessed are they who are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb. (Rev. 19:7–9.)

[CANTOR: In hymns, O blessèd spouse of God, we attendants of the Bride honor Thee, O undefiled virgin Church of snowwhite form, dark-haired, chaste, spotless, beloved.

CHOIR AND PEOPLE: I keep myself pure for Thee, O Bridegroom, and holding a lighted torch, I go to meet Thee.]

[1] Passages in brackets may be omitted.

CANTOR: Corruption hath fled; and the tearful pains of disease; death hath been taken away; all folly hath perished; consuming mental grief is no more; for again the grace of the God-Christ hath suddenly shone upon mortals.

CHOIR AND PEOPLE: I keep myself pure for Thee, O Bridegroom, and holding a lighted torch, I go to meet Thee.

CANTOR: Paradise is no longer bereft of mortals, for by divine decree man no longer dwells there as heretofore, thrust out from thence, when he was free from corruption and from fear, by the various wiles of the serpent, O blessed One.

CHOIR AND PEOPLE: I keep myself pure for Thee, O Bridegroom, and holding a lighted torch, I go to meet Thee.

CANTOR: Singing the new song, now the company of virgins attendeth thee into the heaven itself, O Queen, all manifestly crowned every one with the white lilies, and bearing in their hands bright lights.

CHOIR AND PEOPLE RESPONSE: I keep myself pure for Thee, O Bridegroom, and holding a lighted torch, I go to meet Thee.

(Cantor and Choir Responses in this Anthem Gospel are from Methodius' "Banquet of the Ten Virgins," Ante-Nicene Fathers, Vol. 6, pp. 351 ff.)

RESPONSIVE PRAYER:

DEACON: Let us all join, responsively (or, in uni-

son), rehearsing these holy words concerning the union we experience with God in sacrament and sacred meditation:

DEACON:

Why should I call Thee Lord, Who art my God?
Why should I call Thee Friend, Who art my love?

PEOPLE: Or King, Who art my very Spouse above?

DEACON:

Or call Thy sceptre on my heart, Thy rod?
Lo, now Thy banner over me is love,

PEOPLE: All heaven flies open to me at Thy nod:

DEACON:

For Thou hast lit Thy flame in me, a clod,
Made me a nest for dwelling of Thy Dove.

PEOPLE: What wilt Thou call me in our home above, who now hast called me friend?—how will it be when Thou for good wine settest forth the best?

DEACON:

Now Thou dost bid me come and sup with Thee,

PEOPLE: Now Thou dost make me lean upon Thy breast:

DEACON:

How will it be with me in time of Love?

CANTOR: O blessed One, who dwellest in the undefiled seats of heaven without beginning, and gov-

ernest all things by everlasting power, O Father with Thy Son, we are here, receive us also within the gates of life.

(*After Communion. Christina Rossetti.*)

CHOIR AND PEOPLE: I keep myself pure for Thee, O Bridegroom, and holding a lighted torch, I go to meet Thee.

DITHYRAMBIC PRAYER:

(*Spoken or chanted, with sung responses*)

MINISTER: LET US PRAY: O Lord God, Father Almighty, we bless Thee, from the grateful deeps of our being, over which Thy Spirit broodeth, the deeps Thou stirrest to upbubbling praise, by the hands of the holy angels, invisibly fending off soilure with guardian wings, and likewise rude blasts— So they but ripple the secret surface for Thee to a crystalline glitter, which mirroreth to Thee no line of Thy countenance, but only Thy many-hued glory, more wondrous for the breaking into innumerable individual images!

RESPONSE: Hail, Love, who movest the Sun with all the Stars,—One Heaven, God, Awe; One Mystery, One Bliss!

MINISTER: O Almighty Mother of our infant spirits, at whose breast we have lain so long and often in dreamless sleep—when thou hast nourished us with the mild substance of thy holiness, as with pure milk, and with honey of the myriad blossom-

ings of Paradise,—satisfied, and smiling our innocent content: Thy peace that passeth understanding. . . .

RESPONSE: Look upon the upturned face now of Thy church, behold in her yearning Thy beauty infinite! Draw unto Thee again the child in us, draw unto Thee in All, the blessèd Babe!

MINISTER: Most of all O Father, and O Spirit, we praise the gracious gift to us, even us little infants:—winged workers, yet nourished in the clammy cell of the murmuring hive; flies of iridescent fans—some day to be symbols of the soul,—held tight, yet in the chrysalis;—dead are we seemingly, though living in Thy sight, who art our Life. Now we do lift to Thee, the praise of our whole upsurging flood-tide in gladness, for that Thou hast sent unto us Thy most glorious Son, our Lord in Heaven, Eternal, promised Bridegroom to our sacred fellowship that are One being in Thee; bridegroom also in particular, meekly, tenderly, unto every shy soul of each of us innumerable myriads, that be as One together in Thy unique One-ness.

RESPONSE: O Love that mov'st our hearts with all the Heavens, and all the heavens about us in our hearts,—blessed be Thou! O, hear us, Thou that art one with our inmost being,—yea, our God!

MINISTER: Thou madest us advisedly in Eden, male and female, that each might know an helpmeet for the craving loneliness, the creative quest

and fashioning Thou didst implant, as the deepest urge of life. And Thou didst, bidding us be fruitful and multiply exceedingly to fill the whole earth, provide the blissful and terrible order and concord, the discord and the death,—that do deliver into the arms of father and mother, with tears of joy like Thine that spring in their young eyes, yea, even Thyself, visiting them as the child, for them to bless and rear unto beauty and earthly mastery. Yet, oh how far tenderer still, and more masterful therefor: Thy mystical condescension unto our nature!

RESPONSE: O Love, fulfil us with thy godliness!

MINISTER: For Thou it is, Thou who callest so unto each one—that what is deeper yet and more intimately real, may, out of shy dream-being, awake to daylight life,—wooed so even as the blushful, shamefast bride, from undeserving, into the manifold gradual dawnings, lightning insights, and mystical rose-unfoldings,—by the repeated thrush call out of Thy clandestine grove, by the wooing song of multitudinous larks and nightingales in sky and covert—the thrilling call and winning song of the Golden Bridegroom—head and heart, fashioner and perfecter, author and finisher, of the heavenly beauty in our as yet unrecognizable form and visage.

RESPONSE: O Love, our awe, our worship, and our bliss! Come unto us, Beloved, Holy God!

MINISTER: Vouchsafe to open our eyes and ears, that we may behold and hear indeed and know how

Thou dost receive our joyful thanks, our answering cries of welcome, our melting salutation: even as a wise mother smileth to her infant's gift of flowers or toys. For, lo, verily in Thy Eden fenced in by human sorrows and shames, and silly circumstance, we do await Thee every one alone in sacred tryst; we long to meet Thee altogether in the air as one ascending flock of white-winged doves, vanishing dots in the Cloud, rimmed with intolerable sunglories—thy Chariot of fire, the White Heart of heaven, our everlasting home!

RESPONSE: **Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah!**

BENEDICTION:

MINISTER: And now, O my brethren, full of hope and joy, behold! the Bridegroom cometh. . . .

SUNG RESPONSE:

Behold the Bridegroom cometh
In the silence of the night.

MINISTER: In the clouds of glory, in the stillness of your yearning and inmost being and beauty!

SUNG RESPONSE:

Behold the Bridegroom draweth nigh.
Hear ye the oft-repeated cry;
Go forth, my soul, to meet Him!

MINISTER: Believe and know, for goodly is the faith, and true the knowledge that He is come, that He is here, in deed and truth!

SUNG RESPONSE:

Up, up, ye heirs of glory,
The Bridegroom is at hand.

MINISTER: He hath taken possession of your house of faith and love. He is indeed our Lord and God! Blessed be He, for ever and for ever.

SUNG RESPONSE: Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, **Amen.**

HYMN: "Who are these like stars appearing?" (*first two stanzas only*)

NOTICES

HYMN (*remaining stanzas of same hymn*)

SERMON

OFFERTORY: From the Cantico dell'Amore Superdente. Concerning the gift to St. Francis of the stigmata, popularly ascribed to the saint and by some critics to Giacopone da Todi; translated by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

THE LORD JESUS SPEAKETH

Set Love in Order, thou that lovest Me
Never was virtue out of Order found;
And though I fill thy heart desirously,
By thine own virtue I must keep My ground:
When to My love thou dost bring charity,
Even she must come with Order girt and gown'd.

Look how the trees are bound
To Order, bearing fruit;
And by one thing compute,
In all things earthly, Order's grace or gain.

All earthly things I had the making of
Were numbered and were measured then by Me;
And each was ordered to its end by Love,
Each kept, through Order, clean for ministry.
Charity most of all, when known enough,
Is of her very nature orderly,
Lo, now! what heat in thee,
Soul, can have bred this rout?
Thou putt'st all order out.
Even this love's heat must be its curb and rein.

SEVENFOLD AMEN.

DOXOLOGY

CLOSING HYMN: "Through the night of doubt and sorrow."

SYMBOLIC OFFICE

DITHYRAMBIC INVOCATION

AND ADORATION OF THE CHRIST IN US

The primitive doctrine of the Christ-in-Us can easily be given a new relevancy by its identification with the worshipper's divine potential. Free use has been made of all primitive symbolic poetry, and the individual is made to find his perfection in that complete self-denial which corresponds to the obsession of his spirit by his Lord. The English contemporary poet, A. E. Waite, has been drawn upon for hymns and also for suggestive lections.

DITHYRAMBIC INVOCATION AND ADORATION OF THE CHRIST IN US

PART I

HYMN: "Love divine, all loves excelling."

SENTENCES

(*People standing:* Heb. 2:9, 10, 18—Col. 1:24—1 Jn. 2:20—2 Cor. 3:17.)

EXPOSITION OF OFFICE AND EXHORTATION (*People standing*):

Brethren, our Lord Jesus bade us follow Him. He forbade His disciples to worship (as when He said: "Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, God"), for that men be too easily persuaded by their craven sloth, in a feigned humility to reverence and to praise, excusing themselves therewith from the harder and braver service of following in His holy steps.

Now the only value to us of worship, lies in its power to compel nearer intimacy, to strengthen the bonds of kinship, to induce spiritual contagion, and devout imitation.

So the Lord Jesus could not have rightly bidden us to follow Him, had he not known that there was

indeed in us somewhat livingly akin to the divine in Him; able therefore to receive of His spirit; and which, through the urging of the same, must tend to reproduce, as its body in us, His thought, His feeling, His pattern of conduct, His true love and valiant service of God and man.

Obedient disciples of Jesus, we assume, then, what he assumed; to wit:—there is truly That, latent in us though we wot not thereof, which is potently akin to the divine in Him; were it aroused to patent self-assertion, it would be, for that we have first effectively denied the lower self in us, which doth presently and persistently occupy its room.

Vain, however, must be the denial of our lower selves, did we only succeed in the creation of an aching void in their stead. It is then in order that the void we create, in obedience to Him by courageous denial, may be filled full forthwith of His creative Spirit, that we do rightly strive to produce the same with might and main within us.

I beg you, therefore, this day, in full reverence and worship of Our Lord, to call devoutly upon That which is akin to Him divinely within us; and demand its quickening by His spirit as the Christ in us, so that it may flower into His likeness, and bear the fruits of His virtue, to our comfort, and the glory of God the Father.

With a measure of light and a measure of shade,
The world of old by the Word was made;

By the shade and light was the Word conceal'd,
And the Word made flesh, to the world reveal'd;
By the Word obscured of the outward sense,
Is the Lost Word sought in the search intense,
Through a world of words which are void and vain,
By the widow'd world of the soul in pain;
And never while shadow and light are blended
Shall the world's Word-Quest and its woe be ended,
And never the world of its wounds made whole
Till the Word—made flesh, be the Word—made soul.

(*A. E. Waite*)

LECTION (*People seated*): "I Look to See": A Book of Mystery and Vision, (*A. E. Waite*), or "To Come Into Thy Presence" (*A. E. Waite*).

HYMN: "There and Here." (*People standing*):

The sunset floods the ways with flames,
A glister fills the air,
And sudden pomp of mystic names
Shines burnished everywhere;
Far out of sight the lark proclaims
That what we seek is there.

The sward contracts beneath our feet,
And softly murmurs "Here!"

The dingles, full of dim retreat,
Murmur, "Conceal'd, but near!"
The further vistas all repeat,
"This way it shall be clear!"

The shoal stream lispers, "Forward still!" [1]
"You cannot seek in vain;
Beyond the hollow and the hill
I hear and hear again!"
The flood cries, "That resistless will
Draws all my springs amain!"

The ocean hurtling far away
Beyond the bay and bar
Alone moans ever night and day,
"For ever far and far!"
And yet beyond the spume and spray
Hope brightens in the star.

(*A. E. Waite*)

LECTION (*People seated*): "Hence These Ecstasies," or "How I Came to the Sea," or "Woodland Mystics" (*A. E. Waite*).

PART II

SYMBOLIC ADORATION OF OUR LORD (THE CHRIST IN US) (*People kneeling.*)

[1] Third and fourth stanzas if desired may be sung after the following Lection.

CANTOR: Hail, O milk-white Swan of the full moon,

PRIEST: Who piercest the night stillness with thy one last dying song of lonely love! [1]

CANTOR: O Lotus, lifting out of the noisome ooze,

PRIEST: Floating milky white, rosy-hued, or sky-blue into the sweet air of morn over the rippled silver of the pool.

CANTOR: O glorious Phoenix, bird of Paradise,

PRIEST: Fowl of Pan, all the eyes of God in the spread of thy sheen, only sunbird of thy kind, brooding thy splendor (the nest of precious spices, afire on high) to renew thy everlasting youth.

(*Refrain*)

CHOIR AND PEOPLE: O Valiant and True, hearken, hearken; O Virtuous, O Beautiful, hearken.

CANTOR: O heavy-laden, heaven-faring Bee,

PRIEST: Who dravest into the close calyx of our secret beauty, bearing home to the hive of holiness some personal sweet, some grain of flower-dust, to thee of worth and worship.

CANTOR: O keen morning Star, clear Tear of God,

PRIEST: Dartling in the grey-green dawn, over the weltering brimful river of life, thy glittering news of the age of joy to come!

[1] Refrain may be used here and after each section; or only after every third section, as indicated.

CANTOR: O miraculous Sun, abundant Fountain head of golden light at the horizon,

PRIEST: Flooding with rays no eye may endure to behold, that make sound and whole and pure, and ripen to fruitage the brooding, teeming dark.

CHOIR AND PEOPLE: O Valiant and True, hearken, hearken; O Virtuous, O Beautiful, hearken.

CANTOR: O roaring emerald Water, arrayed at the vivid edges

PRIEST: With snowy laces of dainty spume, journeying far in the wind of thine own down-crashing, as a mist of myriad dews.

CANTOR: O Cloud, alive with levin,

PRIEST: Mantling and caressing the precipitous heights, that wall-in the parched plains,—to pour thyself forth again for the terrible thirst of the smoldering earth.

CANTOR: O ripe Ear, of full-berried wheat,

PRIEST: Asway with the gladness of thine own proud plenty; men hold thee in their hands, as welcome ransom of their brethren, and shed blood no more brutishly for daily food.

CHOIR AND PEOPLE: O Valiant and True, hearken, hearken; O Virtuous, O Beautiful, hearken.

CANTOR: O brown-baken sun-shapen Loaf,

PRIEST: The snowy-flaked crumb of thee leaven-lifted, that profferest thyself to be broken—nutrient fruit of the deep-bosomed earth.

CANTOR: O fierce Lion, shaking thy matted mane on the jutting rock,

PRIEST: Slain of young Marduck, slain of happy Herakles, slain of glorious Samson, to clothe their valor in thy gory robe of hero power and virtue.

CANTOR: O swift many-antlered Deer of the terrible sharp hooves,

PRIEST: Best-loved leader of the herd, sniffing the wind of danger afar off, defying the pursuer with lightning speed.

CHOIR AND PEOPLE: O Valiant and True, hearken, hearken; O Virtuous, O Beautiful, hearken.

CANTOR: O awful Rose of dawn, opening the inmost crown of glory,

PRIEST: Many-tiered cup of assembled saints and martyrs, innumerous as the sand by the seashore, as the stars of the twinkling winter night.

CANTOR: O mysterious Manna of the wilderness

PRIEST: Drifting like snow out of the unseen to sustain the pilgrim multitudes fainting for the promised land.

CANTOR: O crooning Cry, O Laughter of the everlasting babe

PRIEST: Basking in the worship of the surprised youth and innocent wiles of the Virgin Mother's beaming face and blessèd grace.

CHOIR AND PEOPLE: O Valiant and True, hearken, hearken; O Virtuous, O Beautiful, hearken.

PRIEST: O most manifoldly glorious, how shall we meetly worship Thee?

PEOPLE: With fervor and sweet wisdom, whom we cannot conceive, imagine, represent?

PRIEST: Shall we pleasure Thee with herds of milch-kine? with flocks of fleecy lambs?

PEOPLE: With honey from the stony rock, gathered from the flowers of Eden?

PRIEST: With gifts many-hued of wondrous cunning needlework?

PEOPLE: With the delicately wrought jewels of the craftsman's skill?

PRIEST: With silver, and gold, and precious stones?

CANTOR, CHOIR AND PEOPLE: Only with the cry of our bursting hearts may we worship! Only with the foolish praise of uplifted hands! Only with babbled words, as of happy dreamers!

CANTOR: O Thou, within every one of us, ineffable, beyond praise,—

PEOPLE: Whom we forbid to manifest aright, or fail at least to heed and help,

PRIEST: For that our hour hath not yet come of insight and understanding,—

CANTOR, CHOIR AND PEOPLE: Receive the united praise, foolish and futile, of Thy gathered adorers; and in us all, so fused by the common need, and our various, several quests of Thee, borrowing from each what his fellow lacketh,—reveal Thyself unto us all, through Thy so assembled body of our brotherly good will;

CANTOR: Look into our eyes, deep,—until our inmost being shudder, for awe of Thy gracious presence;

PRIEST: And Thou take at last the helm of our vessel,

CANTOR, CHOIR AND PEOPLE: To bid the winds and the waves be still, while Thou steerest us into the hallowed haven of God's infinite love!

CHOIR AND PEOPLE: O Valiant and True, hearken, hearken; O Virtuous, O Beautiful, hearken!

[1] HYMN (*People standing*): "Jesus, my Love, my God, my all."

PART III

THE ECSTASY—A Meditation: (*People kneeling.*)

CANTOR:

End of our beginning,
Our wooing and winning,
O Thou
VITAL VIRTUE,
We convoke Thee,
And avow.

CHOIR AND PEOPLE:

We convoke Thee and avow.

CANTOR:

Yea, avow
Thy VIVID VERITY!
We provoke Thee
And allow.

CHOIR AND PEOPLE:

[1] The first few stanzas, if desired, may be sung before the "Symbolic Adoration," framing it so in the Hymn.

We provoke Thee and allow.

CANTOR:

O Thou

VISION ADORABLE,

We invoke Thee

Here and now!

CHOIR AND PEOPLE:

We invoke Thee here and now.

CANTOR, CHOIR AND PEOPLE:

Here and now.

PRIEST:

Life of our Life

CANTOR:

Soul heat, our heart's cold to thaw,—

PRIEST:

Form of all form

CANTOR:

Without wrinkle, fleck or flaw,—

PRIEST:

Spirit of our Spirit

CANTOR:

O Spirit, in our rapt awe,

REVEAL THEE!

Until we touch and feel Thee,

Nearer, O nearer draw!

CHOIR AND PEOPLE:

Nearer, O nearer draw.

CANTOR:

Gracious Host,

Holy Ghost—
Gentle guest
Confessed
First and furthermost—
CHOIR AND PEOPLE:
Healer and Revealer
CANTOR:
Who renewest
Beyond our truest,
Fairest, best,
The soul—
Of Thee made whole
Blest,
Possessed,
Obsessed,—
CHOIR AND PEOPLE:
Healer and Revealer.
CANTOR:
Manifest!
CHOIR AND PEOPLE:
O Manifest!
(*Silence*)

CANTOR:
Holy
Blindingly luminous
High Christhood from above—
Finding Thy lowly
Room in us—
Our life, yearning, love:—

O Christ, in us
Who dwellest
Nearest
And dearest—
Thou foretellest
Our need—
Thou hearest
Thy Spirit intercede.
(*Silence. Gong.*)

CANTOR:
Hark:—
Out of the deep . . . Dark . . . Inner
Vast . . . Gulf of carnal sleep— . . .
Full, fast . . . Thou upwellest:— . . . A
Flood . . . Thou swellest— . . . One
Blood;— . . . We float . . . On Thee—
. . . As on a sea . . . Remote!
(*Faint flute or harp obligato*)

CANTOR:
How
Tenderly lapped . . . So, and rapt!
Now:— . . . Where . . . Care . . . Dare
. . . Ne'er . . . Intrude,— . . . We while
. . . In Thy smile— . . . Beatitude . . .
Our sacred food,— . . . No me . . . And
mine,— . . . No Thee . . . And Thine,—
. . . Ineffable, lavished . . . Zest— . . .
In ravished . . . Rest . . . Divine!
(*Silence*) (*Soft shudder of great gong*)

CHOIR: Alpha and Omega—Om.
(*Silence. Deep Chinese Bell.*)

HYMN: "The Lost Word" (*People Standing*)

How well, O Lord, how sweet in Thee,
That Thou didst hide so long from me,
And when I sought Thee long and far
Thy voice was in the Evening Star,
Thy face was o'er the dark'ning sea.

How sweeter still if Thou from far
Wouldst pass to me, wouldst leave Thy star,
Or walk across the darkening sea,
And night or morning come to me,
Because I cannot reach to Thee!

My wings are broken with my flight,
Mine eyes are dim through Thy great light,
My heart is dead with hope and fear;
Though Thou art near, though Thou art near,
I cannot reach Thee, fallen here.

If Thou wilt raise me, I am blest—
O let me die upon Thy breast!
Ah, better, if Thy mercy deign,
In holy sleep I will remain
And wake beneath Thine eyes again!

(*Refrain*)

O thine the world, and Thou through all
Dost utter forth Thy far-resounding call!
(*A. E. Waite.*)

PART IV

[[1] NOTICES
SERMON]
OFFERTORY AND DOXOLOGY
THE CLOSING OFFICE:—

COLLECTS: Make us, O Lord, to be Doves in our lives, innocent and without gall; to be Eagles in our meditations; clear-sighted, and bold to look upon thee; to be Pellicans in our workes, charitable and religious; and last, to be as the Phœnix in our deaths, that after we have slept in our graves, we may rise up in joy with thy Son. Amen.

(From "four Birds of Noah's Arke," Thomas Dekker.)

[1] [SIXTH AFTER THE EPIPHANY

THE TRANSFIGURATION

ST. BARNABAS]

THE LORD'S PRAYER "Alling" setting.

BENEDICTION:—

May the Christ in each of us—whom we have most earnestly called upon to manifest—bring to

[1] Parts in brackets may be omitted.

lovely and fragrant bloom all our secret beauty; and ripen to holy fruitage of worshipful service,—sweet to the taste, and for the blessed nurture of the world; that Christ may, in deed and truth, be all in all to us and in us, world without end. Amen.

(*Refrain after Benediction*)

CHOIR AND PEOPLE: O Valiant and true, hearken, hearken; O Virtuous, O Beautiful, hearken! Amen.

(*Chimes*)

RECESSIONAL HYMN: "O Lord and Master of us all."

THE LYRIC LITANY OF MYSTIC MIRACLES

AN OFFICE CELEBRATING THE MIRACLES OF HEALTH AND HOLINESS OF OUR LORD CHRIST FOR THE ANNIVERSARIES OF MYSTICS

The healing power of the Christ-in-Us, moral more especially, and spiritual, is set forth in this Office. It ventures to utilize alternately gospel imagery and pagan myth, so as more perfectly to identify the universal element in our mystic religion. Jesus at all events makes it impossible to consider His Kingdom one of especially respectable or holy persons. He seeks those who desire to be holy, whether they are among the respectable or not. The murderer on the Cross and the woman taken in adultery are pledges of the inclusiveness of His gospel. For us moderns the idea of Christ's healing power must extend throughout the range of being. Evolution itself must have a Christian goal. This is the purport of the lyric litany.

THE LYRIC LITANY OF MYSTIC MIRACLES

HYMN—"New every morning is the love," (*First five stanzas.*)

OVERTURE:

(*Spoken*)

Whatever man doth long envisage
He transfigureth to human semblance,
Hearkeneth oracles of his destiny
In river and wind and sea.

(Pike's Peak)

(*Sung*)

Deep within you blooms the garden guirt of rivers four,
Strength and Troth and Faith and Pardon, brimming evermore.

Lo, the Tree of Life fast-rooting in the midst thereof,—
Myriad-budding, myriad-fruiting, miracles of Love.

(Under the Stars)

(*Spoken*)

Oh, the best in a destiny—

Is a sheer steep to rise on,
And a Star to set eyes on—
Beyond our horizon
And the flats where we grope.
(Old Glory)

(*Sung*)
O God, in a tract of soft still gloom
Would I might burn like that star of Thine—
Filling with glory the infinite room,
Shine on forever, and shine, and shine!
(Nox Mystica)

FOREWORD:

(*Spoken*)
Day by day I ask my question—
In every glance of my eyes it is;—
But never Answer—or hinted suggestion
Of the mystery to me of mysteries.
You stars, you would tell me I am star?
And you trees,—that I am tree?
You clouds,—that I am all you are?
You seas,—that I am sea?
You mountain peaks,—that I am high?
You flats,—that I am low?
You sunny sky,—that such am I?
But still my soul saith "No!"

Alone at length my Self I face:
—"None knoweth but thou. Speak out!"
—"I am all that is. I am time and space,
Thy faith I am—and thy doubt!"

Tho' I am that I am; 't were truer
  To say that—I am not yet:
The wooed, the wooing, the wooer—
  Creditor, debtor and debt.

If still thou list to ask,
  Know, thine Answerer shall be dumb;
For, no word is his word, but a task—
  A Beauty thyself must become.
Yea, to know—is to be;—and alone
  In being, must wisdom be sought.
What thou art—no more, may be known;
  And the more?—thou shalt be,—or, is nought!

(Prelude to Symbolic Odes)

Ha, the Unseen now sways,
O embodied Prayer—soft, soft
Sways Thee, and me—ay, Me,
The impalpable spirit with thee.

(The Beech)

(Quoted from "Orpheus To-day and other Verse," and from "The Religion of Old Glory.")

THE RELIGIOUS STATEMENT OF SUBLIMATION

MINISTER'S INTRODUCTION:
(*Congregation seated*)
Hearken, O people:—How the Spirit worketh

mysteriously the Miracles of Divine Desire in this our present world; ay, even in and through our substance, and in blessed despite of your ignorant unfaith:—

The Soul's Wizardries [1]

(*Congregation seated for meditation*)

MIRACLE OF THE LOTUS

Reader:

Natural magic!
Lo, ooze and slime of the marsh
Sunsmit to glory!

Response (*of Cantor, Choir and People*):

So doest Thou, O Lord,
Thy daily wonders,
While we heed not Thy word—
But say: it thunders!

Solo (*distant*):

So rose the Lotus
From mire and ooze
That with pure splendor smote us:
Rose hues, clear blues.

THE FELON-SAINT

Reader:

So, likewise the felon's cell
(in a world hopeless and harsh what miracle!)—

[1] Being a poem written in 1906, The Soul's Wizardries, developed into a Ritual Office.

Lifted by mystic blisses
Of penance above moulten abysses
Of roaring hell:—
A cloud-pure promontory—
The mighty hand and the outstretched arm!

RESPONSE (CANTOR, CHOIR *and* PEOPLE):

Judge not, spake He
Who knew the human—
The heart we may not see
In man and woman.

SOLO:

The bursting cloud
With lightning bloometh,
Over the sullen crowd
Far thunder boometh.

THE HARLOT-SAINT

READER:

So, the harlot bed and lewd love-token
(Mark how, serene, the Spell
Wins, faithfully spoken!)
Thro' a divine devotion
Hallowing death,
Become—(who shall believe it?)
White moonrise over sleeping ocean,—
Or, if thou canst conceive it:—
A close-veiled Holy-of-holies,
Whereat the haloed Saint her orison saith,
Awe-humbled, under breath.

INTERLUDE OF MARY MAGDALENE

Idyl in The Garden of Joseph of Arimathea

CANTOR:
Missed at the tomb
Her sad appointment—
Ah blessèd Lord, for whom
Her precious ointment?

CHORUS:
Forbid to touch
Thee in the garden—
Magdalen loved too much—
Her heart to harden!
CHOIR SOLO:
She rose and cried:
"Blow, blow yet rougher,
Sweet Wind." They have no pride
Who sin and suffer!
CHORUS:
They follow on fire
For holy things,
And rise, hallowing desire,
Heavenward on wings!

PAN-IC AND DIONYSIAC MAGIC

READER:
Magic, white magic!

Our brutish strife and crime
Offering this gross-gorged time
In mirk and soot and grime,
Soul's Bread of anguish tragic,
For the pure spirit to taste—
Gracious and chaste!
Shames now, and doltish follies, transmuted after
To a bubbling draught of reckless laughter!

RESPONSE:

So into flesh
And precious blood, Lord,
Is hourly wrought afresh
The scud and mud, Lord!

INTERLUDE OF THE INVISIBLE CORE OF LIGHT

CANTOR:

So shall we know
God's inmost pure
Spirit of drifted snow?
Icicle lure?

TENOR:

Tears?—Calleth dewdrop,
Dewdrop at dawn:
"In th' wind if I drop and you drop—
Are stars on th' lawn?"

CANTOR:

For God ordained
Of old by glistery

Miracles shall be gained
  The Heart of mystery? . . .

As keeping tryst a ray
  Breaks from within,
To burn the cankerous history
  Of soil and sin? . . .

Mazing and glistery
  Blazeth the Sun,
To make i' th' living mystery
  The whole world one?

IN THE ALEMBIC OF SUBLIMATION

READER:
  The craven fears
    Ignoble of man,—
    Waxen (at touch of Pan,
      Lord of the maddened herd),
    Terrific; the craft of the thrall and malice
      (At poet's rhythmic word),
        Throneth aloft sublime,—
          A hate
          And fate
          Satanic!

  The hideous, that disgusteth
  The soul, and subtly for dominion lusteth . . .
  The loathly man cannot forgive,

That quite dissolveth
The deep-down courage to live . . .
See, by the magic,
Comic and tragic,
Idyllic . . .
Angelic . . .
Upbulketh to a threat Titanic!—
Or dwarfeth to the grim
(Involving, it revolveth
To quirk and whim)
The quaint, grotesquely odd,—
That worketh in the murk of man's vast being
blindly—
Again so grown a kindly
A timely
Devastating—
Sublimely
Recreating—
God.

RESPONSE:
Wrought into flesh,
And precious blood, Lord,
All that would soul enmesh,
Or blight its bud, Lord!

THE DIVINE RUDIMENT

INTERRUPTING LYRIC

(*Sung*)
Ay, every creature

Loathsome to man
Betrayeth some dim feature—
Mark of God's clan!

Ape or amœba,
Starfish and snake—
A death's worm in the glebe, a
Thrush in the brake,—

The spider's web,
The tiger's lair—
Waste weeds when foul tides ebb:
God, everywhere!

CHEMISTRY AND VISION

READER:
Distilled as fire-drop in the reeking Chalice
That changeth to opaline wine the blood,—
See, see it overbrim
As heaven with a cherubic hymn!—
The miracle
No soul dare tell:
Out of the well
Of dire disgrace—
A gleam, a wistful shine
Divine
Of the most holy face!
Heaven bubbles up
In the blessed Cup

Out of the foul and fell
Of Hell!
Till the eyes of love with marvel dim,
For holy gladness swim!
Evoi:—We have beholden Him!
(*Interrupting Voice*)

CANTOR:
Him, Him, Him!

READER:
Again our earth He trod,
A God, indeed a God!
(*Boom of Gong*)

RESPONSE:
A star, a core
Of gladness bursting,
That none shall hunger more
Or faint with thirsting.
(*Overtone Gong*)

UNSUSPECTED DIVINE TRAILS

READER:
For, ever, the wraith
Of some bygone faith
Haunteth the mart
Of the commonplace . . .

RESPONSE:
The dregs, the dross,
Th' inhuman litter,
Vested with velvet moss,

Or sunshine glitter.
(*Great Organ. Crash of Gongs*)

THE SUMMONS OF THE SOUL

READER:
Hark, child then of the highest God,
Take heart, take heart of grace
As I!
Thou too wert begotten and born
Olympian. Lift on high
Thine august head!
CANTOR:
In every one
Lies hid some jewel,—
A holiness unwon,
Or rare renewal.

THE ANSWER—PROMISE

READER:
Nevermore weak, forlorn,
God's oracle hath said,
Down-drooping to the dead,
Earth's outcast, shalt thou pant!
For, presently Jove nods
Assent to thine unbreathed petition.
No empty vaunt!
Thine, Thine the omnipotent fiat of gods,—
And all thy shameful dross already gold,
Pure gold!

CANTOR:
From height, from deep
Thy spirit summon.
From all, thy harvest reap—
God, God is common.
(*Repeated*)
CHOIR:
All things show fair
And pure and good
To Him, and everywhere
Beatitude!

FULFILMENT

READER:
Less than he hath
And is, can He then grant?
See, See!
Down the straight path
Descend
To thee, O friend
The visitant
Mystic decree!
See, See!
What holy gladness,—
(Wisdom, not madness!)
Thou too mayest be
High hierophant
Divine Magician!

CHOIR RESPONSE:

With faith endued
High will and daring
And thrilling fortitude,
Fair be thy faring,

CANTOR:

Cry: in God I am
Stalwart and steady,—
Then who my soul will damn,—
Bliss-crowned already?

(Joy Bells: *Chinese and Japanese Bowl Gongs —alternately, Crescendo, 7 times. Annamese Heavy Gong—3 times. Chimes of Echo Organ diminuendo.*)

OFFERTORY: A Song of Man's Star.

I

From the winter's black heart
Flits the hoar-frost and snow;
The dead fruit-tree doth start
With white blossom aglow;
Dawn's rose-and-gold mingle
Where the dim cloud-reef floats;
From deep dell and dingle
Leap up airiest notes!

CHORUS

Oh, the best in a destiny—
Is a sheer steep to rise on,

And a Star to set eyes on—
Beyond our horizon
And the flats where we grope;
With his sky-space to nest in aye—
Be guessed in, and blessed in aye,—
Our white Star of destiny,
Fair, far Star of hope!

II

Through passion to thought,
Over barrier and bar,
From what deep were we brought
To what heights—from how far:
From amœba to savage,
From barbarian to Christ,
From brute-ravin and ravage—
By fair shadows enticed!

CHORUS

III

From the crest in a wave
Flies the spray of the foam;
Lo, a white cloud mounts brave
From yon ice-peak we clomb;
Though the murk our goal screeneth,
And the way, from our ken,
Yet a star in the zenith
Is ablaze for us men!

CHORUS

Oh, the best in a destiny—
  Is a sheer steep to rise on,
  And a Star to set eyes on
  Beyond our horizon
    And the flats where we grope;
With his sky-space to nest in aye—
Be guessed in, and blessed in aye,—
Our white Star of destiny,
    Fair, far Star of hope!

(*Music by E. D. Kinney*)

(*Following the Offertory, let the Officiant, after the Deacon has lowered or extinguished all lights save only those on the Altar, stand with arms extended on the lowest Chancel step, and intone so much as he shall deem convenient of the following Intercession*— DEACON, CANTOR, CHOIR *and* PEOPLE *kneeling*):

OFFICIANT: O Brethren, honored and beloved, after this instruction in which we have recalled to mind our most holy heritage, let us now fervently pray Almighty God for the full realization thereof in body and soul; that we may be verily endued with the transfiguring power of purity, and the miraculous purity of power:—

O holy Lord God, from whom beginneth
  all being;

O spirit world in bloom whereto winneth
all seeing:
In whom abide the secret height and
deep, the animal life of man;
Who speedest and greetest the dream
within our sleep,
Who heedest and meetest the little we ken
and can
In the twilight tide when we deem we
watch and wait;
Who rememberest our hither-coming,
And foreknowest our leave-taking;
Who beholdest our fingers numbing,
When they irk their allotted work and
shirk,
And our pilgrim feet aching;
Our sudden soul leap or dull heart breaking
All that we are and are not and yet shall
be,
For that the uttermost attainment thou wilt bar
not
From infants such as we;

We come to Thee, aware and thankful, to pray:
Kindle again and fan to flame
Our faith—not so much in Thee,
Lord God of Eternity—
As in ourselves Thy handiwork:
Nay, more the offspring manifest of Thy
Breast, and Breath,

As sacred tokens of kind and kinship attest
In life and death.
Perform on us, thoughtless, indifferent children,
Thy godly miracles day by day,
In despite of our listless, ignorant unfaith,
Our gorged greed, our gross sloth, our cowardly fear of pain!

(Reveal in us inly the wonder of Thy Lotus:
Though rooting in marsh slime, it lifteth
The fragrant rapture of Thy sapphire throne,
And emerald cheer like Thy bow of promise
As an offering to the eye and nostril of Thy rising sun!)

(When we are forced to plumb with sickening gaze
Horror-stricken the yawning crevasses of malice, envy,
Jealous rage, and primal greed—breaking the crust
Of our unsunned gulfs beneath our daylight plains;—
When we mark the sensual mire, the vulgar offal,
The drifted filth and gross weedy follies
Of our irresponsible twilight shallows and marges;—
O do Thou support us mightily, lest we faint and fall
For very dizziness of self-loathing!)

(Reveal rather unto us how indeed the base and
futile
Persisteth by Thy will from level to level,
To be continually purged—even to where stand
Worshipful the feet of Thine elect;
But that likewise the violets of their meek saint-
liness—
And the primroses of their devotion, nestle far
down
Among the lowliest who scarce can crawl above
the worm!)

(Do Thou console us with the whole truth
Thou bestowedst tenderly in a vision of the
night
On Jacob at Bethel of yore;—
The shelving rock stairways mounting from
every hollow
Even to Thy Presence, up which ascend angels
aspiring,
And descend also in mercy unto the pit,
Where helplessly sprawleth the coward be-
trayer of his brother,
The deceiver of his blind old sire!)

O let the courage to be holy,
To strive hardily for the farthest height,
Be breathed of Thy one Spirit
Into every one of us—

Well assured as we verily are
That Thy holy Child Jesus
Was not ashamed to be as we,—
For that between us and Thee
There gapéd never any great gulf fixed!

DEACON:

Make in us the secret jewel
To reflect the shine of Thy daybreak!

CANTOR:

Cause in us the star of gladness
To rise above the bulging rim of earth!

DEACON:

May Thy plenteous miracles be openly wrought
And Thy presence forthshowéd for all men's worship.

OFFICIANT:

As we here assemble
Let not the last and least of us tremble
By the giddy brink of despair;
But instead look down boldly to behold Thee
Walking therein with his own lost soul,
In the midst of the fiery furnace of affliction!

DEACON:

For in Thee, O God of Love, is the lost found!

CANTOR:

With Thee, O Holy One, are the unclean made pure!

DEACON:

By Thee are the dead raisèd to life again.

CANTOR:

Speak by our soilèd lips also the word
That compelleth the light to break out of the thick darkness,
Stilling the wild winds of passion.

OFFICIANT:

That we walk also upon the wayward waters
Of our discontent, and learn to exercise
The wise sweet mastery of our great master—even Christ.

(*Pause. All the people kneel humbly upon their knees, their faces upright, or lifted to heaven.*)

Make us to behold at the last
(As from the feast of this world we fast).
And are transfigured and pass
From height to height,
From glory unto glory
Of light and might,
Each his face in the clear glass
Of Thy truth,
Ay, the freshness, innocence, courage of youth,
The gleam, the grace,
The wistful shine—
Divine—
Of Thy most holy Face!

CANTOR: Amen.

DEACON: Amen.

CHOIR AND PEOPLE: Amen.

(*Then shall the* OFFICIANT *throw incense upon a bowl of coals and cry—or else the* CANTOR *on his behalf*)

OFFICIANT:
O Lord God Omnipotent,
Worker of all miracles
Of old, to-day and forever the same—
We would here offer unto Thee
A pure offering of incense—
With the devout praises and prayers
Of this Thy congregation.

THE PEOPLE (*led by the* CANTOR *and* CHOIR, *cry aloud*): "Amen, So be it."

(*The* OFFICIANT *kneeleth reverently; bowl gong sounded; silence, three minutes; again the bowl gong*)

SILENCE—
(ASSISTANT MINISTER *leads in*)
THE LORD'S PRAYER.

(*Clause by clause, responses led by* OFFICIANT *and* CANTOR, *with emphatic climax on the last clauses*)

"For Thine is the Kingdom,
And the power,
And the glory,
World without end, Amen."

(*Deep bell gong, three times, counting seven between strokes*)

COLLECT FOR THE FEAST OF THE TRANSFIGURATION

CONGREGATIONAL BENEDICTION

OFFICIANT:
Thou knowest, O Lord,
(By Whom none is abhorred,)
How to the lowest
Thou showest
By Thy Son:
We are forever one.

DEACON:
Wash us with His water. Amen.
CANTOR:
Burn us pure with His flame. Amen.
DEACON:
We are Thy skyey Lotus of the marsh!
CANTOR:
Thy storm-cloud harsh,
Quick lightning at the core!

ALL:
To us, paining and pining,
Show forth the silver lining
Of the enshrouding cloud,
More and ever more!
DEACON:
Make us Thy drifted snow.
CANTOR:
Thy icicle, frore and keen.
DEACON:
Thy dewdrop at the dawn . . .
ALL TOGETHER:
We are Thy morning and Thy evening stars
Piercing the twilight.
We are the secret jewel in Thy casket—
The Pearl of great price in Thy Bosom!
OFFICIANT:
In Thee alone
We know faith and fortitude,
Hope, creative love, power, beatitude.
ALL TOGETHER:
For by Thine omnipotent will
We refrain us, and are still—
Forever one
In Thy radiant Sun.
OFFICIANT:
Ay, in our Lord and Master,
Who was one with Thee
CANTOR:
Joyous and free,

OFFICIANT:

Before the world was
And shall be
Unto eternity
The Same!

(*Bell gong three times slowly, then bowl gong, then distant echo chimes*)

RECESSIONAL HYMN—"Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing."

THE DYTHYRAMBIC FESTAL OFFICE OF OUR LORD JESUS CONCERNING HIS PASSION

OFFICE TO THE VON HOLST CANTATA

The Oblation of the Body to the Lord

This Office is the development of the "Hymn of Jesus" in the apocryphal book of "The Acts of John" dated about the middle of the second century. The text is divided out into Priest, Deacon, Cantor, People and solo voices from the choir, and amplified, so as to render it intelligible to the modern religious mind, with Scripture allusions and cognate traditional material. Primitively the dance was the use of the body to realise desire, and the source of the desired, the good and the god. In the Hymn of Jesus, apparently the cardinal idea seems to be that only he who dances with Jesus can understand Him, only he who gives up his entire body and soul and spirit to the Holy Ghost can understand the meaning of the Master's passion, and follow Him. To be sure, the whole hymn must not be taken with too theosophic a literalness. The poem doubtless is much older than the book in which it is incorporated. The context indicates as much.

In the Appendix is reprinted the synopsis of the Sacred Mime in the regular leaflet issued by the Church on the occasion of its presentation.

OFFICE TO VON HOLST CANTATA

Part I of Mime and Choral Oratorio

The Oblation of the Body to the Lord

I

Hymn:— (*People standing.*)

Sentences

Deacon: The harp, the viol, the tabret and pipe are in our feast.

For we regard the work of the Lord and the operation of his hands.

(Isaiah v: 12 Altered.)

And the voices of the harpers and musicians, of pipers and trumpeters, shall be heard in our Zion forever.

(Revelation xviii: 22. Altered.)

Psalm 150 (*Responsively by* Deacon *and* People, *standing*):

Praise the Lord with the sound of the trumpet
Praise him with psaltery and harp
Praise him with stringed instruments and pipes
Praise him upon the loud cymbals
Praise him upon the high-sounding cymbals
Let everything that hath breath, praise the the Lord.

LESSON—(*Cento, chiefly St. Luke vii*: 31–35.)

(*People seated.*)

DEACON: And the Lord said: Whereunto shall I liken the men of this generation, and whereunto shall they be compared?

They are like children sitting in the market place, and we twain (even John and I), have come to them in vain.

Lo, I cry unto the children: We have piped unto you, and ye would not dance, not for the Bride and the Bridegroom!

So also John cried unto them: "We have mourned for you and ye would not weep—not for our fathers and our mothers, nor for the bridegroom slain and the bride bereaved."

Now, John, the Baptist, came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye said: He hath a devil.

And the Son of Man is verily come eating and drinking, with your sons and with your daughters. And concerning him ye say: "Behold a gluttonous man and a wine bibber, a Samaritan—who hath a devil—a friend of publicans and sinners!"

But Wisdom is justified of her children.

INTERRUPTED GLORIA

(*People standing.*)

CANTOR:

Glory to Thee, O Father . . .

(INTERRUPTING CHOIR VOICE):

Nay Rather

Glory to Thee, O Word . . .
No more unheard
Glory to Thee, O Grace
. . . of the Heavenly Face
Glory to Thee, O enhaloing Spirit
No longer fear it . . . draw near it!

(SECOND CHOIR VOICE):
Glory to Thy Glory
Thee, Thee, we adore aye the God of Glory—

(ALL TOGETHER):
We, God-chosen—children of men!

CHOIR:
We praise thee, O Father as Might

CANTOR:
We give thanks unto Thee O Bright
O shadowless Light and Delight!

ALL TOGETHER:
Forever and ever, Amen! Amen!

SPIRITUAL COUNTER-DANCE OF THE HUMAN JESUS AND HIS DIVINE SPIRIT, OR OF JESUS AND HIS BRIDE

(CANTOR, TENOR *and* CHOIR *or* PRIEST, DEACON *and* CANTOR)
(*People seated.*)

Fain would I be saved:
  And fain would I save
Fain would I be released:
  And fain would I release
Fain would I be pierced:
  And fain would I pierce
Fain would I be born:
  And fain would I bear
Fain would I eat:
  And fain would I be eaten
Fain would I hearken:
  And fain would I be heard
Fain would I be baptized:
  And fain would I baptize
I am the mind of all alone:
  And fain of Thee would I be known.

CHOIR:
  Sing we then . . . Hallelujah, Amen
    Again and again . . . Amen

PART TWO OF MIME AND CHORAL ORATORIO

II

The Two Moods of Prophecy: of Jesus and John
(*People standing*)

PRIEST:
Divine grace is dancing (saith the Lord)
Fain would I pipe for you:—

CANTOR:
Dance ye all

CHOIR AND PEOPLE:
Amen!

DEACON AND PEOPLE:
Lord, teach us how to dance.

PRIEST:
When ye dance (saith the Lord)
Ye shall yield up yourselves wholly
That the Spirit may take possession;
And it sweepeth you on afar
And lifteth you aloft,
Till ye mount above the world
And float and rest in Heaven,—
Even as I, your Lord.

DEACON AND PEOPLE:
When we dance:—
We yield up ourselves wholly
Till the Spirit possesseth us;
And sweepeth us on afar
And lifteth us aloft,
So we ride and whirl above the world

And float and rest with Thee
Even Thee, Our Lord and God!

PRIEST:
Fain would I lament (saith the Lord)

CHOIR AND PEOPLE:
Amen!

CANTOR:
Mourn ye all

DEACON AND PEOPLE:
Lord, teach us how to mourn.

PRIEST:
When ye mourn (saith the Lord)
Ye see yourselves entombèd;
Ye come to the door and knock;
Ye roll the stone away.
I cry aloud, friend Lazarus,—
Thy God hath savèd thee—
Arise from the dead! Come forth!
As I, thy friend and Lord.

DEACON AND PEOPLE:
Behold, we be Thy beggars,
And the dogs do lick our sores.
We die, and are carried of angels,
Gathered into Abraham's bosom,

We cry unto him: "Our Father!"
And he answereth, "Here, my son,"—
As thou hast taught us, Lord!

On Earth as in Heaven

(*People seated*)

Priest:
Lo, the heavenly spheres make music for us;
Dance ye, then, moveless in the spirit.

Cantor:
Dance ye, as the twinkling stars of heaven,
Sing ye their song unheard
Which God shall hearken alone!
(*Here may be introduced in tableau or pantomime the silent ecstasy of the twelve disciples about Jesus who prayeth in their midst.*)

Priest:
Lo, the Holy Twelve all about the Heaven dance with us
From the Lamb (Ram) unto the Fish
Around the great Throne of God,

Cantor:
And ye dance with them, O my Twelve!
On the earth, as they in Heaven.
(*Here may be introduced a solemn slow move-*

ment of the twelve, each personating one of the twelve signs of the Zodiac.)

PRIEST:
All things—see—join here in our dance

CANTOR:
Caught up to Heaven in a blissful trance . . .

PRIEST:
But they that will not dance,

CANTOR:
Who look at our joy askance,

ASIDES
(BASS):
Earth-bounded,
Self-grounded;
[(TENOR):
(—For Self
They have denied not!)
(BASS):
Satan-holden
Death enfolden—
(TENOR):
(—For Satan
They have defied not!)

PRIEST:
Yea, they who stand like a pillar of salt;

DEACON:
Lot's wife by the cities of the plain.
PRIEST:
Yea, they who shrink,—the lame and the halt
DEACON:
In dungeons deep of pride and of pain;
PRIEST:
Yea, they who make of the mountains a vault
To entomb their treasure,
DEACON:
And have lain with their gain.
PRIEST:
Yea, they that will not dance
Forever they shall know not:—
(BASS)
In the sorrow and strife of desire—
(TENOR) (*Interrupting voice*)
Crop of their sowing
PRIEST:
What the children of God
Now are knowing.
For to them, lo, I show not:—
CANTOR:
The Tree of Life
All afire . . .
(BASS)
With glory glowing
CANTOR:
In the winds of God
Forever free blowing.

(*Dialogue of* PRIEST *and* CANTOR)

Ah, fain, fain would I flee as the dove flies,
And as fain refrain and remain patient and wise.
Fain would I ordered be aloft the skies,
Fain order the world of men in lowly disguise.
Fain would I be enfolded of whatso ails and dies,
Fain would I enfold, and remold the ill-molded,
Enaureoled for the Father's eyes.

THE CARDINAL POINTS: A DOUBLE REEL
(*People seated*)

N

PRIEST:
I have no house,—and I have houses a-many. Amen

DEACON:
Are we thy house—thy shelter and home? Hallelujah

CANTOR:
Are we thy chosen place—the high and the holy? Hallelujah

DEACON:
Are we thy temple—the great and the glorious? Hallelujah

CANTOR AND PEOPLE:
And thou destroyest it—and in three days upbuildest it again?
CHOIR:
Hallelujah, Amen and Amen!

NE

PRIEST:
I am a lamp to thee—even thee who upholdest me. Amen
DEACON:
Shall we be thy will-o'the-wisp—kindling at thy lamp?
CANTOR:
For thine hast thou kindled—at the upleaping sun—,
DEACON:
When he reareth at the edge—where earth and heaven touch
CANTOR AND PEOPLE:
And thou in the heart of heaven flamest—and consumest the thick darkness.
CHOIR:
Amen and Amen!

NW

PRIEST:
I am a mirror to thee—who perceivest Me aright. Amen.

DEACON:

Shall we become the image now beholden in thee?

CANTOR:

And thou the quick core of new being in us?

DEACON:

Wilt thou shoot and burgeon in thy lifeless desert shrubs?

CANTOR AND PEOPLE:

Till each bush become a tree—afire with thy glory?

CHOIR:

Hallelujah, Amen!

W

PRIEST:

I am a door to thee—Who knockest at me. Amen

DEACON:

O, thou, the good Shepherd, thou liest across the gap

CANTOR:

Thy body become the threshold to the great fold of safety.

DEACON:

The wolf must even slay thee who would harm thy flock,

CANTOR AND PEOPLE:

But unto us thou openest—and thine arms enfold us all.

CHOIR:
Amen, Amen!

NW

PRIEST:
I am a way to thee—O Godward wayfarer.
Amen
DEACON:
Wilt thou bridge the marshes—by the marge
of the great river?
CANTOR:
Wilt thou wind through the waste—and scale
for us the mountains?
DEACON:
Shall we pass over thee a heavenly host unto
the many mansions,
CANTOR AND PEOPLE:
Where our true selves are set on thrones—and
feast about thy God?
CHOIR:
Amen, Amen!

EN

CANTOR:
Now answer ye all—
O answer to my dancing
TENOR:
Lo, we do dance our answer
O, dear my Lord, Dancer.

CANTOR:
See thyself, yea thyself
In me who speak to thee
TENOR:
And in thee who speakest so
Shall we verily soothsay.
CANTOR:
And when thou hast perceived
What indeed I am doing
TENOR:
For what thou hast done
Thou canst see, and not we.
CANTOR:
Keep silence, O my children
About my mysteries
TENOR:
For openly we show forth
What thou hast been to each in secret

THE GOSPEL OF THE CROSS

(*People standing*)
PRIEST:
Yours, yours is the passion of man that I go to endure.
DEACON:
For the polluted, the only pure!
PRIEST:
Ye could not know at all, what things ye must endure,

CANTOR:
For earth's faint spirits the only cure!
PRIEST:
Had not the Father sent me to you as his Word . . .
DEACON:
And our hearts all so to a great pity stirred . . .
PRIEST:
Beholding what I suffer ye know me as the sufferer . . .
CANTOR:
Thy cry of despair in the night we have heard.
PRIEST:
When ye beheld it all, ye stayed not unmoved.
DEACON:
Though moveless we stood at the foot of thy Rood!
PRIEST:
Yea, rather were ye whirled along and kindled to be wise—
CANTOR:
Molded so together in one holy, heavenly mood!
CANTOR:
And over you, see, hover,
Her nestlings to cover,—
The spirit of the Lover,
The Dove Divine doth brood.

PRIEST:
Nay, my Spirit, not in vain
Your spirit hath wooed.
CANTOR:
Now fain to regain
My bliss,
Lord of Pain!
PRIEST:
Hearken, O children, unto this:
Had ye known how to suffer of yore
Ye should know how to suffer no more.
Learn ye, then, to take up your cross,
Find your greater gain in loss;
And ye shall overcome,
Yea, all of ye, and some.
MELOLOGUE:
Ye are the bride I have wed.
Unto you I am a bed,
A pillow whereon to lay your head.
Rest on me: Rest! For you have I bled.
For you, O, for you in the tomb I lie dead,
Rest on me who have said:—
CHOIR:
Amen!
"Thy will be done;
Thine, thine, O Father
And not mine."
Amen, Amen, Amen!
CANTOR:
When I am gone

Ah, then, ye shall know who I am.

CHOIR:

We shall bathe in thy Dawn,
O Lion, O Lamb!

CANTOR:

For I am in no wise
The thing to you I seem.

CHOIR:

We shall open anew our eyes
In the holy heart of thy Dream.

CANTOR:

When ye are come so unto me . . .
Ye shall believe and verily know.

CHOIR:

All as brethren agree,
And one river to Theeward we flow.

CANTOR:

What ye know not when ye come,
Myself it is will teach you.

CHOIR:

Ears of the deaf open,
And sealed lips of the dumb.

CANTOR:

From above I beseech you,
Yea, eagerly I reach you.

PRIEST:

Dissolve the gloom we grope in

DEACON:

We blind, we weak, we numb, . . .

CANTOR AND PEOPLE:

For thee we trust and hope in
And adore till kingdom come.
Hallelujah, Amen!

PART THREE OF MIME AND CHORAL ORATORIO

III

MEDITATION ON TEXTS:

"They that will not dance
Forever shall know not
What the children of God now are knowing."
"Fain would I move to you, O music of holy souls."

IV

THE ATONEMENT

(*People standing*)

N

PRIEST:

Fain would I move to you—(saith the Lord)
O, music of holy souls

DEACON AND CANTOR (*alternately*):

Thou art the melody
We be thy harmony

Thou footest it spiritwise
on the flowers of our spirits;
And lo, we be thine angels—
surrounding thee with song,
Our wings about thee flutter—
who fillest all the worlds.

NE

PRIEST:
Know in me, O my chosen—(saith the Lord)
The creative Word of wisdom
DEACON AND CANTOR (*alternately*):
The Word in the beginning
Outspoken in the void.
And lo, the Light was—
filling the waters and the air.
And the earth was one Eden—
the hymn of thy children.

W

PRIEST:
O cry with me:
CANTOR:
Glory to thee, Father
DEACON:
And your loins gird
PRIEST:
Then fly with me,

CANTOR:
Sing glory to the Word
PRIEST:
And die with me
DEACON:
And rise
to Paradise
fair, wise.
PRIEST:
And breathe,
As with a still, small voice:—
CANTOR:
Glory to the Holy Spirit
Blessed all-brooding bird!

(*Here may be introduced a tableau or pantomime of Jesus and His disciples—He standing with hands uplifted to God and they about Him, arms stretched out toward Him*)

PRIEST:
Your prayers and mine are heard—
DEACON:
Thy prayers and ours, are heard.
PRIEST:
Though your hope be yet deferred—
DEACON:
And faint be our vision, and blurred.
PRIEST:

In nothing have ye erred—
Meek hearers of the Word—
Who have danced with me this Round.

PRIEST:

Whereby love and peace profound, abound.

DEACON, CHOIR, PEOPLE:

Yea, glory, Hallelujah,
Amen, Amen!

Here should be rendered the Von Holst Cantata in part or whole.

OFFERTORY

COLLECTS AND BENEDICTION

RECESSIONAL HYMN

In Appendix appears the announcement and program of this Mime Mystery.

THE GIFT OF HOLY FIRE

A RITE OF ELEMENTAL SYMBOLIC WORSHIP

To make the sacraments once more alive we need to reëndow the elements they employ with their original meaning. Fire, Water, Earth and Air (or Wind) are therefore presented at the Evening Service, in a kind of Catholic Quaker Devotion for rest and refreshment, as the vehicles of spiritual graces, because of primordially established relations between them and the life of man. Another devotion deals with the points of the compass, the associated symbolic substances of milk, salt, honey and oil, on which were based Christian sacraments now lost, like the infant Eucharist, the sacrament of hospitality, and the sacrament of "Christing" or unction. Of these five symbolic offices of meditation the two in use for quite a number of years are included here by request.

FIRST RITE OF ELEMENTAL SYMBOLIC WORSHIP

"THE GIFT OF HOLY FIRE"

PROCESSIONAL HYMN: (*Sung standing. Hymn, announced, to be sung seated.*)

STATEMENT OF SUBJECT OF MEDITATION:

Well Belovèd in the Lord:

We have gathered here together for the fuller realization of the indwelling presence of Almighty God. There is none of us to whom the Christ would not fain reveal Himself as friend and helper—our elder brother—leading us all unto His Father and our Father, the creator of heaven and earth and the imparter of His Holy Spirit.

That we, drawing nigh unto Him, may have the more lively sense of His nearness to us, we propose this evening, as part of our Symbolic Service of Holy Fire and as leading to the climax itself, to read to you from the Holy Scriptures (or inspired writing) and to draw the lesson from the same, guiding your minds to the consideration of . . . TOPIC . . . and begging you to meditate upon these blessed words . . . TEXT . . .

Let us therefore prepare our hearts and minds for this holy exercise, singing together seated, in praise of GOD, HYMN NUMBER . . .

At lectern:

LESSON *from Scripture, or Poem of Religious Character. Announce Choir Anthem or Hymn, people seated.*

BRIEF MEDITATION (*conducted from the Pulpit*).

SPECIAL OFFERTORY SENTENCES (*at chancel steps*) :—

What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits unto me? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord. I will offer to the Lord the sacrifice of thanksgiving. I will pay my vows now unto the Lord in the presence of all His people; in the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst of thee, O Jerusalem.

Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and strength. Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name; bring an offering and come into His courts.

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. . . . Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven.

I am the vine, ye are the branches; he that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruits; for without me ye can do nothing. Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit, so shall ye be My disciples.

OFFERTORY ANTHEM.

PRESENTATION OF OFFERING AND DOXOLOGY.

Dim out sanctuary lights; golden lights in lanterns.

II. THE SYMBOLIC RITE:

Immediately after the offerings have been received, at the close of the Doxology, the ushers who have brought the offering shall retire to right and left (not down the center aisle), all lights shall be turned out, leaving only candles lit on altar. OFFICIANT, *stepping forward to center of the chancel steps, in front of the special incense altar facing the people, shall say solemnly:*

LET US MEDITATE. (*Pause*)

And it was awful night, and there was thick darkness over the face of the whole earth which was now without form and void.

(*Brief silence*)

And the hearts of men did faint within them, and they were sore afraid, for the wild beasts could see, but men groped in the thick darkness to find one another, and clung to one another, expecting death.

(*Brief silence. Tremolo chord, organ.*)

But the Lord their God, their Creator, who had made them of the dust of the earth, had breathed into them the breath of His life, had fashioned them in His image, He had pity on His children and gave them the gift of fire.

Brief silence. . . . Clear tone of large Chinese bell. Suitably VESTED ASSISTANT *in verger's gown brings forward bronze basin of fire-coals, lifting the same high toward church altar above the incense altar.*)

And the children of men took the Holy Fire that the Lord God had given them, and placed it upon the hearth, or builded them an altar for the same unto the Lord.

The VESTED ASSISTANT *solemnly places the basin of fire-coals on the special incense altar and kneels before the same.*)

And they quickened with the breath of life the coals of fire to blossom livingly into golden flame, and the fear of the flames drave away the wild beasts: and men gave thanks together, and rejoiced, and worshipped the Glory.

(*The* VESTED ASSISTANT *reverently breathes on the basin and makes the fire to blaze; having placed upon the coals suitable inflammable material; then inconspicuously retires.*)

In memory of these things that befell our forefathers in the most ancient time, and also of such as happened unto Israel for an allegory, when they fared toward the Promised Land through the Wilderness of Sin (*turning toward small altar*)

Let us pray that the Glory of Our God may manifest unto us as the pillar of smoke by day, and the pillar of fire by night.

(*Then turning toward the people, he offers the following exhortation as a benediction:*)

The Lord kindle even so also in us the fire of His love, and quicken the flame thereof in the likeness of His Glory.

(*Here shall be chanted:*)

"Come Holy Ghost our souls inspire
And lighten with celestial fire.

Burn out the dross of lust and greed,
Melt us and shape us to Thy need.

On each one rest a cloven tongue;
Change grief and woe to blissful song;

Transfigured by Thy godly might
With love and longing infinite:

For Thou art fire, O purge the ore
Till we be pure forevermore."

Tune—"Come Holy Ghost." John H. Hopkins, N. H. 455.

(*Then shall the* OFFICIANT *extinguish the flames, saying:*)

May the Lord gently lay his hand even so also upon our hearts and quench the too exceeding fervor thereof, lest we be utterly consumed.

(*Then, having placed the incense grate upon the coals and strewing incense upon the coals, he shall pray*) :

Let my prayer be set forth in Thy sight, O Lord, as the incense.

(*When the incense sends up volumes of smoke, he shall pray, raising both hands:*)

And let the lifting up of my hand be an evening sacrifice.

(*Here shall be sung softly by choir*)

"Now from the altar of my heart
Let incense flames arise;
Assist me, Lord, to offer up
Mine evening sacrifice."

Tune—"Beatitude." John B. Dykes. N. H. 27.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of Holiness. Let the whole Earth stand in awe of Him. (*Turning to altar. Stroke of deep toned gong.*)

Yea, come, let us worship, and bow down, and kneel before the Lord our Maker.

(*Gong and roll of thunder.* OFFICIANT *kneels at lowest step of sanctuary. Improvisation on organ. Bells to tune "Abide With Me," during which he shall say:*)

O send out Thy light and Thy truth that they may lead me unto Thy Holy Hill even unto Thy dwelling. (*Silence. Organ improvisation* 1½ *minutes.*)

And there was silence in Heaven for a little space.

(*Three minutes silence ended with Dresden Amen on the bells.*

The Lord's Prayer sung; setting by Willis Alling, ending with militant Amen, and clash of cymbals, on great organ.)

LET US PRAY.

(*Here follow suitable prayers. Officiant kneels and choir sings, First Stanza:*)

"Lord forever at Thy side
Let my place and portion be;
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility."

Tune—"Seymour" arr. from Carl M. Von Weber. N. H. 306.

(OFFICIANT AT ALTAR RAIL:)

Be still, saith the Lord, and know that I am God.

Your body is the temple of the Holy Spirit of the living God.

The Kingdom of Heaven is WITHIN YOU.

Come unto Me (in conscious knowledge) all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will REFRESH YOU.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled neither let it be afraid.

This is that PEACE OF GOD WHICH PASSETH ALL UNDERSTANDING.

(*Choir sings. Stanza 2:*)

"Meekly may my soul receive
All Thy spirit hath revealed.
Thou hast spoken; I believe
Though the oracle be sealed."

Tune—Seymour arr. from Carl U. von Weber N. H. 306.

(OFFICIANT, *at the altar, concludes the Benediction, both hands extended:*)

The Lord bless you and keep you, the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you, the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon you and give you PEACE both now and evermore. AMEN.

(*Choir sings Stanza 3:*)

"Humble as a little child
Weaned from the mother's breast,
By no subtleties beguiled,
On thy faithful word I rest."

(OFFICIANT *kneels during the singing of each of these three stanzas.*)

CLOSING HYMN.

THE SYMBOLIC RITE OF THE
HOLY ELEMENT WATER

THE SYMBOLIC RITE OF THE HOLY ELEMENT WATER

PART I

INVITATION, AND EXPOSITION, AND OPENING OF THE RITE.

OPENING HYMN, *or* ORGAN VOLUNTARY *during which* OFFICIANT, ASSISTANT *and* CANTOR *and* CLERGY, *etc., proceed into the chancel and sanctuary.*

MINISTER *delivers announcements of services, gives golden text for the evening, and explains purpose of the Service:*

Dearly beloved brethren:

From the beginning of time, man has interpreted the world about him in terms of kinship. Only what is like himself vitally belongs to him, and is even as he,—conscious of inner being:—only that can he by sympathy understand. So he has made himself at home in the world, imagining all things and forces to be alive, aware, intelligent, impassioned.

Earth, Water, Fire and Air, seem to him the great elements out of which all things were fashioned in the beginning, and they are to him therefore

sacred. Later, when he conceived of Deity, he viewed them as servants of his God. They were mysteriously indwelt of ministers, hosting angels, friendly spirits, who dwelt with man according to the laws of their being, as helpers and hinderers, of good and evil purpose, as rewarders and punishers of service and sin.

Now gathered here together, we would this evening, for our sacred attention and interest, assemble some of the sacred meanings, offices and virtues long associated with Water.

Our own holy religion began the gospel with the preaching of St. John and his baptism unto repentance in Jordan. Our Blessed Lord taught that we His disciples must be born again of water.

I would invite you therefore, to meditate upon the meaning He conveyed by the sacramental use of this element.

In particular let us keep in mind as the central theme or golden text for the evening, the words, (*here the Golden Text is solemnly spoken*).

Preparatory to our meditation, let us sing (*seated*), an hymn—the while to signify our reverent worship, we kindle the incense in the sacred bowls at either hand of the altar.

HYMN

ASSISTANT *and* OFFICIANT *drop grains of incense into the bowls on the gospel and epistle sides, respectively.*

A Lection from the poets or mystics may be read at the Lectern.

To soft accompaniment, there is chanted by the CANTOR, *the* CONGREGATION *still seated, (or read by him as a melologue), one or more of the sections of the following Canticle on the Virtues and Meanings of Water, as human and superhuman manifestation to the spirit of man, of Divine Powers.*

CANTICLE

SUGGESTIONS FOR MEDITATION ON THE OFFICE AND MEANING OF THE SACRED ELEMENT, WATER.

I.

1. Water runneth of itself: It is a living creature like unto me.

2. It gurgles and roars, for it has feelings like man.

3. On gentle inclines, it whispers, talks, yet never intelligibly;—it has knowledge then, but speaks in a strange tongue.

4. In repose it glitters, refracts light;—it idly catches moods like man.

5. It mirrors objects, captures forms, projects distorted images of things about it, even as man.

6. It runs downhill—obeying gravity on the lines of least resistance, like man.

7. At times, it springs up as a fountain, a geyser, hot or cold, mysteriously,—like man. Releasing so the energy from the lower parts of the earth, or the momentum of its own descent from far-off heights.

II.

8. Water quenches the thirst of friend and foe, alike.

9. It enters the very body of the well beloved, to make it function—or, likewise, of the indifferent user.

10. It dilutes food, to render the same digestible.

11. It extracts flavour, to convey relish, and health promoting contentment, and social pleasure.

12. To the saturation point, water dissolves crystal salts.

13. Out of the saturated solution, water deposits crystals on any common cord that hangs in it when it stands idle.

14. Water washes any objects, removes dust and soil from bodies—so they may wholly be themselves and recover their luster and purity.

15. Yet, O miracle of miracles, it does not permanently render itself unclean by such vicarious bearing of others' defect and blame.

16. Water purifies itself—running on and on, in its own progress.

III.

17. Water floats some objects easily—that are lighter; but it helps man to lift the heavy also, sharing the burden of them to the extent of its own weight.

18. It will do man's work, if he will but, as a true partner, sagacious and gracious, subtly join his purposes to those of water, nor any wise try to overbear and coerce.

19. It obeys an obstructing dam for awhile, only to overflow later with gathered force.

20. It yields to the pressure of a little sand, if the sand do but hug the height.

21. But even its ripples will lure a restraining sand dune away, grain by grain.

22. And it will eventually gnaw the very rock that resists even its blown spray.

IV.

23. Water increases the immersed body's available energy, and enhances the sense of power, inducing a reaction from its coolness, or a dreamy relaxation from its heat.

24. It floats the human body that entirely trusts it.

25. It sinks and swallows up whoever struggles in fear and fury.

26. It carries forward, whither he will, the one who knows how rightly to conform with the laws of the water's nature.

V.

27. Water enters the roots of plants, and mounts, as sap, to be their life blood.

28. It comes down from above for them, even from heaven, as gently fertilizing rain.

29. It descends very softly, as snow, like down or lamb's wool, to mantle warmly in winter the earth from the too bitter cold.

30. It becomes ice on river and lake, and one may walk over dry shod, when too cold to ford or swim.

31. It comes gladly to refresh man's domestic plants irrigating his field, if man will lead it to them, by observing and gratifying, with due courtesy and deference, its nature, rather than in obedience to any wilful greed or lust.

32. Out of the invisible air, it will visit the earth as dew: and, if man learns the secret, he can induce it to collect in a never empty pond for kindred and kine.

33. At our window panes, on cold nights, it makes mimic forests out of the ghost of our sleeping breath.

34. It creates miracles of wild architecture in obscure spaces under the earth, without thought of any joy but creation, like the true artist.

35. Through the ages it will even fashion sculptured groups of mystic carving and design with its subtle chisel of dew, for its own edification, without desire to convert or persuade, like the holy man.

VI.

36. Water quenches fire for man, when its elemental power becomes overmasterful and tyrannous.

37. If protected from the touch of fire, and yet exposed to its hostile heat, water bubbles and boils, more alive than ever.

38. It then will cook to edible mildness, such food as would be too hard to soften by simple infusion.

39. It rises as steam, like a cloud—but very hot and mightily, and will deliver to mans' need the expansive energy of a giant.

40. As steam, from heated rocks confined in the sacred lodge, it will cause primitive man to become pure, sweating out disease, and feel afterward new-born, delivering to man's need his expansive energy, without sensed bodily weight in the cool outer air.

VII.

41. Water will flood low lands gently, enriching them with deposits of fertile alluvial soil.

42. Over narrower, less eager lands, it flows violently and carries the very soil away.

43. It gushes, to trickle from spring to rill, rush to brook, roar to river, and majestically drive on to sea—always toward the greater and deeper, without thought of self-preservation, like any brave idealist.

44. It is lost at length in the sea—lost as a river, but lost in its own.

45. It becometh briny there, to yield man again the pure preservative salt, if he but enclose it in sunny shallow pools.

46. It rises again from the dead sea, or ocean,—pure, fresh, invisible.

47. It decks the air with rainbows as it flies in the fine spray, or mantles the spreading mirror with quivering mystery.

48. Throughout tropic ages of geologic times, in the warm, briny waters, life originated and developed from form to form until it emerged on the land.

49. So water lives, harboring and fostering life, without ceasing in its own cycle, to serve again and again, by imparting and purifying life.

50. But most of all, Water does man service by being its true self, expressing for his inspiration and comfort its own eternal, noble, mysterious nature.

PART II

I. WATER FROM UNDER THE ALTAR

In the early days, it was the privilege of maidens to draw water at the well for the flocks and herds of their fathers; to carry the full jars,—exquisitely balanced upon their heads,—back to the tent or lodge.

In Scripture, we read of Rebecca at the well; likewise of Moses, championing Jethro's daughters against rude shepherds, and watering for them their goats and sheep.

In the vision of Exekiel, we read how from under the altar there should spring forth a mighty River of Life, that could alone of itself sweeten with pure waters the deep-sunken brackish Dead Sea.

(*Pause—for placing water pitcher.*)

Wherefore, in token thereof, we have set below the altar a crystal ewer—containing pure water, that cometh to us from heaven, and floweth down wooded mountains in brook and stream, that leapeth up in fountains amid innumerable rainbows, and is gently led to us, in obedience to the eternal law of the world.

Chanted Verses: 1. Behold a Garden enclosed

And a spring shut up,
(S of S 4: 12)

2. A fountain of gardens
A well of living water.
(4: 15)

(*Alternating Cantor and Choir.*)

3. By the springs of water
Shall the Lord guide thee.
(Isa. 49: 10)

4. Lo, I will stand by the well of water.
(Gen. 24: 43)

5. For the fear of the Lord
Is a fountain of life.
(Prov. 14: 27)

(*Pause, while organ suggests the splashing and brawling of brooks.*)

6. Yea, the Lord is a fountain of living waters (Jer. 17: 13)

7. And the land of His promise to his children
Is a land of brooks of water,

8. Of fountains and depths
That spring out of valleys and hills, (Deut. 8: 7)

9. And it is He that shall lead them himself
Unto the living fountains of water. (Rev. 7: 17, 8: 10, 14: 7)

II. THE LOVING CUP

The OFFICIANT *is handed from the Credence table by the* ASSISTANT, *a crystal Cup. Showing the same to the* PEOPLE *he saith:—*

"Behold, the loving cup, that we have received from the Good Shepherd, for the refreshment of His weary and wounded."

(*Addressing the assistant:*)

OFFICIANT:

Draw for us we pray thee, such waters, as issue from under the altar of the Lord,
And flow down through the barren wilderness
To fall at the last into the Dead Sea,
That the bitterness thereof may be healed.
(Ezek. 47: 8, 9)

ASSISTANT:

Yea, the Lord would cause his servant to drink
Out of his holy river.

(*The* ASSISTANT *fills the Cup, the* OFFICIANT *holds up the same joyfully in sight of the* PEOPLE) :—

OFFICIANT:

Behold, with the pure water of life,

How our Cup runneth over.

(Psalm 23:5)

CANTOR: Chanted Lesson:— (*Choose motif if possible from traditional synagogue music.*)

Now in the midst of the great battle,
David, the man after God's own heart,
Did greatly long and cried out aloud:—
"O, that one would give me to drink
Of the waters of the well that is at the gate of Bethlehem,
The house of bread, the little town where I was born."
And three brave men of war arose
And brake through the host of the Philistines
And drew water out of the well that is at Bethlehem.
And in haste they brought it even to David, their Lord.
But David would not drink of it,
For he said: "God forbid it,
That I should drink the Blood of these brave men,
Which have put their lives in jeopardy for my thirst."
And he poured out unto the Lord the precious water.

(I Chronicles 11:18)

(*After presentation of the Cup toward the Cross on the altar, the* OFFICIANT *pours the*

water solemnly into the bowl on the subsidiary altar, outside the sanctuary.)

CANTOR:

Behold, the righteous shall be like unto a tree
Planted by the water side,
That bringeth forth his fruit in due season,
Whose leaf also shall not wither.

(Psalm 1:3)

(*The empty cup is placed by the* OFFICIANT *on the re-table, at the epistle side of the altar.*) *After the libation, the fountain is made to spring out of the bowl on the subsidiary altar and plashes audibly. The* OFFICIANT *then reverently saith to organ accompaniment*) :—

I am the living water,
Saith the Lord Jesus.
Come unto Me all ye that thirst,
And I will refresh you;
For lo, I am the Water
Rising up within you
That welleth unto everlasting life.

(John 4:14)

III. THE EXORCISM. "ASPERGO TE."

(*The* ASSISTANT, *replacing the empty Cup, brings a green branch* (*a living olive or willow rod*) *from the Credence table, saying to the* OFFICIANT) :—

Lo, a fruitful bough by the well
Whose branches run over the wall.
(Gen. 49:42)

(*Chanted versicles to low rumble of gongs and thunder.*)

CANTOR:

Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you,
And ye shall be clean;
Yea, I will put a new spirit, saith the Lord
Mine own spirit, within you.
(Ezek. 36:25)

(*The* OFFICIANT *dips the branch into the bowl and proceeds in gesture, to sprinkle the chancel, chanting the following versicles*):

"Purge me with hyssop,
And I shall be clean;
Wash me thoroughly,
And I shall be whiter than snow."
(Ps. 51:7)

(*Interrupting versicle by Choir, led by* CANTOR):—

"And he shall sprinkle many nations."
(Isa. 52:15)

(*Gongs and thunder.*)

IV. THE LILY

OFFICIANT: The course of the waters is marked by the springing up of flowers. Where they spread in the woodland glade, there blossom the lily and the rose.

SUNG LECTION:

CANTOR:

"Consider ye the lilies of the field, how they grow;—
For they toil not, neither do they spin,
And yet, verily I say unto you,
Even Solomon in all his glory
Was not arrayed like one of these."

(Math. 6:28)

(*The* ASSISTANT *presents to the* OFFICIANT, *a* WATER LILY *or* LOTUS. *Holding up the flower toward the people, and addressing them*):—

OFFICIANT:

From the womb of the morning
Thou hast the dew of thy youth.

(Ps. 110:3)

ASSISTANT:

Let it be wet with the dew of heaven,
as the fleece of Gideon.

(Gen. 4:15)

CHANTED RESPONSE OF THE CHOIR:

God give thee, and us also, of the plenteous dews of heaven.

(Gen. 27:28)

OFFICIANT:

For the dew of our spiritual birth from above
It is in very sooth of the womb of the morning,

When upspringeth the sun of righteousness
With healing in his wings.

(Cento.)

(*The* OFFICIANT *dips the flower into the bowl on the subsidiary altar, to the singing of the following words, by the* CHOIR) :—

Who the boon would refuse,
To be born so afresh?
For thou gattest, of ooze
And pure dew, form and flesh;
Thou drankest the sun,
Thou feddest on air;
And hast done unto none,
Aught ungentle, unfair.

(*He sprinkleth toward the people, the dew from the lily and maketh with it the sign of the cross; then he offereth reverently the flower to the altar, while the following words are sung by the* CHOIR) :—

"To God's altar bequeath
Thy beauty heaven-born;
With thy breath may we breathe
The clear fragrance of morn!"

V. UNVEILING OF THE JAR AND THE PEARL

OFFICIANT (*turning toward the people*) :—

Ye have heard how our Lord did change the

water of purification at the marriage in Cana of Galilee into the wine of joy.

Ye have heard also how he told of the pearl of great price, for the which a wise merchant sold all that he had, so he might have it to keep in his bosom, and with the spirit of it commune in secret, for that it was to him more precious far than all things else.

Ye know full well how the pearl is drawn out of the deep seas, and is as a drop of water—a tear—become everlasting. Ye know that it is the distillation of sorrow (as great tears wrung from our suffering hearts), whence are born the most beauteous pearls.

(*The* OFFICIANT *and* ASSISTANT *remove a golden silk veil, draped over the crystal ball and the jar*) :—

"Behold, on the altar of the Lord, the water-jar, and the gleaming pearl of great price poised above it as a starry drop of everlasting heavenly dew."

VI. THE HOLY ANAGRAM OF CHRISTIAN THEOSOPHY

(*The* OFFICIANT *and* ASSISTANT, *respectively, at the gospel and epistle side of the altar, raise from behind the cross* (*or as altar frontal*), *a banner, on which is depicted a*

fish, and over it are the letters of the mystic title of the Christ: ΙΧΘΥΣ.)

OFFICIANT:

Ye mind well the words of the Lord Jesus how he said: "No other sign shall be given unto this generation, but the sign of the prophet Jonah."

(Math. 12:39)

What might it signify that our Lord Jesus chose his apostles among simple fishermen from the Lake of Galilee? That he called Simon Peter, making him inclose a multitude of fishes so his nets brake, after that for a whole night he had toiled in vain? He promised to make him and his fellows, "Fishers" of men. He paid the tribute money with the coin taken out of the fish's mouth. The multitude he fed in part with two small fishes. After the resurrection, he made himself known unto his disciples, by the Sea of Galilee, early in the dawn, as he ate fish baked upon hot coals.

Now the FISH signified a creature that lived in purity and freedom; that was dumb, deeming it right neither to strive nor cry; whose element, wherein he moved, was mysterious; immersed in which the natural man cannot live; from which the great monster delivered Jonah, and the friendly Dolphin saved the singer Arion. Howbeit, there is in man, a spiritual being who can dive into the deepest depth, and live,—ay, and abide content in unconscious holiness and bliss.

These things our blessed Lord signified to us in

His prefigured acts and spoken parables. His disciples therefore secretly conveyed His name and title, in the five letters which spell the Greek word "Ichthus," fish. "Iota" (for Jesus, Insous; "iota," being the first letter of His holy name; "Chi" for Christos, the anointed One; "Theta" for Theou, of God; "Upsilon" for Huios, the Son; and lastly "Sigma" for Soter, the Saviour. That is: Jesus, the Christ, of the very God, the well belovèd Son, our Saviour.

HYMN (*kneeling. One stanza*). "Jesus! Name of Wondrous Love!" N. H. 90: O. H.
149 Tune—St. Bees. John D. Dykes.

PART III

The Golden Text is now solemnly spoken to music, "Let us meditate on these words in silence."
THE TEXT IS REPEATED slowly and softly.
THE CHIMES PLAY, "Abide With Me."
SILENCE from two to three Minutes.
CHIMES PLAY the Dresden Amen.
THE LORD'S PRAYER (*Sung by* CANTOR *and* CHOIR) in "Alling" setting.

(*After a brief organ voluntary, the* CHOIR *gather at the font, and chant the "Lay of the River Jordan."*

During the following Lay the offertory may be taken and presented at the close of the same.)

THE LAY OF THE RIVER JORDAN

(The Styx of Christian Mythology)

1

FULL CHOIR:

From Hermon and stark Lebanon
With ancient cedars grim,
Three fountains among wild flowers run,
That babbling over-brim;
Then bubbling, plashing, baby rills,
To merry brooks are grown,
Till th' reedy lake of Merom fills
Mirroring Heaven alone.

2

TENOR:

Thence Jordan over gravel and marl
Gathers his golden foam,
In eager speed through whirl and snarl
Drives his young current home
Into the Sea of Galillee,

QUARTETTE:

Where leap the glittery fish,
Where laugh the crinkling waves for glee
Fulfilling dream and wish.

3

SECOND TENOR:

Thence Jordan, grown to man's estate,

Swirls on and pushes hard
In spires and gyres, and waxeth great
Through jungle:—fox and pard,
Wild boar, hyena, lurk and range;
The tropic bird and dove
Disport with clatter and wooing strange:—
And butterflies dance their love.

4

FIRST BASS:
Full fifty miles he bends his course
To a hundred miles or more—
Down th' cloven deep with faith and force
On to the Dead-sea shore:
He flattens out his stream for fords

QUARTETTE:
Through bars of the gray salt,
Divides and hides, lets go his hoards
Renewing still his youth.

5

SECOND BASS:
Then, into th' hot steel-blue Dead-sea
Through bars of the grey salt,
He casts his all,—no more to be
Under the starry vault!
Lost, Jordan, O brave River dear,
Thy song of shade and shine!
How couldst thou die with never a fear
In lifeless steamy brine?

6

TENOR:

Yet in yon blistering sea half-hid
There opes one happy bay:
For Engedi, the skipping kid,
Leaps down the cliffs that way,
And fish disport them in its close,
And birds and men are glad:
A waterfall to dare oppose
The sea of death? Mad! Mad!

7

FULL CHOIR (*soft*):

Yet, did he guess a secret wise:
That briny waters lift,—
And secret hosts of spirit rise
And skyward mount, and drift
As clouds through Heavenly spaces blue,
And bear back Jordan's Soul—
To his springs, as dew distilled anew,
Making life's cycle whole?

OFFICIANT:

"So fareth the River Jordan.

"He that would be baptized therein, with the Baptist as was the Lord Jesus, must be baptized into its full meaning."

"Now they that are baptized so into the life and into the death also of their Lord Jesus, are likewise baptized into his life beyond, at the right hand of

power—engaged in service and intercession for all mankind forever."

Let us pray:—

(PRIEST *at altar offers special devotions on following themes with his own improvised adaptations of suggested language*):—

1. O Lord our God, ineffable, eternal and supreme, Who deignest to make Thyself known unto the humblest creature, the child of Thine inbreathed kinship and tender kindness, through such plain means and simple forms, as he may have sense to discern and wit to comprehend,—we bless Thee out of a grateful heart for this Thy Revelation through the pure, holy life-giving element of Water.

2. When we thirsted in the wilderness and fainted and our senses failed us, Thou didst open up inner Fountains of living refreshment.

3. When the Waters of our life waxed bitter, so that no soul could abide therein, it was Thou sentest the carefree child who sprang down to us from the heights, and brought healing to a sheltered Cove, so that happy fish leapt and glittered in innocent play on the sheen of its glad surface. Thou sentest, ay, Thou wast, the spirit of the little Child, who wrought for us large comfort and high hope.

4. It is Thou too, O Lord, who canst alone flow forth as a miraculous river from under our altar of sacrifice on which we have offered up our best: Thou the altar, Thou the precious offering; Thou the love and service of our hearts and hands; Thou

the great stream of refreshment flowing forth therefrom, wherein multitudes may recover their youth and courage.

5. Thou it is who art our border to eastward against the wind-driven desert-sand, and the cruel raid; Thou the ford whereover we pass at need into the promised land, dry shod; Thou the streams in which we find cleansing for body and soul; Thou the dove fluttering down from on high to assure us of thy call and blessing.

6. O Blessed God, receive us, when our service here below is over, and we rise out of the brackish and briny waste to find—in large spaces where Thy clouds of glory hover,—release, spiritual freedom, repose and purity; make Thou us to become part of a radiant Witness in Thy bow of hope, unto the ever-living excellence and holy loveliness of Thy eternal, creative and redemptive will.

So be it. Amen.

THE BENEDICTION: Cento, from TAO TEH KING *and the* NEW TESTAMENT

(THE OFFICIANT *turneth toward the people, and with soft accompaniment, speaketh as follows:*)

"I am the living water,"
Saith the Lord Jesus:
"Come unto Me
All ye that thirst,

And I will give you drink:—
And ye shall thirst no more forever.
For lo, the living Water, I will give you
It springeth up with you,
And I am that living water—
That welleth up unto everlasting life!"
(*raising right hand*)
"Beloved:—
Have ye the lowly spirit of the valley:—
For lo, the valley lieth very still—
And from all the mountains
Which stand on guard about it,
And reach up into the clouds of heaven,—
The pure and holy waters of life and immortality
Flow down to it in great abundance!
(*raising both hands*)
Be still, and give thanks unto the Lord
For that He hath come to dwell in your hearts by faith. Amen.

SEVENFOLD AMEN.

RECESSIONAL HYMN.

THE LAST SUPPER

A MIME MYSTERY FOR USE ON MAUNDAY THURSDAY

An effort to realize the Last Supper of our Lord Jesus; wooing his disciples to a truer understanding of His mission. This is the purpose of the Agape. In the Appendix is reprinted the leaflet issued April 30th 1927, the occasion of the first rendering, being Wednesday in Holy Week.

THE LAST SUPPER—A MIME MYSTERY

In front of the Sanctuary, before the curtain, is erected a low platform in view of the Altar. The properties are collapsible, low tables, placed during the singing of the hymn "Ride On, Ride On, in Majesty" in an arc open toward the people, at which are set thirteen chairs, or the tables may be dispensed with and a small altar table set before the Central Figure, and the twelve chairs to right and left of the throne constitute the crescent.

After the Mime Mystery the properties will be unobtrusively removed during the singing of hymn (N. H. 526, O. H. 444, "O Saviour, Precious Saviour"), so that the curtains may be withdrawn and the Collects, Solemn Silence, Benediction and, where desirable, celebration of the Holy Communion may take place.

The plan of presentation recommended for the Mime Mystery contemplates two groups of six vested men either side of the platform, stage cut off, if desired, by suitable screens from the enactors.

The enactors are preferably ecclesiastics drawn from diverse churches to express the ideal of "One

flock, One Shepherd," vested according to their respective ceremonial use. These enactors merely transact in symbolically formalized unrealistic manner, the significant business of the Mime Mystery, while the singers and speakers grouped on either side of them intone or chant the words.

This arrangement however, may be reversed,—the readers and singers engaging in the Mime and the ecclesiastics standing unscreened either side of their semi-circle, provided always the Central Figure representing the Master be an ecclesiastic.

The Central Figure, raised above the rest on a low dais, should speak the rhymed lyrics in time with their singing by a Cantor, immediately back of him behind the Sanctuary curtain. The enactors respond by gesture and expression to the rhymed lyrics, but all enactors during the reading at the Lectern of the rhythmic paraphrases, fully to convey their meaning to the congregation, remain passive and lapse into decorative figures by unexpressive inaction.

For the closing Collects, etc., after the unveiling of the Sanctuary the ecclesiastics descend from the platform and group themselves either side of the altar, while the impersonator of the Master in the Mime utters the Benediction or celebrates the Holy Communion.

The Recession as well as the Procession should be formal in the extreme and without singing.

SCHEMA OF LECTIONS AND LYRICS

I. The Quest

The Lion
Mount Moriah (Recitative)
The Lamb
The Dawn
The Sun
Hymn
Samson and Hosea (Recitative)

II. The Tryst

The Bread
The Fish
The Tryst in Galilee (Recitative)
Hymn

III. The Farewell

The Vine
The Cup
The Lyric Benediction
The Farewell
The Lord's Prayer (Chant)
The Departure, an Epilogue (Melologue)
Hymn

THE LAST SUPPER—A CHORAL MIME MYSTERY

For use on Maunday Thursday to be followed by, at discretion, the Holy Communion celebrated according to permissive rubric of office for Administration to the Sick.

OPENING OF THE OFFICE

HYMN: "My Faith Looks to Thee"
OPENING WORDS: Exposition of the Mime Mystery
OFFERTORY: (Selections from "Messiah")
DOXOLOGY
HYMN: "Ride on, Ride on, in Majesty"

(*During Hymn Clergy form with singers ordered groups either side of the chancel stage. Curtain is drawn across the Sanctuary.*)

(*Organ—In darkness.*)

PART I

THE MIME MYSTERY OF THE LAST SUPPER

(*Scriptural Framework—Section One*)

PETER: All things fell out even as he had spoken.

JAMES: 'Tis always so. He that saw Nathanael under the fig-tree knoweth ever what is in man.

PHILLIP: Mark me, he told John and Peter "go into the city and ye shall meet a man bearing a pitcher of water." A man, mark me, not a woman.

PETER: Ay, but how can he know what is in many men, when he regardeth not even the person of any one of them?

MATTHEW: What he foretold was not in any man. He bade thee tell Peter and John to say to a man with a pitcher of water: "To thee sendeth the Master word by us: my time is nigh at hand, and in thine house I keep the Passover. Where is thy guest chamber that I may eat it with my disciples?" Heard I not aright?

PETER: So spake the Lord, and even so spake we.

THOMAS: I marvel the good man thought not our brethren drunken.

MATTHEW: Moreover, he said, "He will show you a large upper room, furnished, where make ye ready."

PETER: The wonder is that the good man nodded and led us to the master of the house, who straightway showed us his great chamber.

THOMAS: We never saw it after this fashion . . .

JOHN: Shouldn't wonder if his little son, John Mark, comes to something, even if his thumb being hurt, he cannot lawfully become a priest.

JUDAS: If ruined for a priest, all the more unfit to be a disciple of our teacher of perfection.

PETER: Brethren, let us sing merrily aloud the old words befitting this occasion! "Bring hither

psaltery, timbrel, harp and lute, and make unto God, our strength, a cheerful noise. In the new moon, at the appointed time, blow up the trumpet for our solemn feast."

JAMES: Oh, ay, those were blessed words to sing, when we could buy us a lamb for slaughter at the temple.

MATTHEW: Judas had the purse?

PETER: Nay, the purse failed us not.

JUDAS: The Sadducee priests are unfaithful, and will not keep the appointed time.

THOMAS: Wherefore not?

PETER: It is said that they will not allow two Sabbaths in one week. Wherefore they slaughter on the sixth day of the week, and we who observe the true day of the feast shall have no lamb.

JAMES: What is a Passover, only with bitter herbs and unleavened bread?

JOHN: But we caused to be served up as great a fish as may be fetched from the little bay of Engedi, of the Skipping Kid.

THOMAS: For that Ezekiel saw the river from the sanctuary flow thither to sweeten the Dead Sea?

JOHN: Nay, for that it lieth almost below David's City, to the southward as thou farest over the fields, where it is said the shepherds heard the angels sing.

MATTHEW: And when they were told that our Master was born already, in a cave and laid in a manger.

PHILLIP: And the ox and the ass were there to worship.

ANDREW: I never heard that tale of our dear Master before!

PETER: For the fish then, that saved Jonah—whom our Master ever tenderly remembereth—let us be truly thankful and sing:—

CHOIR: "I am the Lord, thy God. Open wide thy mouth and I shall fill it. But Israel would not hear my voice. Wherefore unto their own hearts' lusts I gave them up."

THOMAS: Quail in the wilderness—I like not that.

PETER: Fish, I say, not quail.

THOMAS: Thou art a fisher always and doubtless thou wouldest have the psalmist sing instead—of Jonah's whale.

PETER: And pray, why not—since he saved the prophet from death by the great sea? And this lesser fish shall save us from death by hunger.

JOHN: Silence, he cometh—the Master.

JESUS: Has the sea-monster cast up Jonah on the yellow sand?

"Very greatly have I desired to eat with you before I suffer this last Passover."

THOMAS: God forbid it be that, O Lord.

JESUS: Yet until it be fulfilled in the kingdom of God, I say unto you . . . I shall no more from henceforth eat of it.

Beware lest ye take the uppermost seats.

JUDAS: Wilt thou take the lowest, Peter, as the proud hypocrite?

PETER: So I suffer not rebuke from my Master, O Judas, I reck not greatly of thine.

JESUS: Come with me, O thou young Son of Thunder, and sit thou, the youngest, at my right.

JUDAS: And may I be at thy left to receive thy command for what thou wouldest have me to buy against the Sabbath?

JESUS: Ay, Judas, be that thy portion.

But where is the water wherewith to wash our feet? All be alike kings at the Master's table. Who then shall be the servant of all, when no stranger, not even the friendly master of the house is admitted to be present?

PHILIP: Again, he speaketh in parable. (*Shaking his head.*)

THOMAS: He followeth Ezekiel.

(JESUS *riseth from the table and beckoneth to* JOHN *to reach him a napkin. He girdeth himself about the loins therewith, solemnly, after removing his seamless coat. All look at him intently. He goeth straight toward* PETER'S *place, the lowest at the left of the Lord's seat—right front to audience.*)

JESUS: Verily I say unto you that the Lord of the Feast shall gird himself, and make them that be found faithful sit down to meat, and he shall come and serve them himself.

PETER: Lord, dost thou wash my feet?

JESUS: That which I do, thou knowest not now, but shalt know hereafter.

PETER: Never shalt thou, Lord, wash my feet.

JESUS: If so I wash them not, no part with me hast thou.

PETER: Not my feet only then, but my hands also and my head, O Lord.

(JESUS *washes his feet.*)

JESUS: Nay, Simon, he that is baptized of me—even as in Jordan, the river of death, he is washen altogether, and clean, every whit. No need hath he further, save to wash his feet, soiled with the dust of the highway. So ye are clean, howbeit, not all of you.

(*He looks up searchingly at* JUDAS.)

JUDAS: But how is it thou hast said, that all power is given thee of the Father into thy hand . . . and that thou camest forth from God and goest to God? If thou be verily He that cometh and we look for no other, wherefore dost thou humble thyself to wash the feet of Simon?

JESUS: Know ye not what I have done? Which is greater, think ye, of the twain,—who sitteth at meat, or he which serveth him? But, lo, with you as he that serveth am I. Whoso then of you would be the greatest, let him be the servant of all. For lo, my Father worketh until now—and I work. And ye that eat and drink at my table, shall sit on thrones to Judge the tribes of Israel.

(*And as the Lord has said these things he hath*

washed the feet of all but JUDAS *only.*)

JESUS: Ye call me Master and Lord, and ye say well, Judas, O man of Kerioth, for so indeed I am. If I verily, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye ought likewise to wash the feet one of another. An ensample have I given you that ye might do even as I have done. Blessed of a truth are ye, if knowing these things ye do them. But I speak not of you all.

(*Looking sadly at* JUDAS) I know whom I have chosen. He that hath eaten of my bread lifteth up his heel against me.

JUDAS: God forbid.

JESUS: (*turning from* JUDAS *and sweeping the eleven with eagle eyes*)

Thou hast said. And behold I tell it you before it come to pass, to the intent that ye may afterwards believe that I am He.

PHILIP:

Whither indeed thou goest,
We know not the way, O Master.

THOMAS:

Unless the way thou showest,
How can we follow faster?

JESUS:

Whither I go ye know,
For unto the Father I go
With whom in the beginning
I was ere earth's sorrow and sinning.

(*To* JOHN *and* PETER)

But ye cannot follow me now
Though ye love me, and to follow me vow.
(*to* PHILIP)
For lo, it is I am the way
(*to* PETER)
Whereon I walk and ye balk . . .
I deny myself, and take up my cross.
All things for me shall ye deem loss,
And, following me, likewise do—born anew.
Meanwhile "Watch," I say "and pray always."

(*If the words of our Lord are chanted by the* CANTOR, *the lyrics in strict rhymed meter are recommended. If they are to be intoned or spoken, then the alternate free-verse form or unrhymed, unmetrical rhythm versions should be employed. Or the* READER *may read the latter first and then, each time, the* CANTOR, *unseen, sing the former as indicated here.*)

(*The* CANTOR *sings behind the Sanctuary curtains, directly back of the central figure, who reads or speaks the lines sotto voce in time with the* CANTOR *with as much suitable gesture and facial expression as comports with great dignity.* The same procedure is repeated throughout till the Epilogue.)

(*The following rhythmic allocution is read with organ support at the Lectern by a vested reader. All persons on the platform are un-*

expressively inactive in significant groups, lapsing so into mere decoration for the eye.)

Lection I. The Lion

Reader at Lectern:

O disciples and friends
In this upper room gathered together,
At my supper—there is heaviness
Of spirit? All tremble in secret?
Yet am not I your Master?
He on whom ye hang?
Dread not calamity.
Lo, I am your Lion!
Think you, doom stalketh abroad?
First must it knock at the door—even at me!
Would the powers of hell shake your house?
I am not afraid;
And I roar defiance, your Lion!

Lyric I. The Lion

Here in this upper
  Room we assemble:—
Gloom at my Supper?
  All of you tremble?

I am your Master?
  Him ye rely on?
Dread not disaster!
  I am your Lion!

Doom, deem ye, knocketh?
I am the Door!
Hell, the house rocketh?
Lion,—I roar!

Scriptural Framework. Section Two

Simon Zelotes: Hail to the Lion of the Tribe of Judah! Born in Bethlehem, David's City.

James: Our Lord is the King of Beasts. But our Lamb goeth never astray.

Phillip: The hungry and faint he feasts.

Bartholomew: Himself for their meat will he slay?

Judas Iscariot: All hail to the Lion of the Tribe of Judah! Nay, we will fear no evil.

Judas: If only he will betray not our hopes of the Son of God, of Him that cometh in the clouds of Heaven, the expected Holy One of Israel.

Judas Iscariot: Whom meanest thou?

Jesus: Believest thou that I am He, Judas?

Judas Iscariot: With a burning heart have I followed thee thus far, Master. Thou hast raised Lazarus from the dead; yet sayest thou that wicked men shall deliver thee over to the Gentiles to be put to death, and that thou wilt verily die at their hands.

John: But rise again on the third day!

Judas Iscariot: It may not be possible, Lord; so canst thou not die and be also the Hope of Israel.

JESUS (*pointedly to Simon Peter*): When Peter on the way hither, spake in like manner, said I not: Get thee behind me Satan?

JUDAS ISCARIOT: And what then to me wilt thou say?

JESUS: Let not Satan enter the house of a strong man after I have cleaned and garnished it, for the last state of that man shall be worse than the first.

JUDAS: Thou hast taught us: Resist not him that is evil; and wilt thou therefore be unresisting when thine enemies come to sacrifice thee, as prudent cowards reckon, lest there be an uprising and the Romans prevail? But if they shed innocent blood, shall it be unto the condemnation of the prince of the air?

PHILIP: I know not what to think—why leavest thou us in darkness? The children in the temple hailed thee Master, with such cries as the scribes and priests durst not silence.

(JESUS *seems to be abstracted in prayer for* JUDAS)

JOHN: Say nought of the temple.

SIMON ZELOTES: The Master will rebuild it in three days.

JOHN: Yet wept he not over the stones thereof?

PETER: Cried he not out to Jerusalem, the holy city—"How oft would I not have gathered thy children, as the hen her young under her wings—and ye would not?"

JUDAS ISCARIOT (*scornfully to* PETER): Shall the Messiah liken himself unto a hen? Is it not blas-

phemy? I tell thee nay! (*to* JUDAS *and* SIMON) How is he verily the Hope of Israel, if he be not as Enoch pictureth Him, the Son of Man exalted in heaven?

LECTION II. MOUNT MORIAH

READER:

Who deemeth he can speak, and be heard—
Against a word of the Lord?
On the top of Moriah
King Herod rebuilded him
The glorious temple of God:
A mockery unto our people,
A bribe, to purchase,—grudged
Submission unto his usurping house.
Now unto this same mountain
Went not Abraham of yore?
Who shall set forth to you fully
What portendeth as prophecy his pilgrimage?
First strideth the bearer of destiny,
Mild at heart and gentle;
While his son, heavy laden, climbeth,
On his shoulders the faggots of wood:—
"The fire, and the knife for sacrifice,
O father, are in thy hands;
But thou goest anxiously forward,
For where truly is the life?
What creature wilt thou offer thy God?
Wilt thou slay even me, thy delight?"

"Fear not? O my son; our God
Shall himself provide his own offering!"

Lyric II. Mount Moriah

Cantor. (*Recitative*):

None can deny a
Word of the Lord?
High, on Moriah,
Herod restored

Glorious the temple—
Gibe to our folk—
Bribe and ensample,
Gilding their yoke!

Once to that mount
Abraham went.
Who shall recount
All that it meant?

Father, upholder,
Kindly and good;
Son, on his shoulder
Bearing the wood.

"Th' fire thou bearest
Father, the knife.
Sternly thou farest—
Where is the life?

What wilt thou offer?
Me, then, thy pride?"
"He that shall suffer
God will provide."

SCRIPTURAL FRAMEWORK. SECTION THREE

BARTHOLOMEW: But what hath this ancient tale to do with thee, O Beloved Master?

THOMAS: Surely thou art not that life? And if thou suffer,

PETER: It shall not be as a Lamb led to the slaughter. For Thy servants will fight.

LECTION III. THE LAMB

READER:

Thou mayest peer ahead down the well-trodden way,
Much mayest thou endure, greatly patient,
Yet shalt thou not surely slay thy laughter,
For, Abraham, holy is thy Joy!
The same who thou deemest bade thee
Offer up thine only son,
It is none other but he who saveth now his life.
O Abraham! Our Father!
The same God in the stead of thy lamb,
Hath provided his ram caught by his horns of plenty in the thicket!
O my disciples, and it is the same Father
Hath guarded and guided until now—your lamb, even me!

Lyric III. The Lamb

Cantor:

Look 'fore-and-after,
  Bear and forbear,—
But slay not thy laughter!
  Abraham, spare!

God was it bade
  Offer up thy Lamb?
God saved the lad,
  Father Abraham;

He 'twas provided
  I' th' thicket a ram,—
Guarded and guided
  Th' Lamb that I am!

Scriptural Framework. Section Four

John: If these things be even as thou seemest to say, and it is of God, assuredly shall he at the last open a way of escape unto His Beloved Son.

Jesus: Yet one is there among you who shall betray me.

Peter: Though I die with thee, yet will I not deny thee, Master.

Jesus: Peter, Son of the Dove, ere the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny me thrice.

PETER: Although thou say me nay, yet will I fight for thee. Lo, here be even two swords.

JESUS: Two? One sufficeth thee!

LECTION IV. THE DAWN

READER:

What shall I say? Do ye indeed fear
That the abominable Satan
Shall make himself rightful leader and Lord
Of our cheerful manly host?
Then, consider, how one spark of life
Becometh on the horizon the star.
Then waxeth and spreadeth the flush of dawn,
Till up the Jacob's ladder climbeth the Sun!
I am your Sun; and behold, I mount likewise
With healing in my wings—
That extend from end to end of Heaven,—
And the beholder's hearts are filled with a reverent awe.

LYRIC IV. THE DAWN

CANTOR:

What, are ye fearful
Satan, th' abhorred,
Over our cheerful
Host shall be Lord?

Mark how a spark
Stars the horizon,

Dawns up the dark
  Stairway I rise on:

Lo, spread abroad,
  Winnowing wings—
Healing with awed
  Heart-hallowings!

Scriptural Framework. Section Five

Simon Zelotes: My Lord, again thou makest us to be of good cheer.

Jesus (*taking the Cup*): Father, for this cup of thy bounty cheering God and man, I bless thee, Amen. Divide it among yourselves, and give ye thanks, in your hearts, for His mercies are everlasting.

Nathanael: But what signifieth thy parable, O Master, of the sun that doth mount on high with healing in his wings?

Lection V. The Sun

Reader:

Hail ye then the sun
Born of the dewy earth,
And begotten of the sky,
More especially for you.

Troubled, bent with the cares of age,
Dare to stretch forth your hands—
Lift and worship your disk of gold
That crows as a babe on a bed of cloud!
Look, he hath shattered the prison
Of death, and battered the gates of fate;
As he riseth, driveth he not before him
Dismay and hatred from his presence?
Of his sheaf of rays each endeth
In a hand of blessing,
That reacheth forth out of his glory
To command, and to create anew!
Behold, they reach now—his rays—
And bless the mountains and the seas,
Lingering to feel and fondle
Every tree and bush and flower!
Look, look, the valleys filled with day,
Shiver and breathe incense before him,
Making men's life burst into blossom
With worship as though they greeted a be-
    loved victorious king!
Come, dance ye then happy motes,
As stars of dust in his sunbeams.
For the whole heaven up-soareth
One dome of praise and glory.
Shout 'till the rafters of the roof shake
For your cries of eager welcome.
Drive out misgiving and fear of doom
With your loyal fellowship!

Lyric V. The Sun

Cantor:

Born of the earth
  Pregnant with dew,
Hail the sun's birth,
  'Gotten for you.

Hold and behold,
  O burthened and bowed,
Th' disc of pure gold,
  Cradled in cloud.

Death's prison shattered,
  Battered fate's gates,—
Ris'n, he hath scattered
  Horrors and hates.

Forth from his blaze
  Stretch to command
Manifold rays,
  Each like a hand

Reaching to bless
  Mountains and seas,
Kindly caress
  Flowers and trees!

Quaking, the luminous
  Valleys exhale him,—

Making life bloom in us,
  Worship and hail him.

Dance then ye motes,
  Stars in his rays;
All th' heaven floats
  One dazzle of praise.

Raise to the rafters
  Welcoming shouts;
Rout with high laughters
  Terrors and doubts!

SCRIPTURAL FRAMEWORK. SECTION SIX

PHILLIP: Now utterest thou no parable nor riddle. Now speakest thou plainly. By this we know indeed that thou comest forth from God.

MATTHEW: Yet this saying sufficeth not them that be sinners above others.

PETER: She to whom much is forgiven loveth the more.

ANDREW: Ay, but if her eyes be dark with the scale of blindness, can she worship the rising sun?

JAMES, the brother of JOHN: Tell us that when we meet such a one as the adulteress taken in the very act, whom the priests would have had thee condemn to be stoned, we shall know what thou wouldest have us say in thy name.

(JESUS *looks more and more intently upon* JUDAS)

Lection VI. Samson and Hosea

Reader:

Friends, I have bid you cheer the sun—
Who goeth forth as a giant bridegroom,
Haughty and defiant
On his straight sky road,
Brooking no vain
Wiles of the bride!
With terrible strides approaching,
He crieth: "Where tarrieth she?"
Aloft, he pitcheth his tabernacle
In the summit of the Heaven,
And calleth aloud to her: "Love shalt thou know
From liking by this sure mark: It repenteth not!
Wherefore Thee will I follow and none other,
And woo thee 'till I make thee mine own.
Foolishly deemest thou peradventure
That I will abandon thee, caught in the quicksands of shame?
Nay, O my soul, I will wash thee clean,
Till as the snow of Hermon thou glisten.
I will snatch thee from death and save thee alive,
In despite of thy denials of me.
I am he that melteth the icy heights,
And I will melt so thy heart.

For none but thee have I chosen.
From me shalt thou find no escape;
For I do ever choose freely the bride
That alone belongeth to my spirit;
I draw her with violence fast to my breast.
Darest thou then avoid my embrace?
O penitent sinner,
Where wilt thou be unseen of the sun, that is all
seeing?—
Thy wooer, thy pursuer,
Who claimeth thee for his bride and queen?"
Lo, penitent and wailing
And trembling, she creepeth shamefast,
But fainting for love of her lord,
Straight-way into his flaming tent!

Lyric VI. Samson and Hosea [1]

Cantor:

Cheer the sun-giant
Bridegroom, who strode
Haughty, defiant,
Forth on his road.

Brooking no idle
Wiles of the bride,
Striding to bridal:
"Where may she 'bide?"

[1] Psalm 19. 4–6 "as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber," "a giant that shouts forth in his strength."

High in the zenith
  Pitching his tent
Cries he: "Love meaneth
  Never repent!

"Thee will I follow,
  Woo thee and win.
Thinkest to wallow
  Mired in sin?

"Soul, I will lave thee
  Glistering like snow,
Seize thee and save thee
  'Spite of thy no.

"Thawer of the frozen,
  I, thy Lord Sun,
Thee, Thee have chosen!
  'Scape there is none.

"Freely I chose whom
  Bride of my spirit
I clasp to my bosom:
  Darest thou fear it?

"Contrite wrong-doer,
  Where wilt thou hide
From th' wooer and pursuer,
  Queen, ay and bride?"

Penitent, clamorous,
  Trembling, she went,—
Shamefast and amorous,—
  Straight to his tent!

(*Here may be sung a congregational hymn, to mark the close of Part I—"Love divine, All loves Excelling."*)

PART II

Scriptural Framework. Section Seven

Jesus (*after a pause*): And yet one of you, even you, whom so I have wooed with the love of my whole body and spirit must needs betray me.

(*Great sorrow overtaketh the company, each saying,* Judas *last:*)

Lord, is it I . . .

John (*aside to* Jesus): Who is it, Lord?

Jesus (*to* John): He for whom I dip the sop in the platter and give it him. (*Aside to* Judas) What thou doest, do quickly.

Jude: The Lord sendeth him forth to give an alms.

Simon: Nay, but to buy the lamb against the Passover on the morrow.

Philip: See how the heavens frown.

Andrew: Black night!

John: Thick darkness!

(*Here, after the departure of Judas Iscariot the enactor of Christus taketh a round, flat*

unleavened cake from the small altar-like table in front of him.)

Lection VII. The Bread of Heaven

Reader:

O my chosen disciples
This shall be your only Passover lamb!
Even he whom the Father sendeth!
Verily ye see how that I am your lamb.
Inquire ye still among yourselves;—
"Is it possible a man bestowed in perfect love
Can be to us men the manna
Falling from the night-heaven as snow?
Can we indeed eat his flesh,
As grain sown of the Holy Ghost
To grow for reaping in the field and threshing,
For grinding to flour, for kneeding to dough,
And for baking in the oven?"
Verily, verily, the letter killeth, but the spirit
Quickeneth! Faith shall fulfill your hope.
Is not life ever fed on death?
I as your shepherd have led you—my sheep.
I have endured many things in your room.
I have now, as broken bread, fed you,—
I who as groom would wed you as my bride.
Be ye afraid to confess faith in me
Who burn with love for you?
Are ye deaf to the biting words of my parables?
Will ye afflict me continually,

Stark blind to such sure signs as I have shown
you from God?

Lyric VII. The Bread of Heaven

Cantor:

Look, my chosen friends,
This shall be my "lamb" [1]
Whom the Father sends;—
Lamb, ye see, I am.

Ask ye still: "How can a
Lovingly bestowed
Man be heavenly manna,
Snowed from God's abode?

"Can we eat his flesh
Grain of the Holy Ghost,
Grown to reap and thresh
Grind and kneed and roast?"

True, tho' th' letter killeth
Th' spirit quickenéth.
Faith your hope fulfilleth:
Life is fed on death.

Shepherd, I have led you,
Suffer'd in your stead!

[1] body, "guph" in Aramaic. The technical term for the Passover lamb, W. M. Christie, D.D. Tiberias, Palestine.

Broken bread, I've fed you!
Groom, my bride I wed!

Dare ye not believe me,
Deaf to words so spoken?
Lovers, will ye grieve me,
Blind to sign and token?

(*Each has received one twelfth of the cake and they have all solemnly eaten.*)

Scriptural Framework. Section Eight

Philip: Dear Master, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us.

Jesus: Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou, even thou, not truly seen me, Philip?

Philip: Lord, I have beheld thee often, and loved thee from my heart and worshipped.

Jesus: Then hearken and understand. I and the Father are one; and ye shall be one with him also in me; being members, in your love, one of another.

Peter: But what shall we have, O dear Lord, who for thy sake have left all?

Matthew: Ay, for that some there be who understand not thy saying,—of an hundred fold, houses, lands, wives and children which we have given up to follow thee.

Lection VIII. The Fish

Reader:

Hearken another parable: behold the Fish that
died for you.
Alike he glideth into deep waters, as your un-
witting wishes.
Ye can have them all fulfilled,
If ye but snare me as I swim among you.
(True, each man indeed must have his sop
Dipped in the one common dish!)
But quickly I drop, when ye catch me not, into
the living deep.
Will ye dive after the leader of the school?
Behold, I can still see myself afar off
Glowing golden in the unplumbed waters of
you,
Where the worlds of eternity
Stream forever out of the void asleep in you.
Near you am I, too near for your hand to seize.
I am within your breathing, a withheld breath.
I am whispered speech of uttering prophecy.—
Can ye interpret its meaning?
I am the music of a distant lyre
That haunteth your inner ear.
I dwell, the wonder within your silent life.
Within your fear I abide, a holy love!
Ay, farther than your thought
Or your will can reach into yourselves,
Do I hide, even I, in every one of you,

To thrill the divine fountain of life.
See, the mirroring surface stirs and shivers.
It breaks in silver wrinkles;
For the great calm Fish within it awakens;—
His fins wave to and fro,
His gills are releasing airy pearls
That waver up, through the water,
And leap into the sheen of the pool's face.
So am I your peace, your ecstasy, your bliss.

Lyric VIII. The Fish

Cantor:

Each may win his wish
  Wayward fancy and whim,—
Only snare your Fish,
  Snatch me as I swim!

(Each must have his sop
  Dipp'd in the one dish.)
Down the deep I drop!
  Dive after your fish!

Still my Self I see
  Glowing in your deep,
Where eternity
  Floweth out of sleep.

Nigh'r than hand may reach:
  Breath within your breath;

Faint prophetic speech—
  Wot ye what it saith?

Notes of distant lute
  Haunt your inner ear;
Lips with marvel mute.
  Love within your fear!

Deeper far than reach
  Greedy thought or will,
'Bide I and hide in each,
  Th' fount of life to thrill.

Th' surface mirror shakes,
  Breaks in silver, lo,
Pois'd the Fish awakes;
  Fins wave to and fro,

Gills quick pearls release,
  To waver, climb and kiss
Th' glister! I am your peace,
  Ecstacy and bliss!

Scriptural Framework. Section Nine

John: Lord, forgive the rash fool, if he lay his aching head upon thy breast. My heart beateth not, for very fear lest beyond this night and the day after we shall see thee no more forever.

JAMES: [1] If thou leave us and go down to Hades, verily, unto the Living One, thy God and Father, I swear I will not eat again henceforward bread, until I do meet thee again arisen from the dead, and thou break it for me and bless it.

JESUS: As thou hast spoken, Brother James, so shall it be. But fear not I will keep tryst with ye all.

LECTION IX. THE TRYST

READER:

"Capernaum?"—that is: House, ay,
Of the Comforter, who shall come. Ay, it is thy town O Simon Peter.
Is aught on earth friendlier
Than the kindred comfort of our friends?
"Magdala?"—that is: "Tower of Towers?"
Soon may she, whose town it was,
Mary, devote to one that departeth from your midst
The fragrant treasure of her precious ointment.
"Chinnereth?" that is: "the Lyre?"
True thy strings be the sunbeams at dawn
And tight-stretched, they are struck to music. Thou knowest
Who it is by his voice, O lake; his gait, his gaze.

[1] This apocryphal incident from the Gospel to the Hebrews is ascribed here to James the Less, who according to the best tradition was not the brother of our Lord.

Thou knowest too, how often in spirit
He turneth to theeward, kindly sea; . . .
How, far away on dusty roads
He yearns for thy fish-haunted coolness and sparkle!
"Bethsaida?"—that is: "House of Fishes?"
Once more we shall meet together close to thy shore
Where the waters are shallow, and as full of fish
As the young Heart's world of innocent, vain desires.
There do I bid you gather as of old,
And go a fishing quietly near Philip's city,
Glad that the spring passes into early summer,
Held of that tender mood that followeth in the wake of great sorrow;
And there, by the early light—when the beach
Lies veiled in ghostly fog—and near the flowering shrubs
The many bannered iris, there, shall ye hear words
That strangely mingle gladness with wistful sadness.
There shall ye both bless and be blessed,
O my Disciples, servants no more, but truly friends!
A miracle shall be shown forth for your sakes:—
The bursting blossom of your holiest prayer.

There, there in the Dawn, in the sheen, and shimmer
Ye shall bring me to land your plentiful catch;
For there do I make my tryst with you.
Do not forget, even if ye cannot yet fully understand.

Lyric IX. The Tryst

Cantor. (*Conversational tone—Recitative*)
"Capérnaum?" [1]—Good Peter,
"House of the Paraclete?"
Nothing on earth were sweeter
Than kindly friends to greet.

"Magdala?"—"Tower of Towers?"
Soon thou mayest dispense
The souls of departed flowers
On One departed hence.

"Chìnnereth?"—"Lyre?" Thy strings
Are vibrating, pure rays
Of th' east! Thou knowest who sings,
His voice and gait and gaze;

Knowest how oft he turneth
In spirit, to thee, dear sea;
How on dusty roads he yearneth
For th' waters of Galilee.

[1] The Names of the remembered towns are translated, and proposed as significant symbols.

"Bethsáida,"—"house of Fishes?"
By thee once more we meet
Where shoals of silver wishes,
In shallows flit and fleet.

Ay, there foregather together,
Calmly a-fishing go,
Glad of the gentle weather,
Homesick, weaned from woe.

Where i' th' dawn the beach
Lieth misty, bank'd with flowers,—
There shall ye hearken speech
Like mingled shine and showers.

There ye shall bless and be blessed,
Friends of my heart; and there
Shall a wonder manifest,
Blossom of hallowing prayer:

There in the dawn and the mist
Bring me your catch to land.
For there do I give you tryst:
Remember, and understand.

(*Here a congregational hymn may be sung to mark the close of Part II—"O Jesus Thou Art Standing."*)

PART III

Scriptural Framework. Section Ten

John: Alike in thy first miracle, Lord,—the changing the water pots for purification into vessels brimming with the wine of gladness, and now also, O Lord, hast thou bidden us to drink of the cup of thanksgiving. Nevertheless, in the end wilt thou give us only tears to drink?

Nathanael: Thou hast said that we must bear much fruit, lest like the barren fig tree we be accursed.

Andrew: And that without thee, as we know full well, we can do nothing.

James: How shall we be so altogether one with thee?

John: Not in love only and yearning and worship . . .

James: But in will and deed?

James the Lesser: In life and in power?

John: Make us to behold thee as thou art!

Lection X. The Vine

Reader:

Friends, who reckon ye can change
The waters of purity into wine,

For to cheer alike the heart of God and man?
Who hath power but the Vine to work this incredible wonder?
Yet I am the Vine. Down I drave the snaky roots,
Athirst for hidden springs;
Up, see new shoots have I driven,
Gemmed with swelling buds—even you!
The Lord of the vineyard will assuredly prune,
And the vine shall shed crystal tears.
But it is He purgeth the vine, that it bear much fruit,—
Even the most and best, where he cut most cruelly the wood.
Behold, the husbandman grafteth into the stock
Many cuttings, of many sorts;
Wherefore, the vine that wept, laugheth—cheerily,
Holding stoutly its former footing in the Rock:
For already the vine's branches
Proffer rich ripe clusters of divers hues
And savors. Let the doubter among you
And the scorner, and the fool, taste thereof.
Water so drawn from secret deeps
Hath been verily changed into wine—and the best I have kept until now!
Speak, who but the Vine could perform
This miracle of mercy and sacred delight?

Lyric X. The Vine

Cantor:

Friends, who think ye can
  Change water into wine,
Cheering God and Man?
  Who, if not the Vine?

Down I drave old roots
  Athirst for hidden springs.
Up I drive new shoots
  Gemmed with burgeonings.

Th' husbandman will prune,
  Crystal tears be shed,
That plenteous fruit may soon
  Abound where the Vine bled.

Many a differing graft
  Knitt'th He to the stock.
No more th' vine wept, but laughed.
  Firm-footed in the Rock:

And now his branches proffer
  Clusters many-colored
And flavored: Taste, O scoffer,
  Open thine eyes, thou dullard!

Water see, changeth to wine,
  Drawn from the secret well!
Ah, who hath wrought but the Vine,
  Our awful miracle?

Scriptural Framework. Section Eleven

Bartholomew: Thou anointest the lost sheep with the oil of healing.

Thomas: Not also with the fire of prophecy or of royal power?

Bartholomew: To the thirsty lost sheep thou gavest of thine own cup to drink.

John: Yet of his cup said he to James and me, we cannot drink.

James, the Lesser: Why not the water of purity —and also marvelously, thy wine of gladness?

Peter: If we must be scattered like sheep, as thou hast foretold, yet wilt thou not again find us, Thou the Good Shepherd?

John: Speak unto us, Lord, of these things lest we be overcome, in our perplexity, of the evil One, and perish.

Lection XI. The Cup

Reader:

On the Jordan's flood of amber—
Glide the gleaming bubbles Dead-Sea-ward!

Of such filmy texture is blown this brittle cup
of Sidon glass.
Ha, the iridescent chalice I fill it now with
blood.
Long did the wine tingle and glimmer
Which now burneth so darkly in my cup!
It is the joy mingled with madness
That shoots from my heart to yours!
But look closely:—On the cup stand in relief
These words: "What wouldest thou engage in
O beloved?" (Not less are ye than that?)
"Ye come in quest of joy?"
Truly for this have I greatly desired—
This very parting supper with you.
Fill then, your cups to the brim at my over-
flowing pitcher,
And pledge me your troth deep!

Lyric XI. The Cup

Cantor:

Gleaming bubbles glide on
Th' amber Jordan flood.
Such the crystal of Sidon,—[1]
Chalice filled with blood!

In sun'd grapes long it tingled,
Now darkless and sparkless my Wine;—

[1] Dr. Rendell Harris has a cup of Sidonian glass he surmises was such as our Lord used on this great occasion. The motto appears in his ironic now intelligible rebuke to Judas. Matt. XXVI. 50.

Gladness and sadness mingled,
  Shoots to your hearts from mine!

On the cup, see, words embossed:—
  "What wouldest thou be doing,
Friend?" . . . (Surely such thou wast,
  And art!) . . . "My joy pursuing?"

For this I yearned and hankered . . .
  This parting supper with you.
Fill full your cups at my tankard,
  Pledge me deep and true.

Scriptural Framework—Section Twelve

John: O Lord, dear Lord, how shall we bear to behold thee no more?

Andrew: Thou saidst unto thine enemies that they shall seek thee and not find thee, and that where thou goest they cannot come?

Thomas: And some murmured, "Will he kill himself?" Or "Will he go unto them of the dispersion, among the Gentiles?"

Bartholomew: Lord, we cannot bear it. We shall faint for sorrow and fail in the task thou settest us.

Phillip: Yea, if thou make us not to understand whither thou goest, that we may not come.

Matthew: And where it is thou wilt prepare for us the many mansions.

JOHN: Silence. He prayeth.
(*After awed silence*)
JESUS:
O Father, I pray thee
Glorify me with thine own self,
The glory which I had with thee
Ere the world was.
(*Intoned*)
(*Pause—organ or chimes or gong*)
Keep thou them that thou hast given me,
Thine they were, and thou hast given them to me
And I have kept them.
They are not of the world as I am not.
Keep them, therefore, from the evil therein.
(*Pause, as above*)
Sanctify them in the truth—
Thy Word is truth.
For their sakes have I not sanctified myself,—
That they likewise may be sanctified?
The glory which thou hast given me before the world was
(*Pause, as above*)
I have given also unto them,
That they may be one, even as we are one!
Make thou them to be wholly one in us;
I in Thee and Thou in me,
Make thou them to be perfected into the Holy One.

(*Pause, as above*)
Father, thou hearest me always
And I thank thee. Thy will be done,
As in the heaven, so also on earth,
Not my will but thy will. . . .
(*Pause, as above*)
World without end. Amen.
(*Turning to his disciples*)
For is not the Father greater than I . . .
Who knoweth all things? The times
And the seasons—They be in his hands alone.
The Son wotteth not thereof—except he go first to the Father
And come from Him unto you again.

Lection XII. The Farewell

Reader:
No more shall I taste of the bounteous fruit
Of the vine, till I drink it new
At my Father's table. Ye see me go forth
With resolved speed along a lonely way?
The mother bereaved holdeth to her breast
For comfort, her child begotten of her late lord;
So also the Sun that set yesterday
Returneth suddenly to life; what bliss is not theirs? and yours also likewise?
For surely ye shall see me again,

When ye stand dumb in very ecstasy.
For behold, to make all mankind rejoice
I shall appear on clouds of great glory!
Then pledge me now and with hearty cheers aloud
For the last time; that no one of you
Betray or doubt or fail me in the end!
For my work now on Earth, ye well see it is finished.
Rise, let us sing, as our wont is, the parting hymn
Of Thanksgiving and manly praise to the Father!
Hark, the Cherubim and Seraphim shout: Hallelujah!
For in God meet all our several ways at the last!

Lyric XII. The Farewell

Cantor:

No more the fruit I taste
Of the vine till I drink it new
At my Father's board. In haste
My lonely way I pursue.

The Child of her lord who is gone
Th' mother holds to her breast . . .
Dead, the Sun returns with dawn . . .
Even so . . . shall ye be blessed.

Surely ye see me again,
  In very ecstasy dumb,
When to cheer the children of men,
  On clouds of glory I come.

Then pledge ye gladly and hail me
  For th' last time all, that none
Betray, doubt, flout, and fail me,
  Now my work on earth is done!

Rise, sing our parting hymn,
  Of manly thankful praise.
Shout, Cherubim, Seraphim!
  In God meet all our ways.

SCRIPTURAL FRAMEWORK. SECTION THIRTEEN.
(*Chanted by the* CANTOR *and the Central Figure together*)

LYRIC BENEDICTION

My peace
I breathe
And bequeath you.
My grace
As I live
I give you.
My joy
Exaltation
To the throne,
Exultation!

To each your part
Of my heart!
I'm upon you,
I am in you.
I have won you
Spirit and soul,
Blood, bone and sinew;—
In God made whole.
And again,
O my men,
And forever again,
I shall win you. Amen!

JESUS:
(*disciples echoing solemnly clause by clause*)
Our Father who art in heaven
Hallowed be thy name
Thy kingdom come
Thy will be done
On earth as it is in heaven.

PETER:
The house is shaken.

JESUS:
Behold!

PETER:
What seest thou, Master?

PHILIP:
We see not anything.

JESUS:
Satan falling from heaven.

JOHN:
Dear Lord, it thundereth.
(*Disciples fall on their knees*)
JESUS:
Fear not, little flock
(*Disciples rally and rise*)
DISCIPLES (*together*):
Give us this day our bread for the morrow.
JAMES THE LESS:
Our daily bread
THOMAS:
Our bread unto being.
JOHN:
For life in thee
NATHANAEL (*murmurs*):
As we give unto them who ask in thy name,
(*Silence*)
VOICE OF THE SPIRIT *on behalf of* JESUS:
Bread of the dead.
Living bread of heaven.
DISCIPLES (*together*):
Forgive us our trespasses
As we forgive them that trespass against us.
(*Silence*)
MATTHEW:
Seven times
PETER:
Nay, rather until seventy times seven.
NATHANAEL:
That earth be holy as heaven.

DISCIPLES (*together*):
Lead us not into temptation this day.
JESUS:
Watch, ye therefore, and pray.
DISCIPLES (*together*):
But deliver us from the evil One.
JESUS:
Forever and aye.
(JESUS *leads,* DISCIPLES *follow each clause*)
For thine is
the kingdom
the power
and the glory
(JESUS, *ecstatic, is silent—disciples led by* JOHN *in enthusiastic response*):
World without end. Amen, Amen, Amen,
PETER:
O God to earth descend.
JOHN:
Saviour of man and friend.
DISCIPLES:
Amen, Amen.
JAMES:
Maranatha
ALL:
Come, Lord, come!
JOHN:
Thy grace be upon us.
BARTHOLOMEW:
Thy peace dwell in our hearts.

PETER:

Thy joy forsake us not in hell.

CHOIR:

O Lord, how long? how long? Maranatha—
Amen.

(*The curtains of the Sanctuary are now drawn apart sufficiently to let the figures pass into the Sanctuary. The lines are spoken, with the back to the people. The Sanctuary represents the Garden of Gethsemane. At the last words of the Epilogue the curtains open completely during the singing of Hymn "O Saviour, precious Saviour," the properties being unobtrusively removed from the platforms. The clergy, on either scheme of part allotment as suggested in opening stage direction, solemnly enter the Sanctuary for the closing Office.*)

XIV. THE DEPARTURE, AN EPILOGUE

HYMN (*Stanzas based on Hallel, see Hebrew Hymnal, Montefiori's version.*)

JESUS:

Out into the garden,
Over the Kedron brook . . .

PETER *to* SIMON:

Who sueth our Lord for pardon
Hath his petition . . .

BARTHOLOMEW:

Look, look,

PHILIP:
The moon rideth silvery . . .
SIMON ZELOTES:
A cloud
PHILIP:
Swalloweth . . .
JUDE:
Leviathan!
PHILIP:
Her living radiance
SIMON ZELOTES:
A shroud . . .
THOMAS:
It swaddleth a ghostly man!
JAMES THE LESS:
Singeth the nightingale?
JUDE:
Whist!
ANDREW:
Listen!
THOMAS:
Ay, by the Dead Sea!
NATHANAEL:
The olive trees wade through the mist
ANDREW:
In calm Gethsemane.
JESUS:
Shall the Son of Man be kissed
Of his friend he hath wooed in vain?

SIMON ZELOTES:
Yon giant tree shaketh a fist
THOMAS:
Nay, rather it writheth in pain!
JESUS:
My children, crave for a boon
When ye cross the Kedron brook.
JOHN:
The moon, O the Passover moon . . .
JESUS:
Climbeth to God . . .
PHILIP:
Look!
JUDE:
Look!
CHOIR:
Sevenfold Amen.

XV. CLOSING SERVICE

HYMN O Saviour, Precious Saviour.

(*The enactors stand. In half light all properties are unobstrusively removed. The Sanctuary curtain is drawn. The* CANTOR *comes forth, joining the vested singers and speakers. The enactors enter the Sanctuary, six to either side of the Altar. The Rector of the Church leaving the vested group on the gospel side joins them. During all this the vested singers and speakers either side of the Sanctuary lead the people, assisted by*

the choir, in singing of a familiar hymn, the words of which are projected against the walls or on some curtain or screen. The CANTOR *or the Rector at the Altar leads in the*)

LORD'S PRAYER (*Alling's choral setting*)

Then follows a collect for all who have participated in the presentation of the Mime Mystery, or attended the same.

Then that Ecclesiastic who stood in the room of the Christus, solemnly ascends the Altar steps, the Rector kneeling as deacon, and pronounces the Benediction from the Office of the Institution in the Prayer Book.

HYMN: Lord Forever at Thy Side (*one stanza*)

Bowl and Bell gongs are struck solemnly three and four times respectively

Brief silence—one gong

CLOSING HYMN Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne.

The Recession should be completed in solemn silence.

APPENDIX

Reprints from Parochial leaflets between the years 1921 and 1927

I—The Ritual Dance. II—The Sacred Mime. III—The Agape.

I—A BRIEF STORY OF THE RITUAL DANCE

The dance is the earliest art. It requires no materials. It is suggested by such natural play and high spirits as lambs exhibit in the spring—as birds preening and hopping from branch to branch.

From the very earliest times also of which we have record, the serious dance seems to have been the directest language of religion. Two early forms of it are, first, the "hunger prayer" for the means of subsistence and well-being, and next, the worship of ideals symbolically incorporated in natural objects and forces, and conceived to be sources of power. The primitive religious man desires to make with his body vividly, obsessively present to him and to others, the things he desires to have—the things he desires to be.

Now, the effort to make the creative process subserve the dawning consciousness of man, to make it specific, to hasten it and intensify it, in subservience to conditions of time and space and circumstance, this effort which we call religion could not be carried

on successfully under the active hostile protest of the senses.

The arts, then, seem to arise in the instinctive endeavor to bring the several senses into conspiracy, so that they shall all learn how to contribute harmoniously to the spell-power requisite for an effective public religion.

Before any of the other arts, requiring experience with various materials and ingredients and tools, the dance must have developed far, with the single assistance, doubtless, of the rhythmic sense, served by crude instruments of percussion, and then rude wind-instruments with cry-like melody, urging on and fusing the human groups engaged in what we call sympathetic magic, or some totemistic rite. At all events, in ancient Egypt and Greece, one could not easily conceive of any gathering for prayer or worship without the dance to render vividly present and contagious to the desired mood; and, as the dance became more mimetic, to suggest vitally some myth of the god, related to the divine work which the group desired to see accomplished.

Out of the dance, in due course, in Athens, sprang tragedy and comedy. That the dance had its part in early Christian religious ceremonies, shocking as it may seem to moderns whose religion is merely formal or intellectual, we have little doubt. In the Apochryphal Acts of John, the mystic ritual songs for the dance, supposed to have been executed by the Lord Jesus with his disciples after the Holy Supper,

are the most conspicuous relics. Pious dithyrambs of St. Clement of Alexandria seem to imply the dance. Recurrences, very savage because of the outlawry and decay of the art, reach almost to our day.

The dancing manias so-called, and the phenomena of shakerism are prejudicing memories. George Meredith's poem "Jump to Glory Jane" gives, however, a sympathetic interpretation of the religious impulse involved in such crude inartistic outbursts of the ancient passion for bodily expression and excitation of spiritual states.

The true primitive religious dance survives to this day conspicuously among our remaining savages and barbarians. In remote regions of the West it is possible to study the primitive religious dance as a living, unconscious art.

In the Church Catholic, because of a gradual outlawry excused by local abuses, and the tyrannical administrative insistence by the central authority of Rome on liturgical uniformity, and also, the gradual decay of the art of the dance from a religious sacramental instrument for invocation and evocation, to a mere folk expression of work and play and courting, for weddings and wakes, the dances became perfunctory. To us, what is done in the Cathedral of Seville today (authorized by a Bull of Pope Eugenius IV, 1439) is not a religious dance at all, but a folk dance introduced into religious ritual, as an expression of holiday joy.

When the Fathers of the Council of Trent, for

instance, their work of universal standardization being accomplished, gave a "grand ball" to one another at which they all danced, I fancy it was not a religious or ritual dance in which they participated, but a quite irreligious dance of the professionally religious, who had brought to perfection the Counter-Reformation Rococo Church after which some Anglo Catholics hunger and thirst so inordinately!

In the Mediaeval Liturgy of Paris, about 900 A. D., the rubric reads: "Here the Canon shall dance at the first Psalm." We do not suggest the reintroduction of this rubric into the English Prayer-Book. In the Middle Ages the dances so general all over Europe in honor of St. John, doubtless arose from crude efforts to realize what must have been the dance of Herodias, and we seriously question whether they were religious in essence, even if ecclesiastic in occasion. Similarly, the dancing manias arising in 1374 and 1418 and connected with St. Vitus were psychopathic eruptions, deeply significant, but not likely to guide us in the recreation of the religious dance. The democratic feasts of the Ass (of Balaam and Jesus) the Feast of All Fools, and the feast of the Boy Bishop, allowed and provoked wholesome frolic in the Church, introducing folk dances obviously nowise sacramental in character. Much more serious was the Dance of Death (1348–49). Emperor and clown, bishop and abbot, knight and merchant, pope and tinker, alike would

be snatched in effigy by some twenty-four yellow skeleton-painted "deaths," starting *pianissimo,* in a dragging rhythm, and reaching the climax of a whirlwind presto, and cyclonic gyrations after which, the sermon proceeded with increased gusto on its funereal and "edifying" theme!

Thomas of Villanueva, Archbishop of Valencia (1544–55), was the last great champion of the religious dance. He defied the Pope who ordered its total suppression. While he lived, they should dance before the sacred elements wherever possible throughout his archdiocese! And they did in Seville, Toledo, Jerez, and Valencia, not to mention less important churches! The dances had already been suppressed in France and in Portugal, but the stout archbishop held his ground. Upon his death, however, he was immediately canonized as St. Thomas of Spain, for none but a saint could properly defy His Holiness, so a saint the doughty archbishop must have been all along, and such forthwith he was proclaimed! For only so could the Pope's face be saved.

We must sorrowfully admit that the dances St. Thomas espoused were probably not religious in the strict sense, but mere folk dances performed in the sanctuary in honor of the Real Presence.

All along, what we advocate is bodily movement and facial expression conveying strictly religious emotion; ritual and sacramental, dignified and noble, reverently solemn and full of holy grace. Only such

dances have a right to be in the Church, and we do even insist that they be done in the church with the sanctuary veiled, as an integral part of some religious office—working not to a climax of surprise, but to one, instead, of solemn and thrilling recognition of what is by the common tradition sacred.

An address on "The Relation of the Dance to Religion," may be had at Brentano's, or at the Church office. A book on "The Sacred Dance," by the distinguished Anglican scholar, Dr. W. O. E. Oesterly, has been published by Macmillan & Co., explaining especially Hebrew Biblical use and custom. Havelock Ellis' book, "The Dance of Life," offers suggestive comments, philosophic and critical, to the thoughtful. For readers of poetry, "The Poems of the Dance," an Anthology by Edward R. Dickson (Alfred Knopf), may be a helpful introduction.

II—SYNOPSIS OF THE SACRED MIME

THE OBLATION OF THE BODY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT

Being the "Hymn of Jesus" in the "Acts of John"—
Music selected from Gustav Holst's Cantata—
Illustrated by rhythmic groupings.

Our Mime presented in ecclesiastical lighting devised by Claude Bragdon before the veiled sanctuary, is a much simplified and stylized "dromenon," or myth-drama concerning the God of the cult. Such mimes everywhere were at the core of popular religion. They existed in early Christian days ere persecution drove the Church underground into tombs. Such worship then ceased. Survivals of the primitive Agape and ritual dances continued in favored remote spots. Our Mime is an endeavor to re-create, in the most restrained possible manner, on the basis of a preserved ritual dance-libretto, "The Hymn of Jesus" in the "Acts of John." A well-known example of such a libretto is the hymn by Clement of Alexandria, "Bridle of Untamed Colts."

Our Mime presents three groups of figures, on three levels to suggest different spiritual emotion centers:—the upper-most level represents the celestial reaction to the divine human action; the middle

level, the spiritual attitude of the Incarnate One facing His great Passion for man; the lowest level, the varying reactions of humanity exemplified in the half-illuminated, uncertainly-responsive disciples.

Here below, all our indications refer only to the action of the lowest level group, as it is presumed that the upper two will be self-evident on the understanding of the lowly human drama.

The rhythmic groupings are suggested by "inventions" of William Blake, ordered and rehearsed by Miss Phoebe Anna Guthrie, M.A. The musical background of the tableaux includes salient parts from Gustav Holst's setting of the "Hymn of Jesus."

Group 1.

THE ANGELS GLORIFY GOD IN VIEW OF HIS INCARNATE GLORY

Group 2.

THE DISCIPLES BREAK INTO THE PRAYER: OF THE HUMAN IN A STRAIT BETWEEN CONFLICTING DESIRES

(a) SAVED: They experience the need of salvation

(b) RELEASE: They yearn in chief to be freed from themselves

(c) PIERCE: Yet deep down they desire to destroy what they hate or do not understand

(d) BORN: They become aware of a possible new life for themselves

(e) EAT: But they wish to absorb all the new life for themselves

(f) HEARKEN: They desire to be made receptive to the highest

(g) CLEANSED: And they pray for absolution and creative purity

(h) I AM THE MIND OF ALL: But they are satisfied because the conception of God they receive seems to demand nothing of them.

(i) FAIN WOULD I BE KNOWN: They are repelled, driven inward, for in their hearts they do not really yet crave to realize the divine, lest the established order for them should be upset.

Group 3.

INITIATION BY THE MASTER

(j) DIVINE GRACE IS DANCING: The disciples feel that a revelation is about to break in upon them. They are afraid.

(k) FAIN WOULD I PIPE FOR YOU: DANCE YE ALL: In spite of themselves they are irresistibly drawn to discover, and if possible discern, the approaching divine.

(l) FAIN WOULD I LAMENT: MOURN YE ALL: The sense of imminent vision wanes and vanishes because of their lack of prompt response and spiritual courage.

(m) HEAVENLY SPHERES MAKE MUSIC FOR US:

THE HOLY TWELVE DANCE WITH US: ALL THINGS JOIN IN THE DANCE: Again the sense of an imminent closeness of the Supreme Vision. This time they draw near to greet it and endeavor to pierce the mystery.

(n) YE WHO DANCE NOT, KNOW NOT WHAT ALL OF US ARE KNOWING: But they draw away, in spite of themselves, overcome by the growing glamour, insecure in spiritual self-dedication.

(o) IN ALL AM I DWELLING: I HAVE NO RESTING PLACE: I HAVE THE EARTH, I HAVE HEAVEN: As they cower together a sudden strange understanding dawns this time from within themselves.

(p) TO YOU WHO GAZE I AM A LAMP; TO YOU WHO KNOW, A MIRROR; TO YOU WHO KNOCK, A DOOR; TO YOU WHO FARE, I AM THE WAY: At length the vision takes possession of them wholly in the manifest symbol: the Ascension of the Divine Human.

(q) GIVE HEED UNTO MY DANCING; IN ME WHO SPEAK BEHOLD YOURSELVES; AND BEHOLDING WHAT I DO, KEEP SILENCE ABOUT MY MYSTERIES: They turn to one another in glad amazement and kneel in whole-hearted worship as they understand at

last the message from within and from above, and realize its purport of human glory.

(r) GLORY TO THE FATHER, AMEN: The disciples join with the angels in awed and ravished praise.

III—THE AGAPE

A CHORAL MYSTERY MIME

The first Christians took over from the non-Jewish world whatever seemed helpful in spreading the Gospel of Jesus. The mystery-meal practised in divers religions (both Eleusinian and Mithraic) connected itself very soon with our Lord's Supper, and was known as the Agape, the Love Feast. The earliest insight we get into Christian practice is found in the "Dídachè" (Teaching of the Twelve Apostles) about the year 90 A. D. The use, then extremely simple and direct, was never more than a solemn enactment of the Last Supper by Bishop and Presbyters at a raised table, with the congregation at other tables following or synchronizing in their ritual acts.

The Agape sometimes fused with, sometimes sharply distinguished itself from, the Eucharist. The Mass, of course, is, strictly speaking, centuries later in origin. It was a child of Sun-worship, as can be seen even to-day in the common form assumed by the monstrance. Dionysiac elements combined with its Sun-worship. In a period of rapidly lowering culture, it slowly emerged as a recrudescence, all-too-human indeed, and inevitable, of primitive Theophagy

(symbolic eating of the God). The Mass required, for intellectual authentication and authority the ultimate development of some doctrine of trans-substantiation. Not until that doctrine was accepted dogma, can the Mass be said to have legitimately existed as the supreme Christian act of worship.

We shall attempt to distinguish. The Agape was a naïve dramatic realization of a deeply symbolic gospel event, engaged in for the joyous sense of personal immortality secured as members in the family of the God-man. The Eucharist was an Apocalyptic rite, assuring through the use of physical realities (the elements partaken), that the soul should participate in the second coming on clouds of glory. The Mass is the application, more or less unconscious, of primitive magic (animistic and fetishistic, and vestigially astrologic) for the perpetually reachieved One-ness of God, through Christ, with the soul of man. Agape, Eucharist, Mass, have then the identical purpose, and operate equivalently with different temperaments. They overlap and dovetail, so to say, in actual practice, but are definitely distinct in their respective primary psychology and method.

Now with the Mass we are nowise here concerned. Its most poetic and rapturous modern presentation can be found in the verse of Francis Thompson. It is only in the early Agape (as distinct from, and yet related to, the Eucharist) that we are presently interested.

For fifteen years at St. Mark's on Maundy

Thursday (in connection with the Memorial celebration of the Holy Communion) it has been the solemn custom to read from the pulpit a reconstruction of the words and acts involved in the institution of the rite, strictly according to the Jewish ceremonial contemporary with our Lord, and to the evangelical tradition. Deeply impressive as this homiletic-dramatic account with its choir interruptions has proved, we have nevertheless for years desired to improve upon our observance of so holy a Memorial. The result of many projects and experiments is now this audacious, and we trust reverent, combination (or rather: weaving into one integral whole) of pantomime and readings, chants, oratorio-arias and choral projection of group-emotion, which we venture to characterize as a "Choral Mystery Mime."

Annually not far from us, within the Metropolitan District, occurs the rendering of "Veronica's Veil." However pitiably inferior to the Oberammergau Passion Play, and termed tawdry and painfully amateurish by the unsympathetic, it is nevertheless impressive and edifying to very large throngs. Why should not the forward-looking in our Church employ similar means, but in a fresh way, to accomplish—with more restraint, and so, more dignity and nobility, with more profuse and adventurous imagination—an effective crowd-realization of holy awe through beauty, of sublimity married to the gracious?

Inspired by this steadfast hope, but in "fear and

trembling" because of the devotion in which the work has been conceived, we offer our own members and the well-wishers of St. Mark's in-the-Bouwerie, this—the first endeavor, so far as we know, since the second century—to visualize and concretely realize the Institution of the Lord's Supper, by the simultaneous use of religious and artistic means.

Greek Byzantine music has been expressly composed by Christos Vrionides, gifted director of music at the Greek Cathedral, and pupil of Emmanuel Karlomirio of the Athens Conservatory, also pupil of Iohanes Sakellarides, born on Mount Olympus, and the greatest living authority on Byzantine music —who holds in the public mind of Hellas, as musical composer, the rank of the great Palamas in poetry. Two choirs have been trained assiduously for weeks to render this at one and the same time archaic and exceedingly modern music. The composer will sing solos written in Byzantine modes in which the scales are in quarter notes.

The Christus in the midst will be impersonated by a high ecclesiastic; the disciples by young men, mostly University and Art students, more or less closely connected with our Parish. A group of Eastern ecclesiastics, to right and left,—symbolizing religious world-unity in the household of the One Lord,—will correspond to the young men, who render for them their respective parts in the mimetic action.

Through the twelve disciples thus doubly repre-

sented, and through the enfolding choral music, will be expressed the reaction of the congregation to the imperative words of Christ, in which he pours out his heart of love and dynamic spiritual imagination. His thirteen lyrics are in each instance first formally read from the Lectern, in unmetrical form for reverent understanding, before they are sung in impassioned metre by the Cantor, who stands, invisible to the congregation, immediately behind the Christus. The eager, anguished resolve of our Lord, to perfect at the very last moment the insight of his disciples, obviously issues in parables and paradoxes drawn from the Old and New Testaments, or from ritual symbols in early Christian use, such as the Lamb, the Lion, the Fish, the Pelican, the Sun, etc.

To specify more details in advance would only confuse. A deep spiritual creation must be wrought together with a sympathetic congregation that is prepared to sing and pray in the spirit, as do even the miscellaneous audiences for Parsifal on Good Friday. Only in stern restraint and æsthetic austerity can a holy rite be worthily performed. The edifice itself must drown the whole with atmosphere, and suggest sumptuousness, not to the eye of the flesh, but to the spirit.

The Choral Mystery Mime, after all, only prepares for the festal hymn singing, Easter carols, prayers and praises which express the Gospel of the Great Day of the resurrection.

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